

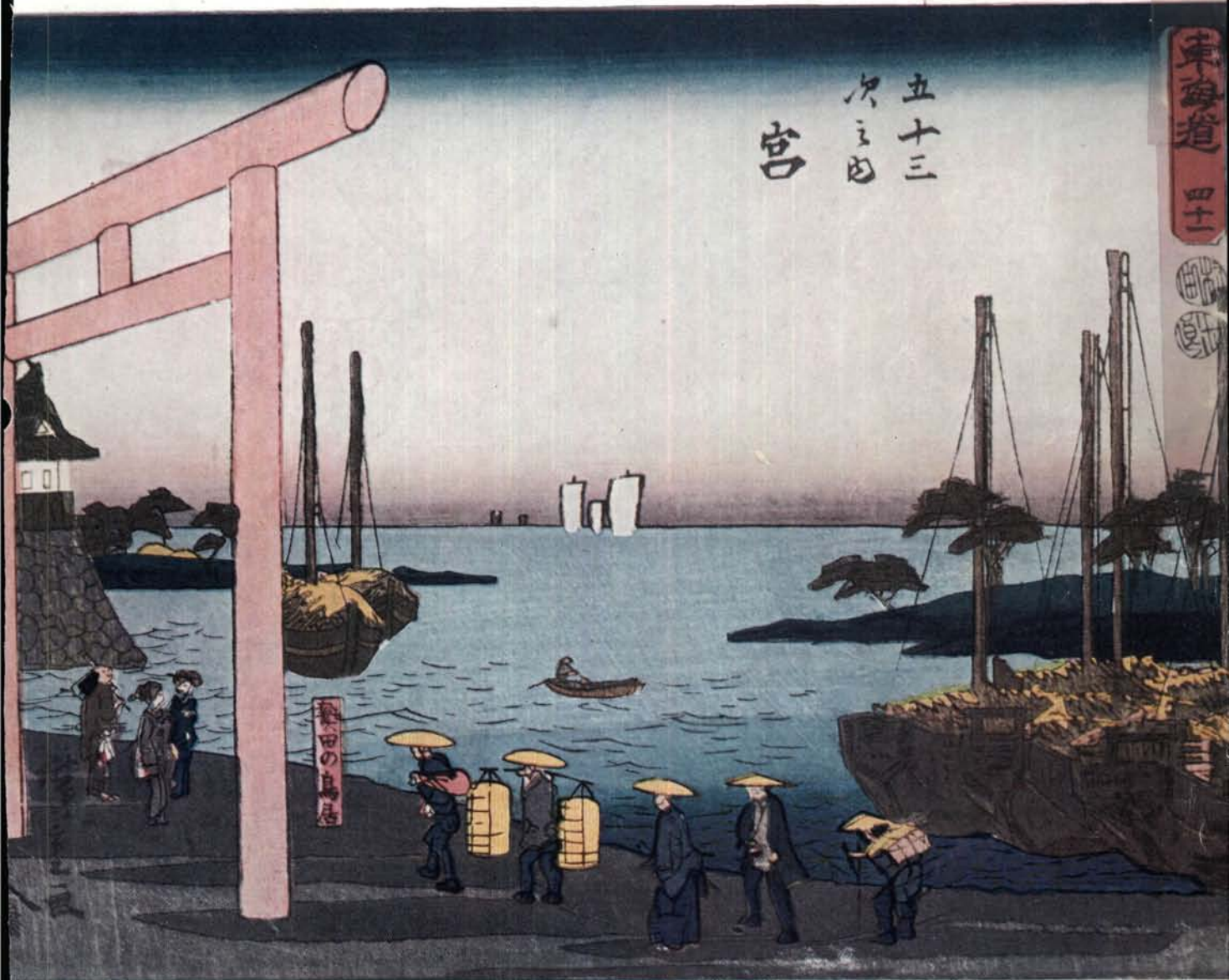
V. 195

January 1955, 50 cents

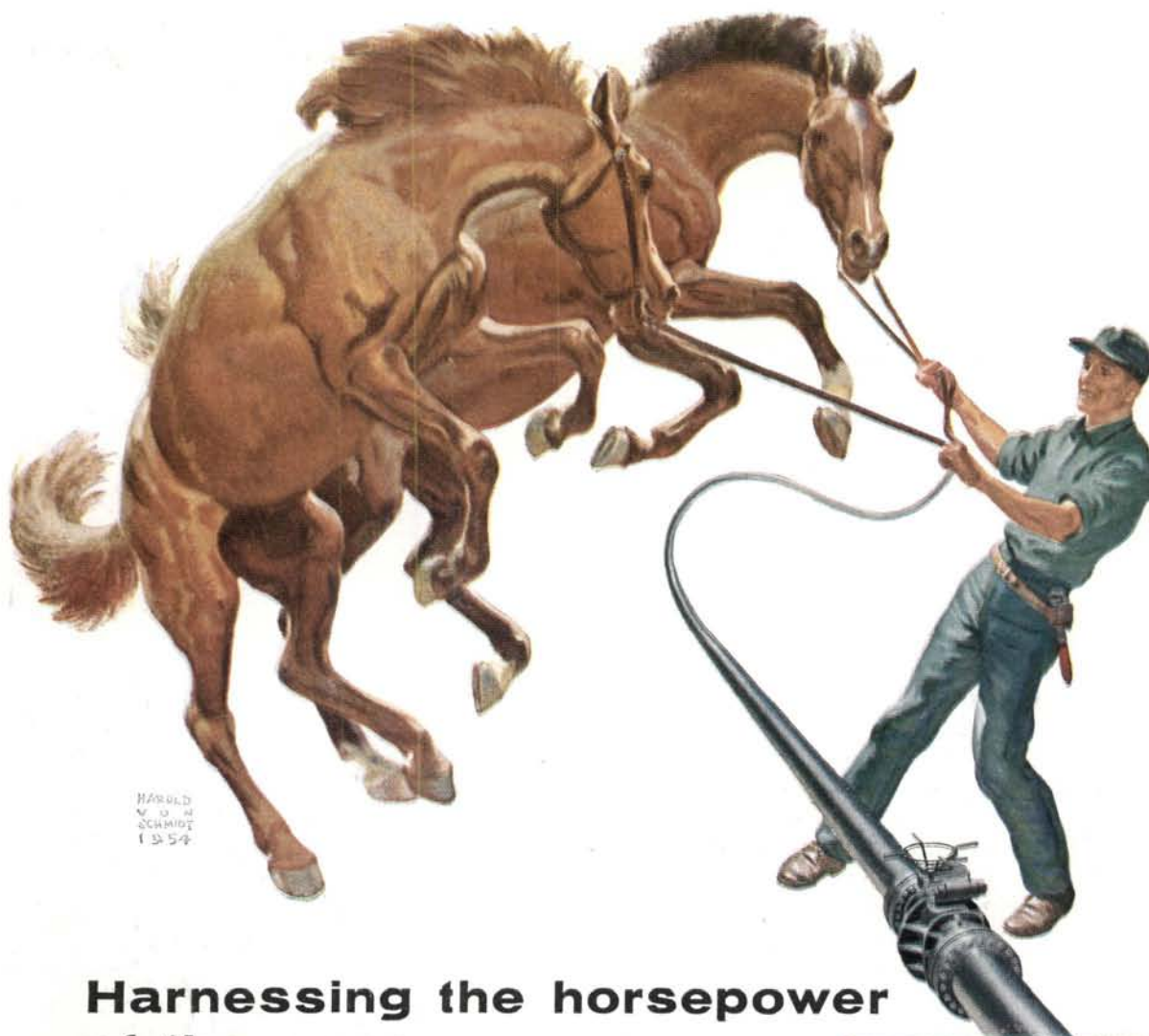
40731

THE *Atlantic*

Property Of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Pasadena, California



78 extra pages on JAPAN TODAY



Harnessing the horsepower of the ages...

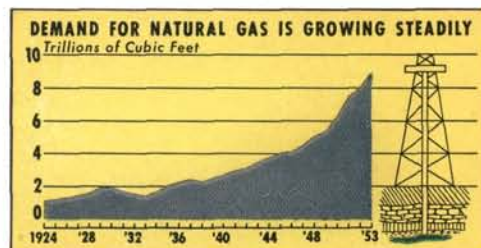
Nature made it millions of years ago. America uses it today. Natural gas! Hotter, cleaner, more efficient... the world's finest fuel for homes and industry.

The use of natural gas has doubled in ten years. Tennessee Gas, America's longest pipeline, plays a major part in meeting the rapidly increasing demand. Free from storms and traffic delays, this 2200-mile underground steel highway transports a billion and a half cubic feet of gas a day!

Brings a whole new world of heat, energy and power to people and industries that never knew it before.



Plentiful, low cost, easily controlled, natural gas today plays a larger role in more and more industries. Pictured above—its use in processing jet engine parts.



TENNESSEE GAS

TRANSMISSION COMPANY



HOUSTON, TEXAS

AMERICA'S LEADING TRANSPORTER OF NATURAL GAS





Mrs. Donald Cummings, Jr., and her young son Donald

"I WASN'T ALONE ANY MORE"

Most of us know what it is like to have a telephone. But have you ever thought what it would be like if it wasn't there, even for a little while?

Here are some good words along that line from Mrs. Donald Cummings, Jr.

"When we moved into our new house," she told us a few weeks ago, "I felt a little strange—with a young baby and all—and I couldn't seem to get a feeling of being settled and at home.

"Then the telephone was put in. And suddenly everything seemed different. I could call people! I felt better about being by myself in the house with the baby. I felt better about my mother who had been ill in Boston. And about my husband in uniform far away.

"And then I realized that it wasn't just the telephone calls I could make—it was that people could call me if necessary. I wasn't alone any more."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Reminding you that someone, somewhere, would like to hear your voice today.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JANUARY ATLANTIC

Ninety-seven years of continuous publication

VOLUME 195 1955 NUMBER 1

Washington — British Honduras and Guiana — Rural India

The Freedom to Think	ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.	27
Debussy, The Man I Knew	GEORGE COPELAND	34
Helen. <i>A Story</i>	JOHN MASTERS	39
The Louisiana Purchase <i>Chance or Destiny?</i>	OSCAR HANDLIN	44
The Common Cold	RICHARD GORDON	50
The Golden Palace. <i>A Poem</i>	R. P. LISTER	52
White Commencement	JOSEPHINE YOUNG CASE	53
How Can You Shame a Donkey? <i>An Atlantic "First"</i>	MARJORIE ANAÏS HOUSEPIAN	56
A Festival Theater	JOHN MASEFIELD	60
To Judith. <i>A Poem</i>	JOHN CIARDI	65
What's Wrong with Dixon-Yates	SEN. ESTES KEFAUVER	66
Dixon-Yates in Perspective	ROSCOE DRUMMOND	70
Hidden Caps and Drawn Sabers	WALTER HENRY NELSON	73

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

The Peripatetic Reviewer	EDWARD WEEKS	77
Books the Editors Like		80
Reader's Choice	CHARLES J. ROLO	82

ACCENT ON LIVING

Charles W. Morton — Alex Haley — Donald Hall — P. M. Hubbard — Kathleen Munro — Marjorie Riddell — Georgie Starbuck Galbraith		88
Record Reviews	JOHN M. CONLY	92

■ A GATEWAY TO JAPAN

Essays, Stories, and Verse	by Japanese Writers	97-174
----------------------------	---------------------	--------

*The cover is a Japanese print by Hiroshige, reproduced by the
courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston*

1 YEAR \$6.00 2 YEARS \$11.00 3 YEARS \$16.00

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, January, 1955, Vol. 195, No. 1. Published monthly. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N.H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. 50 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N.H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A., by Rumford Press, Concord, N.H. Copyright 1954, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.

Profile of a Cultivated Person

who has fallen into the habit of missing books

DRAW IT YOURSELF... Check the books you fully intended to read
and then failed to read **WILL IT HAPPEN AGAIN THIS YEAR?**

- ☐ A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX..... Bruce Catton
- ☐ MARY ANNE..... Daphne du Maurier
- ☐ SWEET THURSDAY..... John Steinbeck
- ☐ A FABLE..... William Faulkner
- ☐ MY BROTHER'S KEEPER..... Marcia Davenport
- ☐ THE FALL OF A TITAN..... Igor Gouzenko
- ☐ LÉLIA: The Life of George Sand..... André Maurois
- ☐ THE CORNERSTONE..... Zoé Oldenbourg
- ☐ AN ALMANAC OF LIBERTY..... William O. Douglas
- ☐ THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY OF SAGAMORE HILL
Hermann Hagedorn
- ☐ SONG OF THE SKY..... Guy Murchie
- ☐ THE MIND ALIVE..... Harry & Bonaro Overstreet
- ☐ A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE..... Erich Maria Remarque
- ☐ THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS..... Charles A. Lindbergh
- ☐ THE YEAR THE YANKEES LOST THE PENNANT
Douglass Wallop
- ☐ THE RAMAYANA..... As told by Aubrey Menen
- ☐ THE REASON WHY..... Cecil Woodham-Smith
- ☐ BHOWANI JUNCTION..... John Masters
- ☐ SEVEN YEARS IN TIBET..... Heinrich Harrer
- ☐ OF WHALES AND MEN..... R. B. Robertson
- ☐ FIRE IN THE ASHES..... Theodore H. White
- ☐ THE AGE OF THE MOGULS..... Stewart Holbrook
- ☐ THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY..... Ernest K. Gann
- ☐ THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST..... Sir John Hunt
- ☐ THE SEA AROUND US..... Rachel L. Carson
- ☐ THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA..... Ernest Hemingway
- ☐ THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS..... Ewen Montagu

THE SELF-PORTRAIT you have drawn may reveal a sobering fact: the *extreme degree* to which you have allowed the irritating busyness of your life to keep you from the books you promise yourself to read.

There is a simple way to break this bad habit, and many hundred thousand perspicacious readers over the country—like yourself—will vouch that it is effectual: membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club.

YOUR CHOICE IS WIDE: Your only obligation as a member, under the special offer below, is to buy six books in the first year—and it is inconceivable that you won't find six you will be anxious not to miss. Every month the Club's Editorial Board chooses one outstanding work as the Book-of-the-Month. But, in addition, the Club makes available as Alternates, other widely discussed books. The list at the left is a good example of the wide range of books always available.

YOU BUY WHAT YOU PLEASE: As to the Book-of-the-Month, you buy it only when you want it. You receive a full and careful report about it in *advance of its publication*. If you judge it is a book you would enjoy, you let it come. If not, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book. Or you may simply say: "Send me nothing."

YOU PAY MUCH LESS: When you do buy the Club Selection, you usually pay less for it than you otherwise would. Last year the average was roughly 18% less. There is a greater saving than this: *After your sixth purchase under this special offer, for every two Club Selections or Alternates you buy, you receive, free, a valuable library volume as a Book-Dividend from the Club.*

THE BOOK DIVIDEND SYSTEM... WHAT IT IS: This unique system is member profit-sharing, similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed proportion of what you pay is set aside in a Book-Dividend Fund, which is used to manufacture enormous editions of other books, each of which is a Book-Dividend given to members.

GOOD SENSE: Frequently you intend to buy Club selections, not knowing they are such. *Why not buy them from the Book-of-the-Month Club?* You will usually pay less for them. You will share in the Book-Dividend plan. And, perhaps most important—in view of your self-check at left—this whole system, once and for all, *will really keep you from missing the new books you want to read.*

BEGIN YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THE BOOKS LISTED ABOVE

Given... TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

WHO JOIN NOW AND AGREE TO BUY AS FEW
AS SIX BOOKS DURING THE FIRST YEAR

ALL SIX VOLUMES

The Second World War
by Winston Churchill



[RETAIL PRICE IF BOUGHT SEPARATELY \$36.00]

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A41
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, THE SECOND WORLD WAR, in six volumes. Immediately, with the purchase of my first selection indicated below. I agree to purchase at least six monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. After my sixth purchase, with every second book I buy—from among the Club Selections and Alternates—I am to receive, free, the current Book-Dividend* then being distributed. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six selections from the Club. After my first year as a member, I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. The price to be charged for each book will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:

(Choose one of the books listed above)

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss }

(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. State.....
(if any)

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

*Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada



THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Washington



THE overriding question posed to the country by the election at mid-term of a Democratic Congress under a Republican President is the one that has been least clearly perceived and articulated. It is whether the Eisenhower Administration is to be given a fair chance by the Democratic legislators to continue the trial of what might be called the modern Republican doctrine of the relationship of the government to the national economy.

The attempt of the Eisenhower Administration to provide a stable and growing economy in peacetime has been one of its most courageous undertakings, and one it has failed most signally to make the public understand. That is not hard to explain. It is conservative, and therefore lacking in drama. Its influence is indirect, so that the majority of the people feel no impact, and therefore it generates minimum political attention. Yet it is in this field that the sharpest and truest distinction between party philosophies exists. This is where issues which may be decisive in 1956 will arise.

In adding small numbers of Democrats in the House and Senate, the voters registered a faint alarm that the first two years of the Eisenhower Administration had moved a little too far in the direction of private interest. The result amounted to a delicate, precise, and subtle strengthening of forces deemed to be on the side of the popular causes.

In the doing, however, the party control was shifted, and with it the committee chairmanships. In the House, the President was deprived of the advantage furnished by the concentration of majority power in a tight little group of party disciplinarians: Speaker Joseph W. Martin, Jr.; Majority Leader Charles A. Halleck; and Representative Leo

Allen, chairman of the Rules Committee. Yet, for a variety of reasons, the Administration entertains the belief that it can pursue its economic doctrine further, and it holds what one of its leaders called a "reasonable hope" that in another two years the validity of the doctrine can be demonstrated.

Whether or not the doctrine is valid, continuance of the experiment is of vast importance because nothing quite like it has been tried in the United States before. Unpartisan history recites that the country fell into a depression under the last Republican President before Eisenhower; that Democratic doctrine as evolved in the New Deal failed to solve the problem; that World War II did, in a way; that the Fair Deal arrived at serious recession; and that it again took war—in Korea—to restore prosperity.

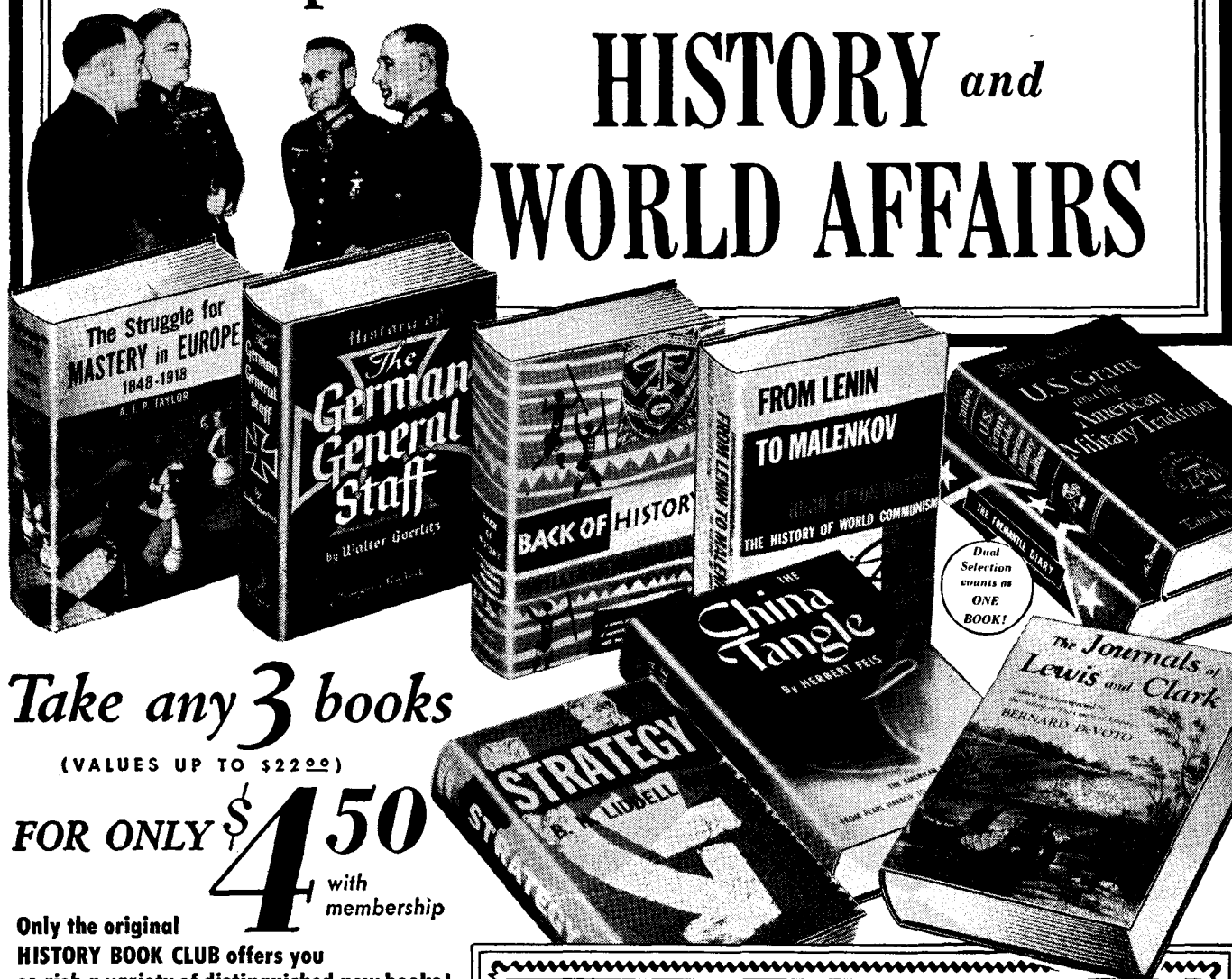
Guiding, not controlling, the economy

Now the Eisenhower Administration has the advantage of the lessons of a quarter century. The Republicans have accepted from the Democrats the principle that the government ought to try to influence the economy, but the President and his officials believe in a broad, indirect influence leaving free enterprise in a state of being encouraged but to the greatest possible extent free of interference.

The influence of the government, according to the Republican belief, should be exercised through expenditure and tax policy, through flexible management of credit at its sources, Federal Reserve activities, and public debt management. The purpose is to encourage private enterprise and to avoid inflation and deflation and interruptions in development. As the Republicans see it, the alternative is to tend toward direct controls on prices, wages, and

A fabulous demonstration offer
of important new books about

HISTORY and WORLD AFFAIRS



Take any 3 books

(VALUES UP TO \$22.00)

FOR ONLY \$4.50
with membership

Only the original
HISTORY BOOK CLUB offers you
so rich a variety of distinguished new books!

THE volumes pictured above sell for up to \$7.50 each in publishers' editions. But—to prove how much you will enjoy the History Book Club's rich variety of new books about history and world affairs—you may choose ANY THREE (values up to \$22.00) for only \$4.50 if you join now.

As a member of the History Book Club, you take only the books you want, and you save *real money* on them. (Last year—counting value of bonus books—members saved an average of \$3.28 on each selection.)

Every selection is described to you in advance, in a careful and objective review. You then decide whether you want the book at the special Member's Price. If you don't, you merely return a form (always provided) and it will not be sent. You may take as few as four books a year, and resign any time after accepting four such books.

You receive a valuable Bonus Book at no extra charge, each time you purchase four selections. In addition to current selections, a large number of other important books are *always available to you* at special money-saving prices, plus full Bonus Credit.

Choose ANY THREE books shown above for ONLY \$4.50, and mail your coupon today.

Which 3 do you want for only \$4.50 with membership?

MAIL ENTIRE COUPON TO:

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB, INC., Dept. A-1, 251 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Send me at once the THREE titles I have checked below, two as my enrollment gifts and one as my first selection, and bill me only \$4.50 plus a few cents for postage and packing. Forthcoming selections will be described to me in advance, and I may decline any book simply by returning a printed form. You will send me a valuable FREE BONUS

BOOK: each time I purchase four additional selections or alternates. My only obligation is to accept four selections or alternates in the first year I am a member, and I may resign at any time after accepting four such books. **GUARANTEE:** If not completely satisfied, I may return my first shipment within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.

CHECK YOUR 3 BOOKS HERE:

☐ **HISTORY OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF** by Walter Goerlitz. The most feared and respected military geniuses of all time—their personalities, triumphs and miscalculations from Clausewitz to Rommel! List price \$7.50.

☐ **STRATEGY** by B. H. Liddell Hart. History of successful wartime strategy, from the Persian Wars to the day of the H-bomb. How power, used by imaginative men, wins battles, wars—and can win lasting peace! List price \$5.00.

☐ **FROM LENIN TO MALENKOV: The History of World Communism** by Hugh Seton-Watson. Masterful history of Communist power in Russia and the world—and of the ruthless men and women who control it now. List price \$6.00.

☐ **JOURNALS OF LEWIS AND CLARK** ed. by Bernard DeVoto. Most unusual true adventure ever recorded! Breathtaking personal account of the expedition that first stretched America to the Pacific. Many picture maps. List price \$6.50.

☐ **THE CHINA TANGLE** by Herbert Feis. Brilliant study of America's China policy from Pearl Harbor to 1946, with new facts on the Stilwell dispute, Chiang Kai-shek, Marshall Mission, Soviet-American relations. List price \$6.00.

☐ **STRUGGLE FOR MASTERY IN EUROPE: 1848-1918** by A. J. P. Taylor. Intimate history of the diplomatic chess moves and crises, "policy" wars and balance-of-power politics that led Europe downhill from the 1848 revolutions to World War I. List price \$7.50.

☐ **BACK OF HISTORY** by William Howells. Fact-cramped study of mankind from monkey to modern man—his religions, caste systems, languages, and the fascinating cultural patterns he has created all over the world. Maps, charts, pictures. List price \$5.00.

☐ **DUAL SELECTION: Counts as One Book** U. S. GRANT and American Military Tradition by Bruce Catton, author of *A Stillness at Appomattox*. The story of Grant's rise from Army misfit to victorious general, and his tragic failure as President. List price \$3.00.

☐ **THE FREMANTLE DIARY** ed. by Walter Lord. Re-discovered journal of an English officer attached to the Confederate Army. A new look at the history, romance and drama of the Civil War. List price \$3.00.

NAME
(Please Print)
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE STATE A-1



The Atlantic Report on Washington



consumer credit, direct government spending supposed to "stimulate" business, and a tax policy overemphasizing the goal of putting purchasing power directly in the hands of the people.

The encouragement of investment and the expansion of the productive plant are not the whole of the Republican policy. Consumer spending power is taken into account. The \$5 billion tax reduction effective last January 1 is an example of Administration thought on that point, just as its desire to postpone excise tax reductions until this year — a desire largely thwarted by Congress — gives a guide to the limits it would like to set on such policy. The general revision of the tax code adopted in the last session was called by the President the "cornerstone" of all he is trying to do, and the advantages it offered business and stockholders show where the dominant interest of the Administration in fiscal policy lies.

The program also includes strong federal aid for highway construction, a moderate public housing program tied to what is now called "urban renewal" (both designed to foster industrial and business activity), and social security expansion — again to strengthen the consumer spending base. Flexible price supports on farm products are blood relatives of the rest of the program, bringing to agriculture what the Administration respects as the virtues of individual initiative and competition. The Administration has fully persuaded itself that the election results in farm areas were a vindication of Secretary of Agriculture Ezra T. Benson.

The election of a Democratic Congress may hold a paradoxical benefit for the Republican Administration in that its officers will now be called upon to make fuller explanation of what they are up to than they would ever offer on their own initiative. It is unquestionably one of the shortcomings of this Administration that its members, with notable exceptions — the President and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles among them — earnestly wish that the public and Congress would leave them alone while they are at work.

The result is reciprocal disadvantage. The public does not understand, and the Administration does not know what the public thinks of its actions. The wrangle over Dixon-Yates gave the executive branch a foretaste of the era of explanation and defense now coming up. Senator John J. Sparkman of Alabama, holding places on both the Banking and Currency Committee and the Joint Committee on the Economic Report, is planning an inquiry

into "hard money" policy. Investigations promise to range the field.

Sound tax policy

The Administration, nevertheless, is hopeful that the major components of the economic policies it is pursuing under modern Republican doctrine will, after a period of sound and fury, come through rather well. It is recognized that the task of balancing the budget has been made more difficult by the campaign, in which Republicans as well as Democrats made promises now translatable into pressures for increased spending.

The Republican concept of sound tax policy is going to be harder to maintain with the Democrats controlling Congress. Its proponents are braced for attacks on dividend tax relief and business tax policy in general. They take it for certain that before the next election, efforts will be made to put through tax measures the individual can recognize as directly advantageous to him, such as further reduction in excises and increases in personal exemptions.

In the fields of spending and taxation, the Republican Administration is placing great reliance on help from a Democrat, Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee.

Nibblings at the independence of the Federal Reserve Board, which now acts in sympathetic "coördination" with the Treasury, are to be expected, but the Administration believes it will have bipartisan support to counter them. In recent history, it is noted, even such a Democrat as Senator Paul Douglas, whom the Republicans certainly wanted to beat this year, has conducted studies on "the Fed" which from the Republican standpoint arrived at perfectly acceptable conclusions.

Indeed, the Republicans go so far as to suppose that Representative Wright Patman of Texas, always a militant inflationist, will be on their side on Reserve policy — basing their judgment on a report he made in 1952. It is conceivable that some extreme proposals, like requiring Reserve to support government securities at par, will have to be dealt with, but the Administration is not greatly worried.

Relative calm is expected on the debt management front unless something slips and a new period of inflation occurs. The Treasury takes it for granted that in such an event, any move on its

You have heard *Beethoven's Fifth Symphony* countless times...



LET A CONDUCTOR SHOW YOU WHAT
YOU MAY HAVE FAILED TO HEAR



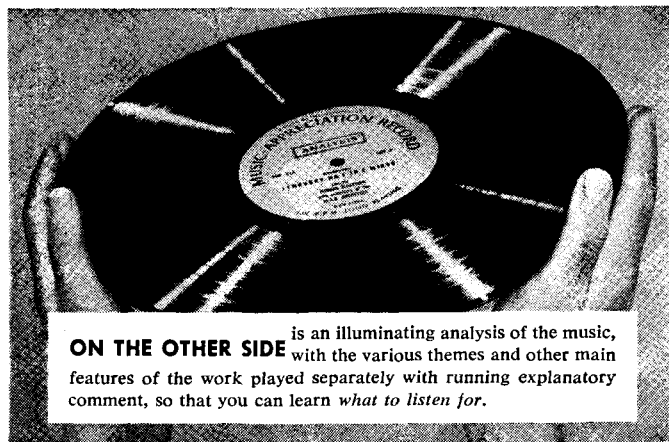
WILL YOU ACCEPT THIS NEW RECORDING *
— without charge —

AS A DEMONSTRATION OF A NEW IDEA OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Thomas Scherman, musical director
of MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS



ON ONE SIDE there is a full performance of a great musical work, just as on the ordinary records you buy. The records feature orchestras and soloists of recognized distinction. You listen to the performance first, or afterward, and then...



ON THE OTHER SIDE is an illuminating analysis of the music, with the various themes and other main features of the work played separately with running explanatory comment, so that you can learn *what to listen for*.

HIGH-FIDELITY MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS

THE SENSIBLE IDEA... Most of us are aware that we do not listen to good music with due understanding and appreciation. There is no doubt about the reason: we are not properly primed about *what to listen for*. MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS meet this need—for a fuller understanding of music—better than any means ever devised. This highly enjoyable form of self-education can be as thorough as many university Music-Appreciation courses.

YOU SUBSCRIBE BUT TAKE ONLY THE RECORDS YOU WANT... A new MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORD will be issued—for subscribers only—every month. Ultimately all the great masterpieces of music will be included. The announcement about each forthcoming record will be written by Deems Taylor. You may take the record or not. *You are not obligated as a subscriber to take any specified number of records.* And you may stop the subscription at your pleasure—at any time!

TWO TYPES OF RECORDS AT A RELATIVELY LOW COST... All MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS will be high-fidelity, long-playing records of the highest quality—33⅓ R.P.M. on Vinylite. They will be of two kinds: first, a *twelve-inch* disc—which will present the performance on one side, the analysis on the other.

This will be sold at \$3.60, to subscribers only. The other will be an Analysis-Only Record—a *ten-inch* disc—priced at \$2.40. The latter will be made available each month for any subscriber who may already have a satisfactory long-playing record of the work being presented. (A small charge will be added to the prices above to cover postage and handling.)

TRY A ONE-MONTH SUBSCRIPTION—NO OBLIGATION TO CONTINUE... Why not make a simple trial, to see if these records are as enlightening as you may anticipate? You may end the subscription immediately after hearing this record, or any time thereafter.

* The high-fidelity demonstration record you will receive, without charge, is—on the performance side—a new recording by the London Symphony Orchestra, Norman Del Mar conducting....**THOMAS SCHERMAN**, the conductor who presents the analysis, is best known as the founder and conductor of The Little Orchestra Society of New York.

"In a few minutes, he made me understand more about Beethoven's Fifth Symphony than I learned in a month in a course at college."
—BENNETT CERF, *Saturday Review*

PLEASE RETURN ONLY IF YOU HAVE A RECORD PLAYER WHICH CAN PLAY 33⅓ R.P.M. RECORDS

MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS

RB-1

c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., 345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please send me at once the first MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORD, *Beethoven's Fifth Symphony*, without charge, and enter my name in a Trial Subscription to MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS, under the conditions stated above. It is understood that, as a subscriber, I am not obligated to buy any specified number of records, but may take only those I want. Also, I may cancel this subscription after hearing the first record, or any time thereafter at my pleasure, but the introductory record is free in any case.

Mr. }
Mrs. } (Please Print)
Miss }
Address

City..... Zone..... State..... MAR 6

part to hike interest rates would bring clamorous protests from the Democrats. The solution, of course, is to avoid inflation.

Jobs as well as prosperity

The Republicans in the executive branch do not expect that their policies will cause the economy to take off vertically with great velocity during the next two years. They do believe that a substantial, solidly based lift will occur. Their assumption is that employment will not increase in direct proportion to business volume, but they do count on a significant reduction in unemployment. They realize that the best policy is no good unless its executors are in power; and political realism requires that the people, by 1956, must be given plain evidence that the Republican scheme for guiding the economy pays off in jobs and prosperity.

The broad effect of unemployment on the 1954 election results cannot be precisely measured, but it is now taken as a fact of politics that it was the major factor in the loss of the Michigan Republican seat held by Senator Homer Ferguson.

A restudy of the record of the 1947-1948 Congress, when both branches were Republican in the Truman Administration, and that of the 1931-1933 Congress, when the House was Democratic and the Senate was just barely Republican in the Hoover Administration, does not suggest that stagnation and inaction must occur in the 1955-1956 session.

The national memory of each has been distorted by remarkably successful political propaganda, engineered in the first place by the late Charles Michelson and in the second by Mr. Truman and his allegation that the Eightieth was the "second worst" Congress. Both Congresses accomplished much and served the national interest adequately. Mr. Hoover's last Congress gave him much in the way of economic and emergency-relief legislation. Mr. Truman's bad boys produced the Marshall Plan legislation and the Taft-Hartley Act, to take two examples out of a long and varied list.

The prospect is that shifting coalitions will in the end prove to have done at least as well by Mr. Eisen-

hower; and if any President was ever qualified by experience and instinct to deal with coalition government, it is he. Presidents in such a plight tend to resort to vetoes more often than they might normally.

Mr. Hoover arrived at suitable compromises with his Congress that way on many issues. He even sat down with House-Senate conference committees on disputed legislation. For President Eisenhower to involve himself as deeply as that in the congressional process would be a departure from his dearly held early principles, but he has shown adaptability in such matters already.

The best value for the money

While international trade policy faces further legislative tests this year, the Eisenhower Administration evidently is moving to use its executive powers on the side of liberalization. The new direction was disclosed when English Electric Export & Trading Co., Ltd., won a contract worth over a million dollars from the Army Engineers for two generators at Table Rock Dam on the White River along the Missouri-Arkansas border. The differential from the next lowest bid, that of Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Co., was 11.8 per cent.

The Defense Department had been using 25 per cent, in choosing between foreign and domestic bids, and the narrowest differential on which an award had been made previously was 18 per cent. The White House is said to have had a hand in the decision. English Electric had been discouraged in earlier efforts to do business here, notably in the Chief Joseph Dam cases, and the experience had introduced some emery dust into Anglo-American relations.

Because of the Chief Joseph Dam episode, Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson had gained reputation as an Old Guard protectionist. He brought it on himself, but it is unfair. He has arrived at the firm conviction that protectionism is obsolete as policy for a creditor nation. What threw Mr. Wilson off the track on trade policy was his equally strong belief that no one can make great big things quite as well as Americans can. It isn't that he wants to "buy American" just to keep foreigners out. He is looking for what he thinks is the best value for his money.

SEE BRITAIN FIRST —BY RAIL!

Depend on British Railways for delightful travel through Britain—the Lake District or the colourful West Country—and for your onward journey to Ireland and the Continent.

**SAVE with
Thrifty Tour Tickets!**

1,000 miles of "Go-as-you-please" rail travel in Britain.

\$18 3rd CLASS **ONLY \$27** 1st CLASS

Also good for reservations, all Irish cross-channel services, including berths, and rail travel in Northern Ireland and points between Dublin and Belfast. Valid for six months. Not on sale overseas.

Secure these, too, before you leave
Train and cross-channel ship reservation; attractive tours by rail/motor coach/ship.

"GUEST TICKET"—unlimited rail travel—for 9 consecutive days—as low as \$24. Not obtainable in Britain.



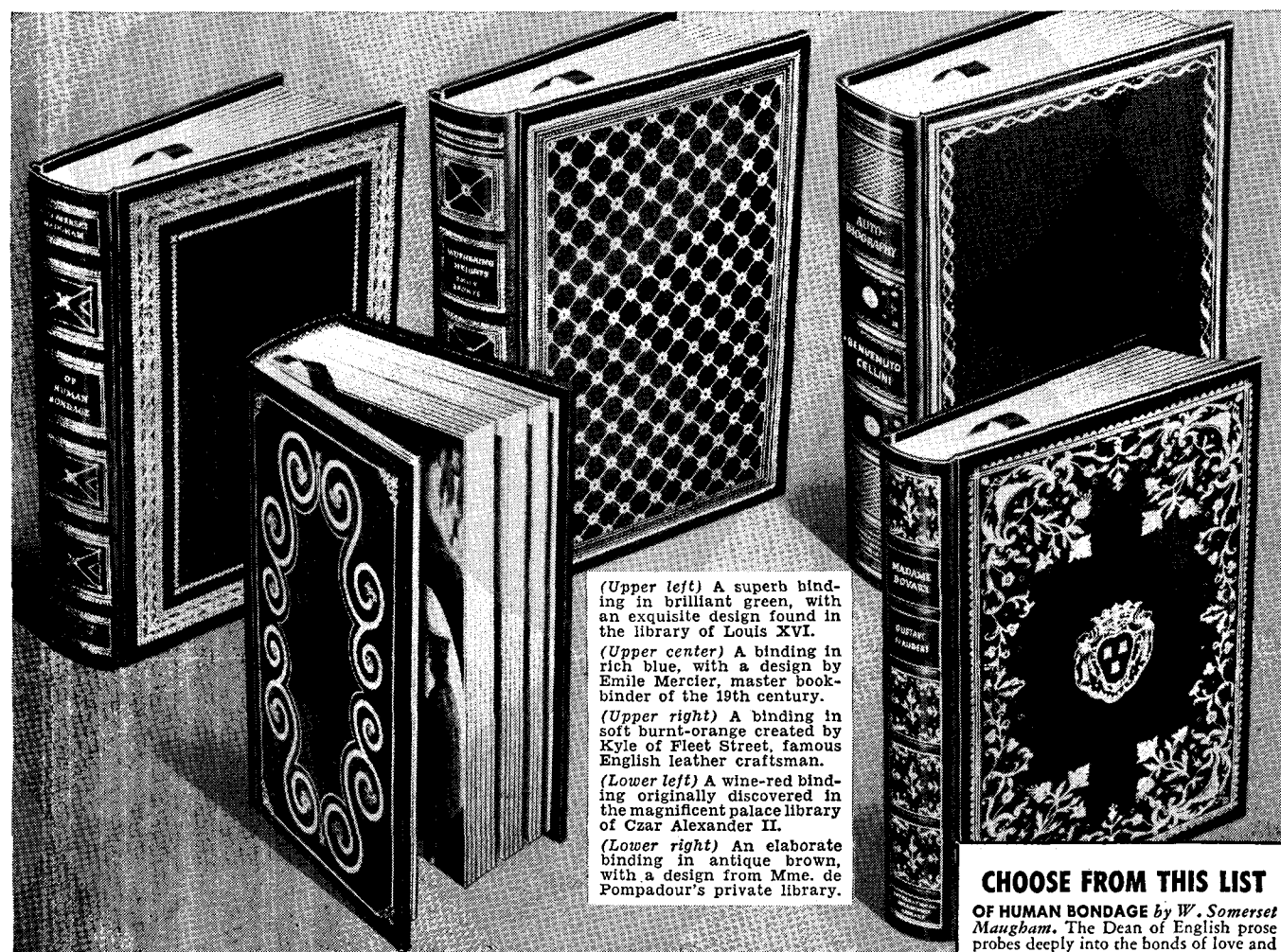
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

or British Railways Offices in
New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Toronto.

**BRITISH
RAILWAYS**

For literature, please write Dept. 14
BRITISH RAILWAYS, 9 Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, N. Y.

ANY 3 OF THE MASTERWORKS LISTED BELOW IN AUTHENTIC PERIOD BINDINGS *yours for only* \$1⁰⁰ TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE BEAUTY OF INTERNATIONAL COLLECTORS' LIBRARY VOLUMES



(Upper left) A superb binding in brilliant green, with an exquisite design found in the library of Louis XVI.

(Upper center) A binding in rich blue, with a design by Emile Mercier, master book-binder of the 19th century.

(Upper right) A binding in soft burnt-orange created by Kyle of Fleet Street, famous English leather craftsman.

(Lower left) A wine-red binding originally discovered in the magnificent palace library of Czar Alexander II.

(Lower right) An elaborate binding in antique brown, with a design from Mme. de Pompadour's private library.

SELECT THE VOLUMES YOU WANT AND MAIL THE COUPON

THE libraries of the men who created the "golden age of bookbinding" were retreats of exquisite beauty. On their shelves were fabulous volumes designed by great contemporary artists and lovingly hand-bound by dedicated craftsmen in centuries-old traditions. Not even a millionaire could buy these volumes now, for they are the national art treasures

of a dozen lands. Yet — on the most limited budget you may have thrilling reproductions commissioned by the International Collectors Library!

A LIFETIME LIBRARY OF LUXURIOUS VOLUMES. Within the covers of these books are the greatest works of world literature... novels, drama, philosophy, biography, history. The bindings themselves are in the rich reds, meadow greens, bright browns and blues of the original editions. Each binding is elaborately embossed in rich gold color, and the top page edges are stained to protect the pages from dust. The exclusive price to members of the International Collectors Library is just \$2.65 per volume.

Members are also offered DeLuxe editions at \$3.65 per volume. Both the binding and interior of the two editions are alike, but the DeLuxe edition is embossed in 24K gold, with real gold on the top page edges, and each volume contains a silk ribbon marker.

HOW THE LIBRARY'S PLAN WORKS. As a member, each month you will receive an advance notice of the forthcoming release. If you do not want it, merely notify us and it will not be sent; otherwise, the volume will come to you for \$2.65 or \$3.65 (depending on the edition you prefer) plus small delivery charge. There are no membership dues or fees.

SEND FOR THREE VOLUMES FOR FREE EXAMINATION! Simply list the titles you want in the edition you prefer, and mail the coupon. When you receive your volumes, if you are not overwhelmed by their beauty and value, return them in 10 days and owe nothing. Otherwise, pay just \$1.00 plus shipping for all three and become a Library member. You may continue membership as long as you wish, or cancel at any time after accepting only four selections during the coming year. Mail the coupon *now!*

INTERNATIONAL COLLECTORS' LIBRARY • Garden City, N. Y.

CHOOSE FROM THIS LIST

OF HUMAN BONDAGE by *W. Somerset Maugham*. The Dean of English prose probes deeply into the bonds of love and hate which hold men and women together. (Louis XVI binding).

WUTHERING HEIGHTS by *Emily Brontë*. The deeply-moving story of one of the strangest love relationships to be found in all world literature. (19th century Emile Mercier binding).

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI. Sculptor, artist, gunsmith, swordsman, lover, politician, murderer—Cellini was all of these and more! (London Fleet Street binding).

ANNA KARENINA by *Count Leo Tolstoy*. Perhaps the greatest novel ever written about one of the eternal literary themes—infidelity and betrayal in marriage. (Czar Alexander II binding).

MADAME BOVARY by *Gustave Flaubert*. A realistic portrait of courtship and marriage and the subsequent disintegration of a woman's character. (Madame de Pompadour binding).

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH by *Samuel Butler*. The gripping autobiographical novel which helped to terminate the puritanical Victorian age and begin our own. (Louis XVI binding).

BARCHESTER TOWERS by *Anthony Trollope*. An exciting love story richly spiced with the gentle humor and satire that is Trollope's trade mark. (19th century Emile Mercier binding).

THE SUMMING UP by *W. Somerset Maugham*. This famous autobiography is full of frank opinions about books, wine, women, words, love, ideas, travel. (London Fleet Street binding).

JOURNAL OF MADAME GIOVANNI by *Alexandre Dumas*. The fascinating travels of a beautiful adventuress and her consort to the far corners of the earth. (Madame de Pompadour binding).

1-AM
Write Below the Titles of the Three
Volumes You Want For Just \$1.00

International Collectors Library
Garden City, N. Y.

Send me for free examination the three International Collectors Library volumes the titles of which I have written above—and enroll me as a member. If I wish to return the books, I may do so within 10 days and membership will be cancelled; otherwise, bill me only \$1.00 (plus few cents shipping) for all three and I will be entitled to full members' privileges. Every month each new masterwork will be described in advance. If I do not want a volume I will notify you and it will not be sent. My sole obligation is to buy as few as four volumes during the coming year from among the many masterworks offered. After taking only four, I may resign whenever I wish, or continue to enjoy the benefits of membership as long as I wish.

I wish to receive my selections in the

(Check ☐ Replica edition at \$2.65 per volume
one) ☐ DeLuxe edition at \$3.65 per volume

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

British Honduras & Guiana

THROUGHOUT 1952 and the first half of 1953, the British House of Commons, when it dealt with colonial affairs, was preoccupied with the armed struggles in Malaya and Kenya, and the difficulties of hammering out new constitutions in the Gold Coast, Nigeria, and the Rhodesias.

Suddenly, however, the two almost forgotten Colonies on the American mainland, British Guiana and British Honduras, separated from one another by 2000 miles, took the center of the stage. In both B.G. and B.H. — as they are usually called — new constitutions, providing for universal adult suffrage, came into effect. In B.G., the People's Progressive Party, led by Dr. Cheddi Jagan, won a clear majority in the election. Its leaders became Ministers. Within a few months, Parliament in London was astounded to be told that troops had been moved in and the new constitution had been suspended. The new Ministers were accused of fomenting disorder and of close association with international Communism.

Hardly had the fierce debate on these events been concluded, when it was learned that in B.H. the People's United Party had gained a sweeping victory in the elections, on a program of complete independence and radical economic development. At least two of its leaders had recently been imprisoned for sedition; and they were said to be in close touch with the allegedly Communist government of neighboring Guatemala. Was the experience of B.G. to be repeated?

The House of Commons cheered with relief when Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, announced that the new constitution would be implemented and that he had invited the Governor and the P.U.P. leaders to come to see him in London as soon as they had settled down to their new responsibilities.

In both these territories the World Health Organization has played a powerful role. Endemic yellow fever and malaria have been almost eliminated; a mass attack is being made on tuberculosis; antibiotics are increasingly available for the treatment of yaws and venereal diseases.

The populations are far less debilitated than they were and children are surviving as they never did before. In B.H., with a crude birth rate of 40 per 1000 and a death rate of only 10, the population is increasing every year by 3 per cent. In B.G., the annual rate of growth increased between 1945 and 1951 from 1.5 to 2.8 per cent. Everywhere in both countries schools are thronged with children. Parents are anxiously wondering not only how to feed and clothe them now, but what their future is to be. So there is a demand for better wages and conditions, but above all for a purposeful plan of economic development.

These young populations, filled with a new vigor, have thrown up young leaders. They have the qualities and the defects of youthful naïveté. Can their energies be channelized into the constructive and responsible tasks of economic development? Is it too risky to give them their head? Are they so steeped in the doctrines and disciplines of Russian Communism that they cannot be tolerated or trusted? If so, what constructive alternative can be found for the energies of active and rapidly growing populations?

The Catholic background

No man of experience and balanced judgment who has met the P.U.P. leaders in B.H. can believe that they are Communists. They are the intelligentsia of a Latin-American nation — part Amerindian, part Creole, part Carib — which is predominantly Roman Catholic in religion. Their party is based, as most political parties in the British West Indies are based, on a trade union, but their General Workers' Union — the only union in the territory which has mass support — is well organized and led by workers rather than lawyers.

The three young leaders of the party, Messrs. Richardson, Price, and Goldson, were all educated at St. John's College, a Jesuit school. Almost all of its teachers come from the United States and \$250,000 has been collected there for the fine new buildings which are being erected on the outskirts of Belize. The influence of these American Jesuits spreads far beyond the college throughout two

RCA Victor congratulates these TOSCANINI contest winners

Read the winning essays

FIRST PRIZE WINNER

*Favorite RCA Victor Toscanini recording:
Respighi: Pines and Fountains of Rome*

This is a sparkling web of music that enchants imagination. I hear the delicacy of spray falling through sunlight, the majesty and mystery of the pines, the thousand years' quiet upon the crumbling stones. But this is merely the beginning of Toscanini's art. Dramatically he weaves water and sunlight, trees and columns to speak in subtle inferences of their meanings for us. His skill combines beauty and history and philosophy into a recording never to be heard enough. So is Toscanini, the master, at home amid the splendid possibilities of communication by music.

Mrs. Norman A. Fox,
Virginia City, Mont.



SECOND PRIZE WINNER

*Favorite RCA Victor Toscanini recording:
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica")*

Toscanini surpasses himself, I am certain, when he is deeply moved. When this involvement is total and at its highest level—a fusing of mind with mind—the result is an expression of elemental truth. Such self-identification Toscanini brings to the "Eroica". To the Beethoven who would not honor a Caesar comes the man who would not play Caesar's tune. In this, my favorite Toscanini recording, he transcends mere technical wizardry. Here, he knows, is Beethoven. Here, for our time, he re-states an historic theme, re-affirming a man's faith in himself, in freedom, and in mankind.

Mrs. Robert R. Hailey,
Endicott, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE WINNER

*Favorite RCA Victor Toscanini record:
Debussy: La Mer*

Toscanini and "La Mer" . . . No music lends itself so happily to the unique interpretive talents of the Maestro. Indeed, his affinity for this vast seascape in sound is legendary. Measure by measure in this glorious recording every mood of ocean is explored and evoked: the terrible beauty and power, the play of light and color, the unrelenting rhythm, glint of sun on wave, blown spume and the surge of surf. And here too, one understands that the great Italian, no less than the sea, is himself a force of nature, like the sea, and like the sea always yet never the same . . . Toscanini.



James Tracy,
San Francisco, Calif.

HEAR THESE LATEST TOSCANINI RELEASES

Beethoven: Fidelio (Complete)

Brahms: Symphony No. 3**

Moussorgsky: Pictures At An
Exhibition**, and

Franck: Psyche and Eros**

Schubert: Symphony No. 9**

Toscanini Conducts Wagner*

Toscanini Plays Your Favorites*

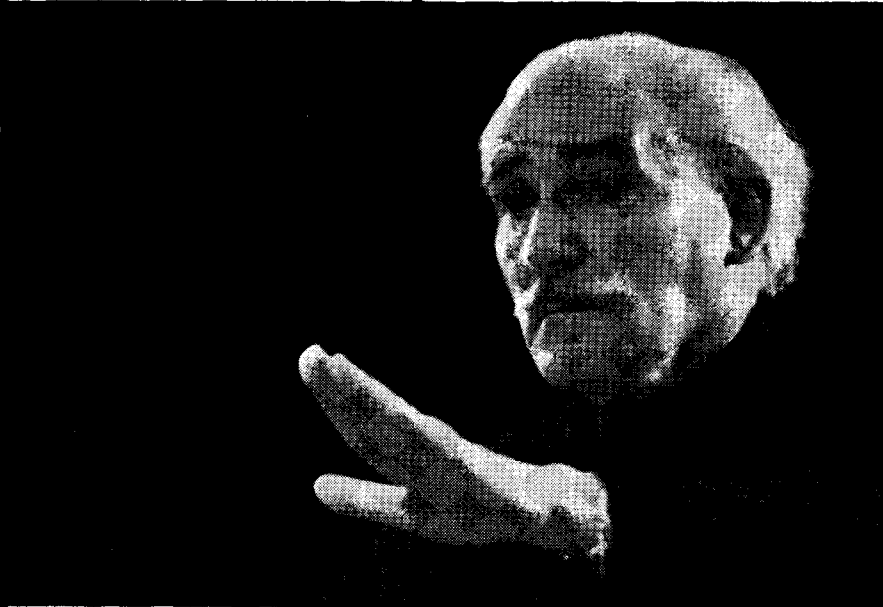
Verdi: Falstaff (Complete)*

Verdi: Requiem*



*High Fidelity Recording
**"New Orthophonic" High Fidelity
Recording

RAISED RIMS GIVE PERMANENT
PROTECTION FOR RECORD SURFACES



RCA VICTOR
FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC



thirds of the child education of the Colony and into extramural classes which learn the principles of coöperation and trade unionism.

Man against the jungle

British Honduras is just about as large as New Hampshire but has a population only one-seventh as large as that state's. Its mahogany and other hardwoods, brought with great difficulty to the river, are shipped from Belize to the markets of Britain and the United States. Its sawmills are the only industry of any size in the capital city, which resembles many other towns to which men bring money earned after weeks at sea or in the forest. In the evenings its streets are gay with the bright lights of well-filled shops, the brilliant dresses of strolling dark-skinned girls, and the joyous music of several dance halls.

But as its population expands, Belize is forced back from the tiny patch of land barely above sea level upon which it was originally built into the vast mangrove swamp which surrounds it. Houses are built upon stilts to avoid the swamps, but sewage

is collected in buckets and flung into the rivers and canals. Malaria has been conquered, but gastro-intestinal disorders still account for eight hundred deaths every year.

Twenty minutes away by airplane, but more than four hours by road or eight by sea, is Stann Creek, the only other town of real size. It is the port of outlet for a new citrus industry, operated by a very enterprising Jamaican firm and by the British Colonial Development Corporation, but able to give little more than seasonal employment. In other parts of the territory, agriculture and fisheries are scarcely above subsistence level; and to a great extent the town populations live upon food imported from America and Britain.

The market for mahogany is not what it used to be; much of the forest land has been carelessly exploited in the past and needs planned regeneration, which will be costly. If the rapidly expanding population is to be adequately fed and housed it must be settled upon the land — but that requires the clearing of

bush, the building of roads and towns. Such tasks are formidable in the still primeval forests of British Honduras, where tropical sun and rain cause the jungle to grow again almost as fast as men can clear it.

To give one example — only three months after its opening, the new Humming Bird highway, cut through the forest at a cost of \$700,000 provided by the United Kingdom taxpayers, already showed serious signs of erosion by continual rains. Yet the total potential working force of the Colony cannot be more than 15,000, of whom 8000 are already employed. Among them skilled men are so scarce that there is only one fully qualified architect and one plumber in the whole Colony.

Honduras's ten-year plan

Like all British colonies, B.H. has a ten-year development plan, instituted and approved by the Labor Government. The government of the Colony thinks that the plan provides for a rate of investment which is the maximum, or perhaps more than the maximum, that the present labor force can undertake and the Colony's resources can maintain during the period of the plan. It points out that the allocation of United Kingdom development funds in the last eight years is 30.8 pounds per head of the population in B.H. as compared with an average of 1.5 pounds for the whole of the British Colonies, and that this expenditure is due to rise rapidly during the next few years.

The P.U.P. would like to double the expenditure, and would welcome the introduction of more capital from non-British countries. Many Britons sympathize fully with their indignation against the careless exploitation of forest reserves and the lack of planned social or economic development in the past. They would applaud, too, the P.U.P. demand that the ordinary folk of the Colony be given a share in framing and operating the plan.

But all who consider the problem are bound to ask: How can this territory be more rapidly developed without more manpower?

Though it has agreed to remain a member of the Regional Economic Labor and Air Transport Organi-



Norman Rockwell says:

"WE'RE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO DRAW OR PAINT!"

Do you have art talent? Do you want a successful, money-making art career? Or would you like the deep personal satisfaction of painting really fine pictures? America's Most Famous Artists say: "Find out with our Famous Artists Talent Test." Thousands paid \$1 for this test, but now it's yours *free*. Mail the coupon for **FREE ART TALENT TEST**.



Famous Artists Schools

Studio 42-O, Westport, Conn.

Send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr. _____ Age _____

Mrs. _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Miss _____

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

zations, the P.U.P. has declared itself forcefully against joining the proposed West Indian Federation and has strongly denounced unrestricted immigration. Yet its leaders deny emphatically the suggestion that they may intend to join their country to Guatemala, and the recent shift in the regime in that country is likely to have made them change their minds if indeed they ever did think of such a union. It is probable that the greater experience and knowledge which they have gained since they entered the legislature may be making them revise their policy on the subject of immigration.

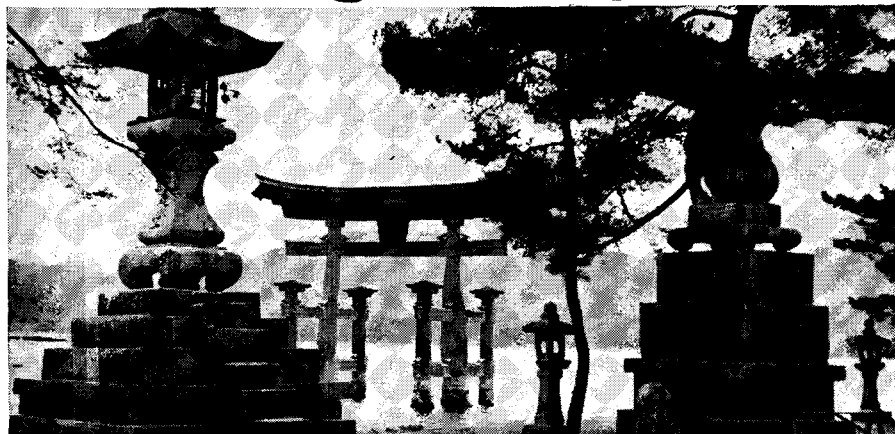
British Guiana's leftists

In B.G., the economic problem is comparatively easier, the political far more serious. The rash behavior of P.P.P. leaders while they were Ministers may well have shaken the confidence of some who voted for them — and it must be remembered that, though they won 18 out of 24 seats in the Assembly, their total majority of votes was very small. But the suspension of the constitution has made it easier for the P.P.P. to persuade the masses that the British are not to be trusted and that, despite what they say, they will never allow power to go to a party which stands for full self-government and for limiting the power of the sugar companies which dominate the country's economy. It is said that, thanks to the great ability of American-born Mrs. Janet Jagan, the P.P.P. is the best organized political party in Central or South America.

The party's previous actions and its easy access to apparently ample funds make it clear that its leaders are Communist. The bulk of the party members are not so; still less are the masses who voted for them. The P.P.P. achieved its electoral success mainly because of the anxiety of the people about the slow improvement in their conditions and their fears for the future of their children. Their opponents were divided into many groups, some liberal and willing to coöperate with the Governor in a forward program, some reactionary who felt that the Governor was weak and that "firm" action was the only remedy for discontent.

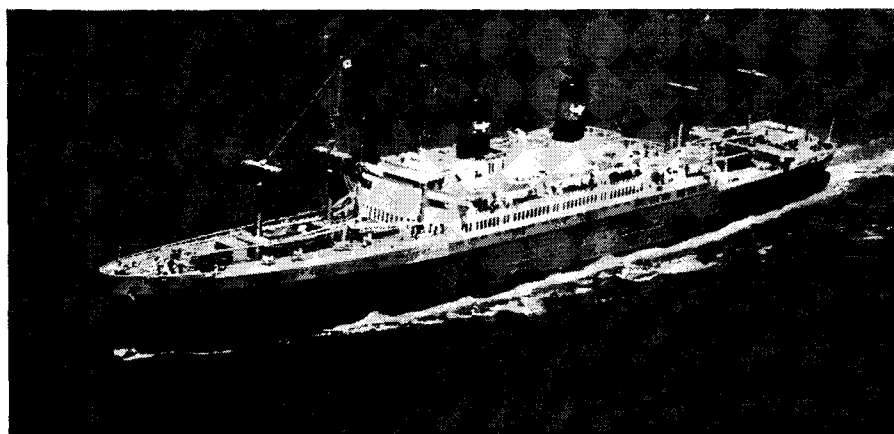
It is obvious that a peaceful solution of the present impasse, with a

there's only one way



Explore and sightsee ashore.

to see the Orient



Enjoy a "country club" vacation at sea.

and return "home"



Your "President" is your American hotel in port.

at the end of each day!

6 weeks, 15,000 miles along the Sunshine Belt to JAPAN, PHILIPPINES, and HONG KONG with 2 stops at HAWAII. Swimming, deck sports, tempting food, dancing, complete shopping center aboard ship.

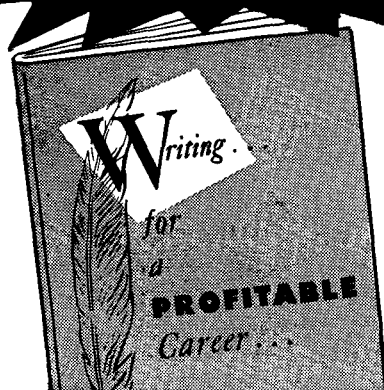
See your travel agent for descriptive folders

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

General Offices: 311 California St., San Francisco 4, California

FREE

"WRITING FOR A PROFITABLE CAREER"



An Illustrated 21-Page Guide for Men & Women Who Want to Write . . . and Sell What They Write!

Getting started as a professional writer is a lot easier than you may think — if you are ambitious and have the proper instruction. Go through any magazine or periodical. Notice how few of the author's names you recognize. That's because most commercial writing is done by "unknowns" . . . men and women who had faith in their ability and learned how to make it pay. You can do the same.

Send today for your FREE copy of "Writing for a Profitable Career." There's no obligation. No salesman will call.

The booklet tells you, frankly and honestly, what qualifications you should have to succeed in this fascinating, high-paying field. It points out the pitfalls as well as the opportunities. Describes the amazingly effective methods used by the famous NEW YORK SCHOOL OF WRITING to train young writers — at home in their spare time. And explains how hundreds of people like yourself who yearned to write learned to write under the personal direction of successful authors and editors. Don't put it off! Fill out and mail the coupon below today.

FREE BOOKLET COUPON

The New York School of Writing
Dept. 101, 2 East 45th Street
New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me, without obligation, your FREE descriptive booklet about writers and writing — "WRITING FOR A PROFITABLE CAREER." I understand no salesman or representative will call on me.

Name

Street

City.....State

Licensed by the State of New York

renewed advance toward democracy, can be achieved only if a new "middle of the road" party can emerge which rejects the extremists both of the left and of the right. Can leaders be found for such a party? How will it raise its funds? How long will it take to build it? Can the government meanwhile push ahead with economic development so as to give the people proof that it is possible for them to have an assured future if they reject P.P.P. leadership?

Time alone can answer those questions, but a Commission of Inquiry, headed by Sir James Robertson, formerly Chief Secretary of the Sudan, has recommended that time be given. It believes that interim government must continue long enough to permit the emergence of conditions which will make for stable self-government. Undoubtedly the two forces which are most likely to create such conditions are the trade unions and the coöperatives. So far, the National Democratic Party, the only alternative to the P.P.P., has made comparatively little headway. To hand power to it at present would be disastrous. But in trade unions and co-operatives, men and woman practice self-government and learn to take responsibility.

Coastal population

There are nine people per acre in B.G. and only five per acre in B.H., but the basic economic facts are similar. Immense areas of forest are totally uninhabited, and the overwhelming majority of the population is concentrated in a coastal strip varying in width from eight to two miles, much of which is actually below sea level. The main industry is the production of sugar, which is grown on large estates owned by British-controlled companies.

In recent years there has been a fair development of rice farming by about 21,000 small farmers. Rice and sugar are exported and so are bauxite, lumber, and small quantities of gold and diamonds. Some of the workers on the sugar estates, like the rice farmers, grow foodstuffs on their own plots. Underemployment and shockingly bad housing have bred resentment and unrest among the sugar workers, and a continual unsuccessful fight against flooding has caused frustration among farmers. Plans for draining the coastal strip

Who are the world's best living writers?

Certainly any roster would have to include Irwin Shaw, Joyce Cary, William Faulkner, John P. Marquand, S. J. Perelman, James Michener, Carl Sandburg, James Jones, Arthur Miller and John O'Hara

We're delighted to point out that you can enjoy writers of this calibre in *Holiday* magazine. All have been or soon will be contributors

Holiday is, indeed, one of the rare sources in the world today of fine writing, writing that absorbs and delights people of inquiry.

If you have been on the point of subscribing to *Holiday*, but just haven't done so, we urge you to do it now at a special low rate that will delight your pocketbook. Please read on

SPECIAL OFFER

10 glorious months of *HOLIDAY* magazine only \$2.97

Now at a special saving of \$2.03 over single-copy prices, you can enjoy the next 10 issues of *Holiday*.

On tap in these exciting issues are fascinating articles on: *New England Yankee* by Bernard DeVoto, *Plush Tour of Italy* by Ludwig Bemelmans, *Society* by Cleveland Amory, *Polo* by Joyce Cary, *The Rockies* by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., *Tokyo* by Santha Rama Rau . . . and a host of other exciting features, vividly written and beautifully photographed.

This special offer lasts for a limited time only, so mail the coupon now, along with your check or money order for \$2.97 Or, if your prefer, we'll bill you later

MAIL TODAY

Holiday Magazine

Dept. 1810, Independence Sq.
Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Yes, send me 10 months of *Holiday* for \$2.97 — saving me \$2.03 over the newsstand price.

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.

Name

Street

City.....Zone.....State.....

Offer good only in the U.S.A., its possessions and Canada.

have been available for years, but have not been carried out because of their great expense.

The World Bank experts estimated that in fifteen years the area of the coastal zone now under cultivation could be increased from 7.5 to 15 per cent, and perhaps doubled again after that.

There will be no shortage of manpower, as in B.H., but if catastrophe is to be avoided, drainage and clearance of land will have somehow to be completed at a faster rate than is now envisaged. If success is achieved, then immense possibilities for the future seem to lie ahead in the vast territories of the interior.

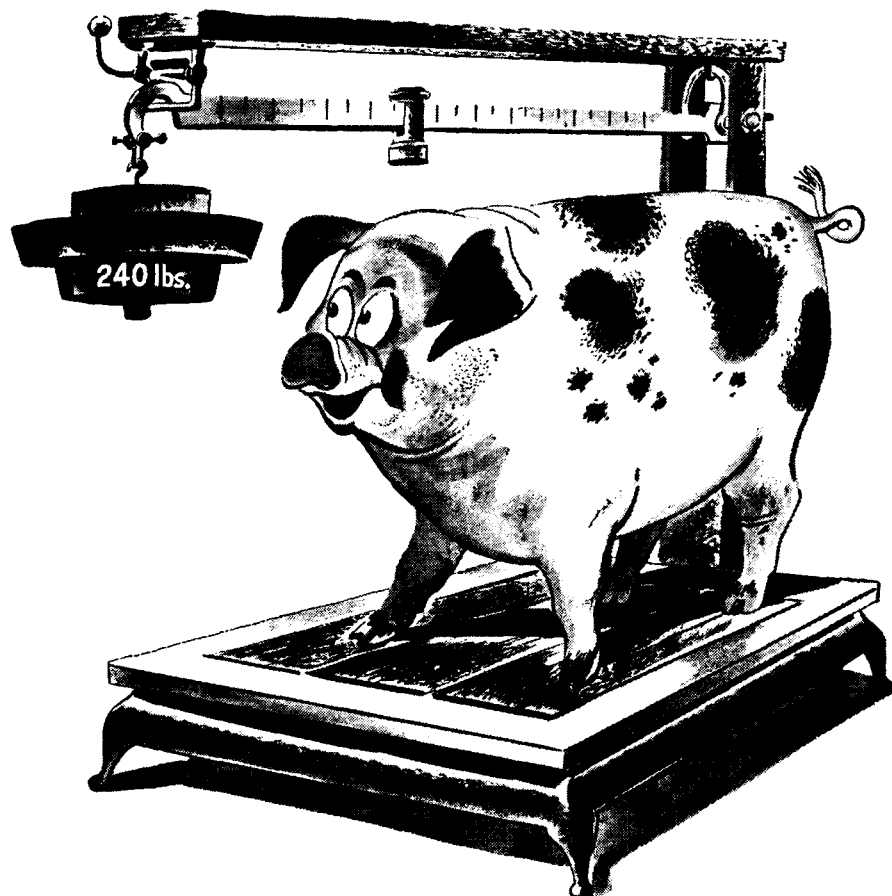
The hum of activity

The United Kingdom Government, after the suspension of the constitution, provided additional funds for the acceleration of the Colony's ten-year development plan. Ignoring the sneer of the P.P.P. that Britain acted only after their victory at the polls, Sir Alfred Savage, the liberal-minded Governor, and his officials, willingly accepting help from an expert team from the American Foreign Operations Administration, are pressing forward with local development committees to explain the plan to the people and get them to help.

Credits are being provided for farmers, and coöperatives are being encouraged. The University College of the West Indies has conducted seminars to instruct the development committees and to foster the growth of reliable and worker-led trade unions. There is a hum of activity in the air, and, in particular, new houses are going up rapidly everywhere.

The P.P.P. have retaliated by calling for "non-coöperation," a phrase likely to awaken a response in the minds of the Indian-descended majority of the people. Their leaders appear to be seeking martyrs' crowns by courting imprisonment for offenses against ordinances restricting their movements and the circulation of Communist-inspired literature. The Governor responds to these tactics by inviting the people to help him to get things done. They will respond to the full only if alternative leaders emerge who are willing to coöperate. They may yet come from the trade unions and the coöperatives.

How many pounds are pork chops?



☐ 50 lbs... ☐ 25 lbs... ☐ 10 lbs...

As you see them at your meat store, pork chops are simply a choice cut of meat with a neat little handle of bone.

But as the meat packer buys them, pork chops are part of a "package" that includes many less popular cuts as well as a lot of weight that isn't "eatin' meat".

A porker that weighs-in at the meat packing plant at 240 lbs., shows up at your retail market as 115 lbs. of fresh and smoked pork products and 35 lbs. of lard. Only 150 lbs. altogether. And only 10 lbs. of this are center-cut pork chops.

That's why you usually pay more for pork chops than for most other cuts of pork. For the price of each cut of meat (like the price of just about everything else!) is determined largely by how much there is and how much people like it.

Economists call this the law of supply and demand. Women call it "shopping". They compare, pick, choose. In a free market, their choice of the available supplies sets the values—whether it's in pork or peaches; beef or bananas.

Did you know... pigs come into a packing plant in "one piece" ... they leave in as many as 80 different pork products ... that when you speak of the "meat packing industry" you mean 4,000 different companies ... that through competition, efficient modern methods and full utilization of by-products, your meat is marketed at a lower service cost between farm and table than almost any other food?

Rural India

INDIA's rural Community Development Program, an integral part of Nehru's first Five-Year Plan, is the biggest of its kind ever undertaken in any part of the world. India's federal and state governments are attempting to assume a degree of responsibility for meeting some of the age-long problems affecting village life: low standards of living, illiteracy, and disease.

The Indian farmer, like his counterpart in the United States, is hard-working; but unlike an American farmer, he is semi-starved as a result of inadequate income. He cannot easily take in new ideas; he prefers to resort to traditional methods and customs in farming. He hardly ever saves and is frequently in debt. Above all, he is at the mercy of wind and rain.

An immediate objective of the Community Development Program is to better the crop yield of the farmers who comprise nearly 80 per cent of India's population and who are scattered in 600,000 villages. Since India's resources are limited in relation to her ever-growing population, the government's plan aims to concentrate on those areas which promise higher yield or which need immediate help. Other objectives of the agricultural development scheme are: reclamation of available virgin and waste land, construction of wells and irrigation canals, distribution of commercial fertilizers and seeds, introduction of better farm methods and implements, improvement of marketing and credit facilities, soil surveys, and adequate veterinary care for livestock.

Village volunteers

Through the Community Development Program, the government also builds schools, hospitals, social education centers, and village roads. Forty one-room schools have been built in the Karjat District of Bombay, and nearly 40 per cent of the cost was borne by the local villagers. A maternity hospital in the same district has been completed at a total cost of \$7800, of which 20 per cent was voluntarily borne by the villagers.

During the year ending September, 1953, the villagers in all the areas where community projects

were started gave labor worth nearly \$1,500,000, and almost an equal amount in cash, land, and materials.

Since the core of the Community Development Program is participation of the villagers, the Bharat Sevak Samaj — a private organization voluntarily formed by the people on a nation-wide scale — has been enlisting the coöperation of the local citizens to participate in the whole program. Explaining the purpose of this organization, Prime Minister Nehru urged the villagers to "function as comrades in a common task . . . to bring about, with our common labor, that joint effort which can shake and break up a mountain of inertia." The government, by getting the villagers to volunteer, is building up a sense of responsibility and democratic leadership among the Indian peasants.

Fifty-five Community Development Projects were inaugurated on October 2, 1952. In the first two years, the program reached 23,450 villages, with a total population of 21 million. The program tries to meet the essential needs of the people. It may be that a village needs good roads or should develop the existing animal transport service; some villages need schools and adult education centers and library facilities; still others want to promote cottage industry or develop their housing, or even build guidance and recreation centers. While all these needs are important, priority is given to meet the local situation.

The National Extension Service (referred to as NES) was inaugurated at the same time as the Community Development Projects, and work has been started in 199 Development Blocks for 19,000 villages, covering 13 million people. Unlike the Community Development Program, NES is rather restricted in scope, with the main emphasis on agricultural improvement. But both of them can be described as "aided self-help programs," and basically their aim is to help the villagers to help themselves.

Pilot project in Etawah

The pattern for future development projects has been set by three successful experiments. In Etawah District, situated between the Ganges and

Jumna rivers in the south-central section of the state of Uttar Pradesh, ninety-seven villages with a population of nearly 80,000 have organized 52 village councils and 7 coöperatives. Thirty villages have organized their own field libraries, reading rooms, training camps, and an information center. A coöperatively run fortnightly newspaper in the Hindi language reaches over 1500 villagers. Through this paper, the farmers get information about crops and matters of local interest.

Adult education classes are becoming increasingly popular among the villagers. A researcher, visiting one of the classes, asked the students why they came. The answers were varied. "I should like to read newspapers and religious books," said one man; another replied, "I used my thumbprint for signature—how pleased I am now to sign my own name." Finally one replied, to the laughter of the whole class, that he came so that he could buy a radio, the thing he most desired in life! (The very idea of one farmer buying a radio sounded funny to the others because they thought this was beyond his reach.)

From swamp to township

Nilokeri, 85 miles from New Delhi, was until six years ago a swampland. Out of this swamp (nearly 800 acres) grew a township which has become the home and the workshop of nearly 7000 refugees from Pakistan. The area has been brought under cultivation and put under development. The town now has a brick kiln, a dairy, a poultry farm, a polytechnic school, a hospital, two primary schools, and a high school. Cottage industry—especially wood-carving, soapmaking, and iron and brass foundry—has engaged the special attention of the local villagers. The township is under an administrator appointed by the government of India, and its municipal affairs are managed by a council elected by the local inhabitants.

Faridabad—a township located about 17 miles from New Delhi—is divided into five villages, which provide industrial and agricultural occupation for nearly 25,000 refugees from Pakistan. Nearly 5000 two-room houses (with bath, kitchen, and a courtyard) have been constructed by the government for occupation by the refugees. Each village has been provided with a school and a health

WHY DO TEACHERS CHOOSE ? INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS

Certainly not for the money. Because most public schools can pay at least as much or more.

Then why?

Well, some teachers like the smaller classes . . . the chance to really know every child . . . to help solve all his problems . . . to help realize all his potentials.

Some teachers appreciate the chance to work both in and out of the classroom on every phase of a student's development—to help make him a completely well-rounded, responsive and responsible citizen.

Certainly, they all like the freedom to discuss controversial topics and to deal freely with religion.

And certainly, it's satisfying to be able to maintain high standards of preparation and performance.

If you'd like to read a frank explanation of this and other aspects of independent schools, simply mail us the coupon below.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS

79 Milk Street, Boston 9, Mass.

A-1

We don't know all the answers

No broker does. If he did, he'd retire. But to keep our own batting average up, we spend more than a million dollars a year on a Research Department just to gather facts about securities—something more substantial than hunch or hearsay.

Our representatives are equipped to give these facts about securities to our customers. And there's no charge. Our only compensation is the commission we get on their business—the lowest commissions the exchanges permit us to charge.

If the facts we have about particular securities would be helpful to you . . .

Or if you'd like to have a thorough-going and objective analysis of your entire portfolio . . . just ask.

Our answer won't cost you a thing—won't obligate you in any way. Simply address—

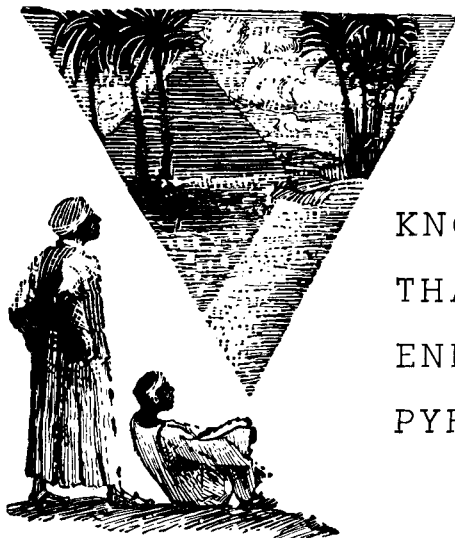
WALTER A. SCHOLL, *Department SR-105*

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 106 Cities

Interested in buying stocks on a "pay-as-you-go" basis?
Ask for our free booklet on the Monthly Investment Plan.



KNOWLEDGE
THAT HAS
ENDURED WITH THE
PYRAMIDS

A SECRET METHOD FOR THE MASTERY OF LIFE

WHENCE came the knowledge that built the Pyramids and the mighty Temples of the Pharaohs? Civilization began in the Nile Valley centuries ago. Where did its first builders acquire their astounding wisdom that started man on his upward climb? Beginning with naught they overcame nature's forces and gave the world its first sciences and arts. Did their knowledge come from a race now submerged beneath the sea, or were they touched with Infinite inspiration? From what concealed source came the wisdom that produced such characters as Amenhotep IV, Leonardo da Vinci, Isaac Newton, and a host of others?

Today it is known that they discovered and learned to interpret certain *Secret Methods* for the development of their inner power of mind. They learned to command the inner forces within their own beings, and to master life. This secret art of living has been preserved and handed down throughout the ages. Today it is extended to those who dare to use its profound principles to meet and solve the problems of life in these complex times.

This Sealed Book — FREE

Has life brought you that personal satisfaction, the sense of achievement and happiness that you desire? If not, it is your duty to yourself to learn about this rational method of applying natural laws for the mastery of life. To the thoughtful person it is obvious that everyone cannot be entrusted with an intimate knowledge of the mysteries of life, for everyone is not capable of properly using it. But if you are one of those possessed of a true desire to forge ahead and wish to make use of the subtle influences of life, the Rosicrucians (not a religious organization) will send you a Sealed Book of explanation without obligation. This Sealed Book tells how you, in the privacy of your own home, without interference with your personal affairs or manner of living, may receive these secret teachings. Not weird or strange practices, but a rational application of the basic laws of life. Use the coupon, and obtain your complimentary copy.

The ROSICRUCIANS

SAN JOSE

(A M O R C)

CALIFORNIA

SCRIBE: K.N.C.
The Rosicrucians (AMORC)
San Jose, California

Please send free copy of Sealed Book, which I shall read as directed.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

Use this
coupon for
FREE
copy of book

AMENHOTEP IV
FOUNDER OF EGYPT'S
MYSTERY SCHOOLS



center. Also, there is a centrally located hospital which has nearly 150 beds, and it takes care of the patients from all five villages.

It is proposed to bring 120,000 villages, or about one fourth of the entire rural population of India, under the influence of the Community Development Program and the National Extension Service during the period of India's first Five-Year Plan (1951-1956). Seventy-four million people out of a total rural population of 295 million will be covered.

Financing the program

The program is largely supported by Indians — through taxes and voluntary contributions in cash or kind — and by loans and foreign aid. The United States Point Four aid to India among other things supplies fertilizer, iron and steel for manufacturing simple but improved farm implements, locust-fighters, and DDT to combat malaria, and provides facilities for constructing tube wells, and technicians to advise on various development measures.

Two supplementary agreements were signed by India and the United States on February 6, 1954. Under one agreement, 5000 tons of urea and ammonium sulphate and nitrate will be imported by India to demonstrate, test, and popularize the use of such fertilizers in India for better crop yield; the total cost amounts to \$1,150,000. The second agreement makes available the engineering consultant services of a Chicago firm to the Damodar Valley Corporation (the TVA of India) at a cost to the United States of \$632,000.

The government of India, with the financial assistance of the Ford Foundation, has set up a number of centers for training supervisory and professional staff for the Community Development Projects. The amount involved for the past two and a half years is \$5,011,528. To guard against rigidity, the Ford Foundation has also granted to the Indian government \$461,500 for a three-year program to evaluate the results.

The conservative peasants

The conservatism of the Indian peasants is deep-rooted in their social values. Caught between the old traditions and the new ideas, they sometimes find it hard to decide what

Send Today For Free Book Catalog

is right for them or their children. A villager may be against using DDT because he feels that killing mosquitoes constitutes a sin; or traditional attitudes may complicate the problem of health or sanitation.

For example, a villager may think that smallpox is due to displeasure of a deity; he may keep his patient closeted in his ill-ventilated hut for fear that municipal authorities may hear about the occurrence of the disease and isolate the patient and spray disinfectant all over his living quarters; or he may not even like to have his children vaccinated. The villager may think that such acts would displease his family deity. In such matters, the supervisor has to understand the nature of the problem, and talk to the individuals concerned with utmost tact, bringing out the merits and demerits of the case without upsetting their sentiments too much.

American technicians in India sometimes find it hard to bring home to the Indian workers or villagers some of their techniques. The Indian village workers understand the fine points in the group discussion method, and its usefulness in tackling some of the village problems. But the village participants in group discussion need a better education to appreciate all aspects of the various problems.

For instance, in one village in India, the group discussion method was to be tried to ascertain the needs. An agenda was prepared by the chairman with various items listed for discussion: hospital, school, roads, and so forth. But it was the unanimous opinion of the group (composed of local villagers) that what they needed most was a temple.

Assuming that the villagers do understand the significance of the problem, there is still another difficulty with the Indian supervisory staff, who are in the employ of an administration more or less modeled after the British system. These officials were used to giving orders or to taking orders from their superiors for carrying out a measure. Now they have to sit with the groups and patiently discuss. Developing a different approach in solving village problems takes time.

What has been accomplished

The recent assessment of the program for the first two years of the

Five-Year Plan, according to the Indian Planning Commission, indicates a definite measure of achievement. During the first year of the Plan (1951-1952) the production of food grains increased by 1.15 million tons.

In the second year of the Plan nearly 6 million acres of land (once a cultivable waste) were added to the acreage under the fall food grains. The final estimate of the fall food grains for the year 1952-1953 showed an increase of over 4 million tons, or about 12.4 per cent of the total production. Jute production went up by 1.4 million bales, cotton by 390,000 bales, and sugar cane by 300,000 tons.

The report for 1953-1954 reveals, among other things, that in the project areas as a whole, 150,494 compost pits, 508 demonstration farms, 259 breeding and artificial insemination centers were started; 7201 pedigreed birds were supplied to farmers to improve the quality of their poultry; 1464 new schools were started; 3707 adult education centers and 3019 community recreation centers were opened.

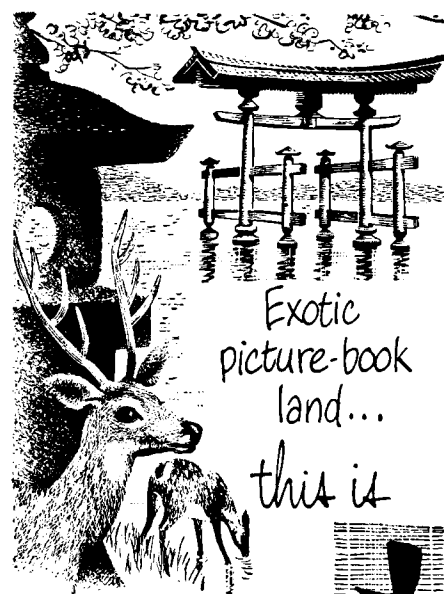
Thus the projects are generating a "progressive outlook among the rural population and the overall effect is so striking that there can be no doubt that the objective of increasing production is being steadily attained."

Increasing agricultural production is less difficult and time-consuming than changing the attitudes of people brought up under certain traditions, customs, and religious scruples. Despite various drawbacks, India is determined to raise her standard of living through constant application of every available technical skill to achieve progress in health, progress in economics, and progress in political organization.

Prime Minister Nehru believes that these results can be better achieved under democracy. As rural Community Development progresses in India, the villager will understand the true significance of the democratic process. The success of the whole Community Development Program in India depends upon the villager. India's rural Community Development has thus become a manifestation of the faith of the Indian people in the working of democratic government.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



... Where the ancient ways of the Orient enchant the Western visitor... excellent transportation... modern hotels... wonderful souvenirs... renowned hospitality.

Apply your Travel Agent or
**JAPAN TRAVEL
INFORMATION OFFICE**
Japan Travel Bureau

10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.
651 Market Street, San Francisco 5, Calif.

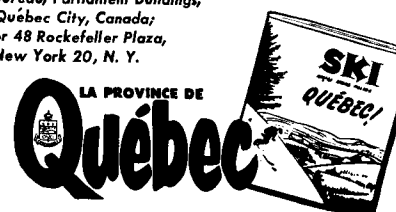
**J
A
P
A
N**



**SNOW, SUN and
DRY COLD AIR**

Come to La Province de Québec for your ski vacation. Here you will find ideal ski conditions. Slopes for beginners and experts. Well marked trails, numerous ski-tows. And you will be welcomed with old fashioned French-Canadian hospitality in comfortable, modern inns and hotels.

To help plan your ski vacation write today for your free copy of **SKI IN QUEBEC**. Address: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.





An Atlantic *Public Interest* Advertisement

American colleges and universities, large and small, find themselves urgently in need of new sources of financial support. Enrollment is going up faster than the endowment and in this predicament the institutions have asked for corporate aid to supplement the gifts of their alumni. It calls for industrial statesmanship to devise a plan which would be at once generous and fair to the many needy institutions. The Atlantic is happy to commend this new program now being put into effect by the General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund.

THE CORPORATE ALUMNUS PROGRAM

A New Plan for College Giving

by PHILIP D. REED

Chairman of the Trustees

General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund

On November 15, 1954 the Trustees of the General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund established, for the year 1955, a new program of financial aid to colleges and universities.

It is called the Corporate Alumnus Program because, under its provisions, the Fund joins with employees of General Electric in the support of the colleges and universities at which these employees received their degrees. Within the limits of the plan, gifts will be made from the Fund in amounts equal to those made by any individual employee-alumnus.

The Colleges Need More Help

Up to now, the pattern of corporate assistance to higher education has been fairly well established. In the case of General Electric, it has taken the forms of gifts and endowments, grants-in-aid, equipment for instructional purposes, scholarships, graduate fellowships, and various kinds of coöperative undertakings. The long-range objectives of these programs have been the fostering of an adequate supply of educated manpower and the maintenance and improvement of an economic and social climate in which General Electric can continue to do business, progress, and prosper.

Today, America's colleges and universities need increased support. Their costs are higher; their enrollments are higher and will become higher still as larger proportions of an increasing youth population turn to them for general education and professional training. Physical plants are

inadequate; teaching staffs are overtaxed and all too often underpaid.

These conditions exist in the face of mounting needs for more educated manpower — and more talented manpower — on the part of business, research, the professions, and government. Our free economy and society depend upon the educational process for survival and growth. American business and industry have, then, ample reason as good corporate citizens to want to help maintain the financial soundness and continued growth of these educational institutions. One form this support can take is a program of regular, systematic giving.

The Corporate Alumnus

It is not easy to work out an equitable, positive pattern for corporate giving. Should it, for example, give special emphasis to nearby colleges, or honorary degrees to company officers, or curricula tailored to fit a company's recruiting needs? Should it take into account the giving habits of its employee alumni? The characteristics of the company will be a determining factor.

For General Electric, there are no "local" colleges, since it has plants in half the 48 states, and places of business in all of them. It is one of the nation's largest employers of college-trained personnel, outside of government, with upwards of 23,000 holders of degrees from more than 500 colleges and universities. More than 70 per cent of these college people have technical or engi-



An Atlantic *Public Interest* Advertisement

neering degrees, yet in most recent years close to 45 per cent hired have been non-technical.

A satisfactory program will share responsibility with those who benefit most. The immediate beneficiary of American higher education is the educated individual, and then through him the organization of which he is a part. Therefore it has seemed appropriate and fair that both the individual alumnus and the employing organization should join in a giving plan. The Corporate Alumnus Program, initiated by the General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund, a fund created by the General Electric Company, was devised to implement such a joint effort.

Rules of the Corporate Alumnus Program

Here, in official language, are the rules for the Program established by the Trustees: —

The Corporate Alumnus Program provides that the General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund will contribute to any college or university an amount equal to the amount of any contribution, or the total of any contributions, made during the calendar year 1955 and prior to December 15 of that year to the college or university by a General Electric employee who holds an earned degree from that institution, subject to the following conditions:

1. The employee's contribution, in order to qualify under this Program, must be the personal gift of the employee actually paid to the college or university during the calendar year 1955 and prior to December 15 of that year in cash or in securities having a quoted market value and not merely a pledge.

2. The college or university to qualify must be a four-year course, degree-granting institution, accredited by the appropriate regional or professional accrediting association and located within the United States or its possessions.

3. Contributions under the Program shall be employed by the college or university to realize or foster the primary needs and objectives of an institution of higher education, namely, of augmenting the required capital and general operating funds, of providing for expanded student enrollment, of strengthening educational facilities and curricula, and of improving incentives for the highest quality of teaching.

4. The employee at the time of his or her con-

tribution shall be in the active regular employment of the General Electric Company or one of its wholly-owned subsidiaries and shall have had at least one year of continuous service in such employment.

5. The total contribution under this Program with respect to the contribution or contributions of any individual employee shall be limited to the sum of \$1000 and the total contributions to be made by the Fund under the Program shall not exceed the amount appropriated by the Trustees of the Fund for this purpose. In the event that total employee contributions otherwise coming within the terms of this Program exceed the amount so appropriated by the Trustees, the contributions to be made by the Fund under this Program may be apportioned by the Trustees in such manner as they may consider equitable and proper.

6. The Trustees shall be entitled, if they deem it desirable to do so, to suspend, revoke, or terminate this Program at any time with respect to employee contributions thereafter made.

7. Any question, whether as to the interpretation, application, or administration of the provisions of this Program or otherwise, shall be determined by the Trustees and their decision shall be final.

What Will the Program Accomplish?

The Trustees hope that this new program will stimulate colleges and universities to work harder to obtain the support of their alumni. They hope, also, that other companies may find in this idea a pattern appropriate to their own educational programs. It is not competitive, since each company's employees are exclusively its own. If it were to be widely adopted, there are few colleges in America that would not benefit by increased alumni giving and by corporate support from some segments of industry.

The corporate alumnus concept, as far as General Electric knows, is new. Its full success cannot be measured until the end of 1955, so there is very little more information that can now be given about it. But experience gained in the course of the Program will be made available to others who are sincerely interested in similar aid to higher education. Inquiries may be addressed to: General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund, Corporate Alumnus Program, One River Road, Schenectady 5, New York.

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

“THE TOUCH OF LIFE”

SIR:

It was with real disturbance that I read Pearl S. Buck's article, "The Touch of Life," in the November issue of the *Atlantic*. Having been a social worker for over thirty years, I have known many professional social workers intimately both in their work and in their personal lives. It seems to me that if social workers are any different from others in the community, it is only because they have a greater devotion to their fellow men and a deeper understanding of the troubles with which their fellow men struggle.

I have had under supervision many social workers who were not married and many who were married; some who had children of their own and some who did not. I have never found that this made any difference in their warmth toward their clients. We all know married women and mothers who are cold at heart, as we all know unmarried women who have the greatest tenderness in the world for children and for people generally.

MRS. KATHARINE WESTWOOD
Elmira Child and Family Service, Inc.
Elmira, N.Y.

SIR:

Pearl Buck's article has needed writing for some time. I am happy it has come from someone so highly respected.

As an overtrained social work "professional" I have long since convicted myself of having lost touch. Whether it is the lifelessness of textbooks, the detachment of so many of my professors, or the agency belief that personal involvement means bias, I am not sure. But more likely it is the delusion of so many of us in the

mental hygiene business that we have scientific answers when, in reality, we have only cults that haven't even found the right questions to ask. We have copious records proving our worth in print, but only a rumbling anxiety regarding our real imprint upon human beings. Our old service ideals are now limited by inflexible agency functions. These cults have become our "professionalism."

To be worth while we must recognize our work as an individual art with talent that comes from within. It is, at best, refined by a little knowledge (and most of that is contested or controversial), hopefully enriched by the practitioner's experiences, and guided by his sensitivity and love for people.

Therefore, I am a little frightened when Pearl Buck calls us "specialists" and talks of our restoring people's trust and confidence in us. At least those of us in the field of mental hygiene are not flawless or godlike, even though some of us think we are. What we need to create instead, between the professional and the layman, is mutual respect based on a recognition that we are both human beings. The professional might start by allowing himself to enjoy his work without asking himself why he enjoys it.

KENNETH VENN
San Diego, Calif.

SIR:

Mrs. Buck's concept of training "non-professionals" to take care of "simple" diseases (I doubt that such things exist) is certainly not new or untried, as the visiting-nurse services established throughout the coun-

try prove. (The fact that Communists claim that they are getting results from using "non-professionals" to solve their medical problems certainly is the poorest kind of proof that they do — and reports obtained from medical officers in charge of Chinese prisoners of war in Korea prove the exact opposite.) That the missionary, medical or otherwise, has not on the whole distinguished himself in China or elsewhere is a matter of record, but let us not confuse mistakes made in China with what is going on in the United States.

CAPT. OSKAR P. FRIEDLIEB, M.C.
U.S. Army Hospital
Fort Dix, N.J.

SIR:

Pearl S. Buck's article contains derogatory remarks regarding some workers of the social-service agencies.

My husband and I adopted a child from such an agency in this city. The woman who is in charge of adoptions is a highly educated, intelligent person with warm feelings toward children, although she has no children of her own.

Without her complete understanding of children and their welfare, she could not have helped us as she did. During the past two years, she has visited our home many times, at our request, and observed the child, teaching us many ways to make him a happier child and helping us to understand him.

Through our experience, we feel that Mrs. Buck's condemnation of such persons is not fair. There are other occupations, such as pediatrics and teaching, where the professional man does not have any deep personal

experience. However, it is agreed that there are exceptions in every profession.

Name withheld

SIR:

As a recent adoptive mother I was very much surprised at Pearl Buck's article. Her own experiences with adopting her family seem to have been satisfactory with her, so why is she finding fault with the agencies now — twenty years later?

Let the adoptive mothers speak for themselves. She said her "process was courteous and civilized." Well, so was mine. Perhaps mine did take more time, paper work, and red tape. Methods in other businesses have changed, so why not in a business that deals with human beings? I was in just as much of a hurry as any other woman, but I'm sure that the time involved was not only in the baby's interest but mine too. Having a baby the normal way takes nine months and sometimes longer. My method in acquiring a baby took just a year. Is that so terrible?

I also challenge Mrs. Buck's statements on unmarried social workers and childless social workers. The lady who handled our case is childless herself. I never once thought of her as lacking a "loving heart" or as being "detached." She made many a visit in our home and is certainly one of the warmest people I have ever had the pleasure of knowing.

Our little daughter is now two years old and we want another child very much. We have applied again and have waited almost a year already. We accept the paper work and filing methods even if they involve time.

I hope Mrs. Buck's article won't discourage other future adoptive parents from seeking aid from legal adoptive agencies.

MRS. FRITZ GOLDBACH
Indianapolis, Ind.

SIR:

We read with real concern Pearl Buck's article. The statement that many social workers have reached a level of professionalism that nullifies a deep feeling for their fellow man is bound to raise questions about the qualifications of people whose lives are devoted to serving others. The basic requirement of men and women who enter social work is that they have a warm feeling for other human beings. Professional education is only the second step in acquiring skill and

This

IS

MAKE BELIEVE



These two little Korean tots in a CCF orphanage in Korea, taking part in a Christmas play, are just making believe they are the characters they portray. But a year ago it wasn't make believe for them. It was all real, too real. The loss of their parents and homes, their hunger, the cold, the hunting in garbage cans and sleeping in doorways, their misery as two among a million refugees—all this was pitifully real. They were two little suffering victims of a war that had ruthlessly taken from them everything a child needs and left for them—nothing.

But orphanage workers rescued them and clothed and fed them and gave them shelter and schooling and love. And taught them about the Star of Bethlehem and about Joseph and Mary and the Christ Child.

Christian Children's Fund has in its Korean orphanages 8,000 happy and well cared for children like these two youngsters. But there are still 50,000 Korean children who are homeless. The destruction was so complete. Back and

forth rumbled the super-tanks and super-guns and super-efficient bombs and napalm sprayers, crumbling and burning homes and lives while the children who did not die whimpered in fear and terror in a destroyed world without love.

These surviving Children, who are still homeless, can be "adopted." The cost in Korea and in all countries where CCF operates is ten dollars a month and you will receive your child's name, address, story and picture. You can correspond with your child. Children can be "adopted" in CCF orphanages around the world; in the following 28 countries: Austria, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, France, Free China, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, United States and Western Germany.

Established in 1937, Christian Children's Fund is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world.

For information write: Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

RICHMOND 4, VIRGINIA

I wish to "adopt" a boy ☐
girl for one year in _____

(Name country) _____

I will pay \$10 a month (\$120 a year). Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐ first month ☐
Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture. I understand that I can correspond with the child. Also, that there is no obligation to continue the adoption.

I cannot "adopt" a child but want to help by giving \$.....
Gifts of any amount are welcome.

Please send me further information . . .

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....

STATE.....

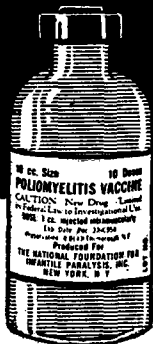
Gifts are deductible from income tax.

I Wear a Hearing Aid Without Cord on My Neck



"I wear my hearing aid where Nature intended my hearing to be . . . on my head!" Now MAICO has designed and perfected a scientific marvel—a tiny, yet powerful and sensitive instrument that can be easily concealed in your hair. It eliminates the old fashioned cord that for generations has been the mark of deafness. Write for free booklet on this remarkable new way of hearing to MAICO, Rm. 37E, 21 North Third St., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Polio Vaccine Facts



- Developed by Dr. Jonas Salk under March of Dimes grant.
- Inoculation of 425,000 children in 44 states financed by March of Dimes.
- Results of vaccine evaluation by University of Michigan expected before 1955 polio epidemic season.
- Effectiveness of Salk vaccine being determined at a cost of \$7,500,000 in March of Dimes funds.

Join the
MARCH OF DIMES
January 3-31

greater understanding in helping people help themselves.

The fact that some social workers are not married and have not had children does not make a great difference in their ability to show love in their relationships with others, adults or children. Likewise, as mothers themselves can testify, the bearing of a child does not automatically transform a woman into a paragon of maternal virtue; nor, unfortunately, does the daily care of a child always produce a "loving heart." If maternity is the prime requisite for loving children, then Mrs. Buck is also disbarring the many male professionals in a number of fields who work with people of all ages.

MRS. ALICE S. ADLER
Consultant on Family Problems
Family Service Association of America
New York City

SIR:

I spent my high school years in China, and I remember that the chief concern of boys and girls who could afford a higher education in those troublesome days of the Japanese invasion was not to study the humanities or even political science. It was to become a professional, a scientist in a specialized field. Humanities were thrown overboard as being archaic and not functional. Anyone entering college to take social science was brushed off. Young men wanted to become surgeons, bankers, engineers; young women wanted to be physicists, chemists, and engineers too.

The lure of Red China for young people from abroad is for the specialists and technicians. And many who answer this call avidly claim to be uninterested in politics anyway, thereby readily allowing themselves to become tools of the Communist world. In other words, Communism has no use for the human person that Pearl Buck seeks to preserve in the specialist. It is the "detached" specialist that is the puppet of their politics. If Communism should fail, it will fail on this score, just as Nationalist China has failed. May we of the free world be warned by this handwriting on the wall.

ELSIE CHOY LEE
Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR:

Pearl Buck's article portrayed a biased point of view. I would suggest that Mrs. Buck read Hayakawa's *Language in Action*, which points out

that "cow 1 is not cow 2." She is attacking the whole nursing profession because of an unfortunate experience with one nurse. Believe me, the great majority of nurses would attack even more loudly than Mrs. Buck those few nurses who carry the touch of death.

I believe, too, that Mrs. Buck should know that the medical profession is facing the problems resulting from specialization. It is no longer possible for one doctor to be a specialist in all fields of medicine.

Lastly, I gather that Mrs. Buck's opinion of the social worker was formed a number of years ago. The preparation and function of a social worker have changed greatly in the past ten years. I would suggest that Mrs. Buck become acquainted with some of the changes.

No professional group can achieve 100 per cent perfection; there will always be a few misfits, a few "cold fish"—but why base judgments on the few?

THELMA INGLES
Durham, N.C.

SIR:

After reading the article by Pearl S. Buck, I feel compelled as a somewhat biased layman to add a few words of explanation and a word in defense of doctors.

Numerous articles have appeared in the press and in journals, castigating doctors for practically everything they do. In many such articles, the country doctor is discussed with nostalgia and great affection. "He was at their beck and call at all hours and he enjoyed a confidence that was astounding and touching." I venture to say that the average country doctor, and city doctor too, is still answering becks and calls at all hours. True, he may encourage the patient to come to his office, if at all possible, since much of the equipment which has become an integral part of the medical profession cannot be transported in his automobile. Forty years ago, it could not have been transported by horse or buggy either, but neither was it available. Yesterday's doctor perhaps enjoyed a confidence greater than that which doctors enjoy today. I believe, however, that this was due to the fact that his academic standing, in a day when a college degree was a rarity and a high school diploma a luxury, automatically gave him greater prestige. Today's patient is well educated, and through wide-

spread reading of articles dealing with medical procedures published by both doctors and laymen, he realizes that the doctor is neither infallible nor omniscient.

"Modern doctors live at a far higher standard than our old country doctor did." Don't people in general live at a far higher standard than they did twenty years ago? I am unable to drive around town and differentiate between the houses of doctors and the houses of successful (and sometimes unsuccessful) businessmen or skilled craftsmen.

I feel obliged to explain that I am the lay administrator of a medium-sized medical center. My views were not solicited and represent only my own opinions. My closing opinion is that the two-dollar doctor's call so wistfully recalled in Mrs. Buck's article is lingering somewhere along the path taken by the twenty-five-cent steak.

RICHARD E. ANDERSON, Bus. Mgr.
St. Louis Park Medical Center
Minneapolis, Minn.

SIR:

I was deeply shocked by Mrs. Buck's article. Her reasons for attacking our modern doctors seem meaningless and thoughtless.

If it were not for the increased number of specialists we have today, the enormously increased volume of patients could not be cared for. The general practitioner, fortunately, can distribute his patients who need specialized care to the men best fitted to receive them, and in this way he is able to take care of those in his own field himself.

How can Mrs. Buck ignore the magnificent work done in caring for thousands of destitute people that half a century ago would have been left to die? It has not been done by socialized medicine, but by teams of able men and women inspired by a desire to conquer disease and a devotion to their work that should move us to deepest gratitude.

MRS. H. WICKLIFFE ROSE
New York City

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Five weeks' notice is necessary to effect changes of address. Please give old as well as new address, preferably supplying actual address label from your copy. Send all changes to THE ATLANTIC, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.

Schools ~ Camps

BOYS' SCHOOLS

NICHOLS JUNIOR COLLEGE

FOR MEN
Dudley 3, Mass.
James L. Conrad,
Pres.

Business Administration and Executive Training

Personalized Individual Analysis Plan. An investment in Education. Degree granting. International clientele. Small classes. Unexcelled location. 200-acre campus. Modern dormitories. All sports. Opportunity for Military Training with E.R.C. unit on campus.

CHAUNCEY HALL SCHOOL

For boys. Specialized preparation for M.I.T. and other engineering schools and for colleges of liberal arts. Individual attention through unique "checking" system. Enter June 1 (complete school year in January) or Sept. 26.
R. D. Farnsworth, Prin., 558 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass.

MILFORD

College preparatory. Famous for its teaching since 1916. Very small classes develop proper study habits. Optional acceleration for mature students. 1½ yrs' work in 12 mos. Spacious campus. New term January 31. Grades 8-12.
William D. Pearson, Headmaster, Milford 7, Conn.

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

Our ONE SUBJECT PLAN of Study has increased Honor Roll 50%. Fully accredited. ROTC highest rating. 16 modern bldgs., 2 gyms. UPPER SCHOOL, Grades 8-12. Separate JUNIOR SCHOOL 1-7. For Bklt. & catalog, write Dr. J. C. Wicker, Box 231, Fork Union, Va.

CO-ED SCHOOLS

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL of WESTON

Co-educational; day & boarding; grades 7-12; college preparatory, progressive. Music, art, dramatics, shop, sports & work program. Self-government & all around development emphasized. 60 acre campus 15 miles from Boston.
M. Adolphus Cheek, Jr., Headmaster, Weston 93, Mass.

SOLEBURY SCHOOL

College preparatory school in Bucks Co. for boys and girls, grades 6-12. Separate campus for girls. Small classes. Strong faculty. Broad curriculum. Interscholastic sports. Art, music, drama. Country campus near N. Y. C., Phila.
William P. Orrick, Headmaster, Box A, New Hope, Pa.

WESTTOWN

A Friends' School. Prepares boys and girls for college under the moral and spiritual standards of Quaker education. Grades 8-12. Graduates in over 125 colleges. Sports, work program. Est. 1799. Near Philadelphia. Catalog.
J. Kirk Russell, Dir. of Adm., Box 581, Westtown, Pa.

THE ANDERSON SCHOOL

Year-round Regents accred., coed, college preparation. Grades 2 to 12 & 2 yr. post-grad. Expert guidance staff. Resident Psychiatrist & Psychologist. Individualized classes. Activity program stressed. 235 acres. Enroll any time. Catalog.
L. A. Gage, M. A., Hdm., Staatsburg-on-Hudson, N. Y.

THE LEELANAU SCHOOLS

Accredited coed college preparatory on shores of Lake Mich. Grades 6-12. Homelike atmosphere for Christian Scientists and others. Music, art, shop. Scholarships. All sports incl. riding; ski school. Work program. Catalog.
Charles W. Shinn, Headmaster, Box A, Glen Arbor, Mich.

HOME-STUDY

FOR REAL JOB SECURITY—get an I.C.S. diploma!

You study your own exact needs in your spare time, at your own pace. No interference with work or social life. I.C.S. is the oldest and largest school. 277 courses. Business, industrial, engineering, academic, high school. One for you. Direct, job related. Bedrock facts and theory plus practical application. Complete lesson and answer service. No scripping. Diploma to graduates. Write for 2 free books—"How to Succeed" gold mine plus Career Catalog. (Mention field of training desired.)

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Write today: Box 17757N, Scranton 9, Pa.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS

Centenary JUNIOR COLLEGE

AN EDUCATION FOR LIVING.

Fully accredited. Awards A.A. degree. College transfer, terminal and pre-professional courses. Limited enrollment. Strong student leadership. Beautiful campus. All sports. Swimming pool. Social life. Inclusive fee. N.Y.C. 50 miles. Literature on request.
Box 401 Hackettstown, New Jersey

KENT PLACE SCHOOL

Notable college preparation since 1894. Spacious fire-proof residence for grades 6-12. Country campus 20 miles from N.Y.C. Excellent dramatics and arts. Separate music building. All sports and activities. Exceptional riding.

Florence C. Wolfe, Headmistress, Summit, New Jersey

HARRIS FLORIDA SCHOOL

ESTABLISHED in 1914. Accredited. Separate departments for older and younger girls. Catalogue and Viewbook upon request.
1053 Brickell Avenue, Miami, Florida

SUMMER CAMPS

BOYS' CAMPS

SUSQUEHANNA

Boys 5-18. Mt. camp on private lake. New Milford, Pa. 37th yr. 825 acres. Daily riding, complete course in horsemanship. 40 CAMP-OWNED HORSES. Own farm. All sports. 4 age groups. Personal development our aim. Booklet.
Robert T. Smith New Milford, Pa.

FRIDAY MOUNTAIN CAMP

Situated on Friday Mountain in Bear Creek Valley (20 miles SW of Austin). Every boy rides every day. Swimming, hiking, shooting, tennis, and other games. Ages 7-14. Select clientele. Two terms, June and July. Catalog.
Rodney J. Kidd, 913 East 38th Street, Austin, Texas

SUMMER SCHOOLS

SHATTUCK SCHOOL

Accredited grades 9-12. Balanced educational, religious, military program. Preparatory or general. Small classes. ROTC. Sports for all: gym, pool, armory, golf. Many activities. Episcopal. Est. 1858. Summer School-Camp. Catalog.
Dir. of Admissions, 551 Shumway Hall, Faribault, Minn.

GIRLS' CAMPS

ECOLE CHAMPLAIN — FRENCH CAMP

Girls 6-15. On Lake Champlain. Conversational French with European counselors. Tuition includes daily riding, sailing, water sports, tennis, dramatics, music, art, dancing. 32nd year. Sunday services. Three age groups.

Mrs. E. F. Chase, 50 S. Willard St., Burlington, Vt.

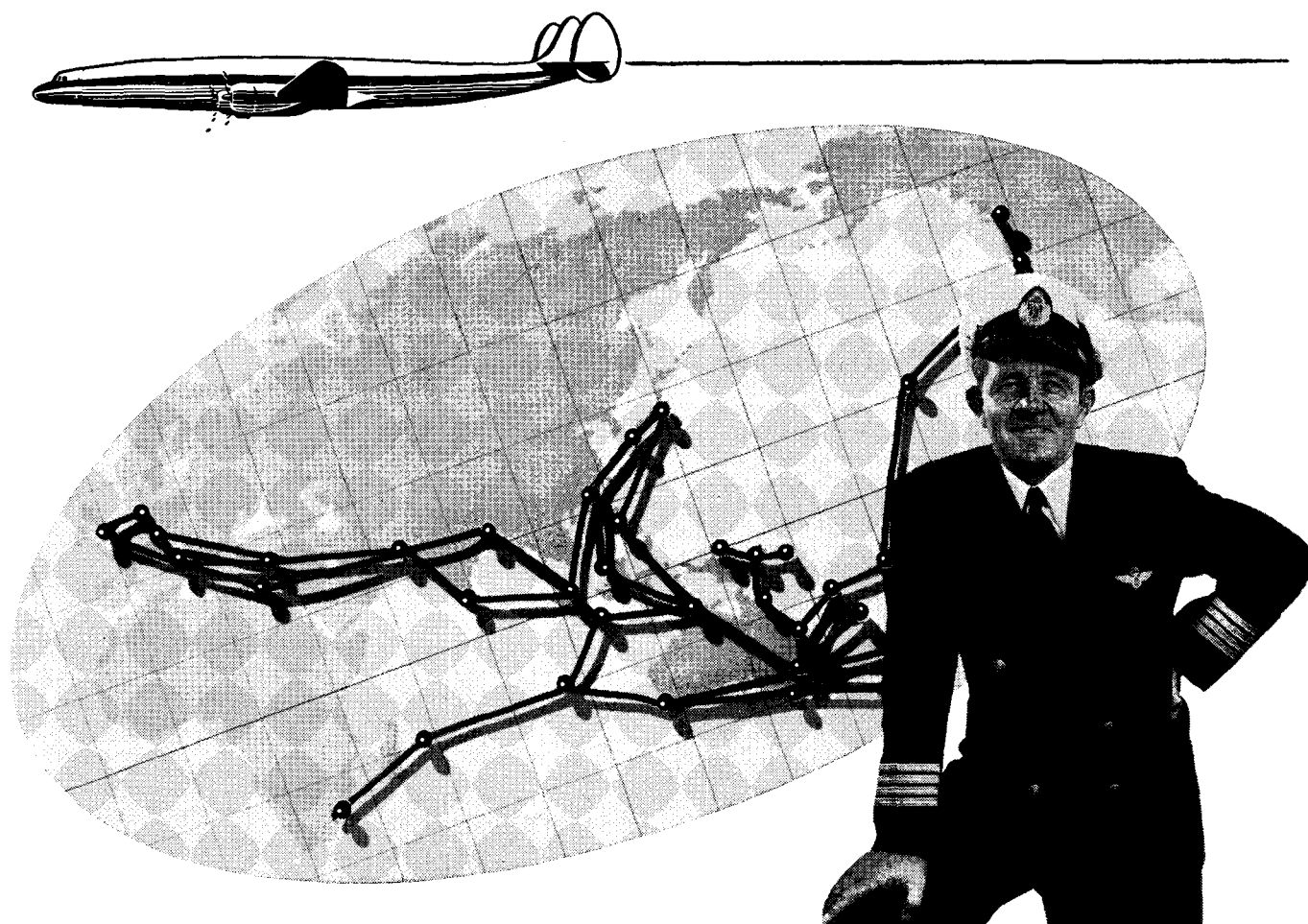
COED CAMPS

ARNOLD WESTERN RANCH

Summer adventure and fun for boys and girls (8-18). 600 acre Colorado ranch near Rocky Mt. Nat'l Park. Horses, rodeo, pack trips, all sports, nature study, music, art, dramatics, scenic motor trips. Nurse. Dietitian. Catalog.
C. A. Arnold, Dir., 1224 N. Dearborn Pkwy., Chicago 10

Interested in a camp position next summer? The Atlantic's Camp Department is starting just such a service.

Write for our questionnaire.



Way out West to London...

Australians have been flying across the Pacific longer than anybody else. Kingsford-Smith did it first, in 1928, and Qantas* Super Constellations (the only trans-Pacific Super Constellations) still do it. And you can do it and a good deal more if you're of a mind.

Qantas, Australia's overseas airline, extends across the world from San Francisco to the South Seas, the Orient, the Middle East; to South Africa; to Rome and London. It's one of the oldest (1920) and longest airlines in the world: 68,000 exceptionally comfortable miles serving 26 countries on 5 continents.

Now about Captain John Connolly up there.

Like all Qantas pilots, he is a good head and an experienced one. He has flown 3,000,000 miles. His Super Constellation crew of ten includes three cabin staffers, which makes for service to match the cuisine, champagne, sleeper chairs, etc., all splendid.

This adds up to a very good thing, and we are sure you'd enjoy flying Super Constellations with us. For further details ask your travel agent or call at Qantas offices in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Vancouver; BOAC offices in New York, Chicago, Washington, D. C., Boston, Detroit, Dallas, Miami, Montreal, Toronto.

**Pronounce the Q as in well-Qualified.*

Australia's

QANTAS

Overseas Airline

Service to New Zealand, Samoa, Tahiti in cooperation with TEAL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A son of Rhode Island who was educated at Brown University and Harvard Law School, ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR., was appointed to the law faculty at Harvard in 1916. Since 1950 he has been one of Harvard's University Professors. A most trenchant defender of civil rights, he is best known for his authoritative book, Free Speech in the United States (1941), a subject which he has been studying intensively since 1916. The article which follows contains the gist of a recent address delivered at the University of Oregon.

THE FREEDOM TO THINK

by ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

IF THE universities had not recently brought the social sciences into the curriculum, they would have saved themselves a lot of trouble. Their freedom would have been attacked very little in the twentieth century. The struggle between the natural sciences and religion ended in an armistice decades ago. Geology no longer battles against Genesis, and evolution can be taught with impunity outside Tennessee and Mississippi. New theories and discoveries in physics, chemistry, and biology are enthusiastically heralded. They may enable us to save sick men by the hundreds or slaughter well men by the hundreds of thousands. They may bring about inventions which will add to our comfort and help the advertising business. As for the humanities, innovation has always been welcome since Homer said, "Men ever love the song that rings newtest in the ear."

The professor who indulges in heterodox views about economics, government, international affairs, and law, on the other hand, occupies the front page of newspapers beside bank robbers. Columnists bracket him with spies. The lightning he keeps attracting does not spare the university where he works. If it protects itself from the storm by sending him away, it will often lose the teaching and research of a distinguished scholar, and it will surely demoralize his colleagues and lessen its future power to recruit a strong faculty. Yet, if the university dares to retain the unpopular professor, it too will

become a favorite target for professional patriots. The sources of indispensable funds may perhaps dry up, and many parents of desirable undergraduates, present or potential, will be honestly disturbed. One of the great calamities of these angry attacks on disliked ideas in universities is that they distract the heads of an institution from their vital task of facilitating thought and ask them to stifle thought.

People are inclined to regard the multiplication table as characteristic of all education — something which is just so and not otherwise, which once learned stays with you through life. When a professor expresses to his class ideas about politics or economics with which the critics disagree, they think it just as bad as telling boys and girls that seven times nine is sixty-one. Of course there is a core of indubitable knowledge in education, but most of the teacher's task consists in imparting methods for understanding what is still unknown and for dealing with it wisely. The best kind of education was what Mark Twain got as an apprentice pilot on the Mississippi. After he had learned all the shoals and points in the river from St. Louis to New Orleans, he found that many of them had changed. He had to learn them all over again; and better yet, he had to know how to be perpetually acquiring information through which he could predict those changes.

Mistakes are easier to make in such a process than

Copyright 1954, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston 16, Mass. All rights reserved.

in the communication of an established body of knowledge. Yet it is absurd to assume that such mistakes will warp the minds of students for life.

This is one reason why citizens at large are scared about teachers. They think that students believe what they hear in college. Did these anxious folk do that when they were in college themselves? They are like Mr. Dooley — "I remember when I was a little boy, but I don't remember how I was a little boy." They have forgotten what it was like to be young.

Undergraduates do not believe all that their professors tell them, even if it happens to be right. A great many teachers of economics in colleges in my boyhood were for low tariffs, but students who went out of their classrooms into business were soon protectionists. A former Secretary of State told me, while he was in law school, that what worried him about education at Yale was that most of his classmates were rapidly becoming just like their fathers. The frequent fear of citizens that radical professors produce radical students is not borne out by my experience. The most fertile nursery of Socialists I have known was the classroom of Professor Thomas Nixon Carver, a conservative of the toughest fiber. The reaction against his teaching produced the flourishing Harvard Socialist Club around 1910. One of its members, John Reed, is buried in the walls of the Kremlin. Another Socialist Club member was Walter Lippmann. Boys and girls do not really think always like their teachers, nor do they necessarily go on thinking like themselves when in college. Life wears us all down.

2

THE capacity of citizens to adjust themselves wisely to changes is particularly urgent in matters of government, law, economic transactions, and other areas of the social sciences. Even if there were no new inventions, we should be foolish to expect ideas to stay as they are, however satisfactory we now find them. Sometimes it is hard for a community to see the need for new methods of conducting its affairs even though that need is great. The Industrial Revolution caused an immediate, enormous, and never-ending growth of metropolitan areas, whose problems could not possibly be handled efficiently by the old simple, overlapping governments of counties, townships, and cities in a particular region like Greater New York. And yet it was decades before men began asking what kind of government ought to replace those which had hopelessly broken down.

In the United States today institutions are not frozen, nor are they so anywhere in the free world from which we must seek allies. As the newly independent nations of Asia plan their governments, we ought not to be shocked if they decide to govern themselves in ways which are somewhat unfamiliar

to us. The numerous problems the American people face at home or in their relations with other countries call for inventiveness and wisdom on the part of the few who propose solutions and of the many who decide whether to accept or modify or reject them. Devotion to tradition is useless here. The inevitability of change requires our unyielding maintenance of the principle of open discussion, not only for ideas and persons we like but also for those we detest.

This brings me to what I want to say most. The universities of the United States are taking an indispensable share in the work of continuously testing, readjusting, and improving the machinery of human relations, and nobody else can do what they do. Of course, a great deal of this work will always be carried on by the active men in the field such as politicians, journalists, lawyers, judges, and businessmen. They have an experience, a sense of what is possible and other qualities of mind which are rare among professors.

Still, no matter how shrewd the practical men are, they are absorbed in a crowded succession of immediate tasks; and this leaves them far less time than professors have for taking long views. Few social problems are wholly novel. One may seem so to the man in the field, but the professor is likely to have encountered something resembling it during his researches. At least he knows where to look for it. He is like a specialist consulted by a family doctor about a baffling illness. The specialist hunts up medical case-records of decades ago. He discovers how similar symptoms were diagnosed and treated, and what was the outcome. Moreover, the teacher's task of making difficulties plain to undergraduates fits him to translate technicalities into language which is intelligible to any thoughtful layman.

In former times in England and the United States there were a considerable number of able men outside universities who had sufficient leisure to take long views of society and put them into books. Remember the influence exerted by Jeremy Bentham and Walter Bagehot. John Stuart Mill did not even go to college. Most of the great American historians of the nineteenth century held no professorships. However, with high taxes and modern pressures we can no longer count on getting the help we need from such independent men. No doubt, there will still be an occasional farsighted columnist like Walter Lippmann, an occasional part-time historian like Douglas Southall Freeman. But the major contributions to comprehensive thinking about the problems of society will have to come from the universities. Think of Adam Smith at Glasgow, Blackstone at Oxford, Wythe the teacher of John Marshall at William and Mary, Thomas Cooley at Michigan, William Graham Sumner at Yale, Woodrow Wilson at Princeton, Frank Taussig at Harvard, to mention a few.

The professor in a social science performs his indispensable task in several different ways. He writes himself. He teaches the writers of the future. Still more important, he trains potential politicians and voters to deal wisely and well with the problems which they will have to face. And the classroom discussions teach him as well as his students; he discovers the weak spots in his views and puts them into print more clearly than if he wrote in isolation.

What I am saying about the indispensable task of a university applies to all universities in the United States, public or endowed, and particularly to the former. As taxes rise, endowed universities lose and state universities gain. The fact that these public universities are ultimately controlled by legislatures ought to be irrelevant to their performance of the indispensable task of supplying long views about the problems of society. The government pays judges, but it does not tell them how to decide. An independent state university is as essential to the community as an independent judiciary. Legislatures make it possible for scholars to think and teach. There the political part in education should end. When he who pays the piper insists on calling the tune, he is not likely to get much good music.

For many decades the American universities have been performing their indispensable task. All of a sudden they are gravely hampered in carrying it out by current fears of radicalism. There is no class of people more injured by repression than teachers. If you confine the teacher in his thinking, what do you leave him? That is his job, to think. Universities should not be transformed, as in Nazi Germany, into loudspeakers for the men who wield political power. If they are deprived of freedom of thought and speech, there is no other place to which citizens can confidently turn for long views about public issues. Here and there some courageous writer or speaker may still make himself known, but such men are no substitute for the present systematic creation and communication of ideas which take place in our universities.

3

WITHOUT attempting any exhaustive presentation of current efforts to block the indispensable task of universities, I want to speak of three kinds of attacks on professors who express unwelcome views about the social sciences. Right away let me make it plain that I am not writing about professors who are really Communists. Only a handful of such men have been discovered among university teachers during all the investigations by Congress and state legislatures. Many university presidents have announced that they will not hire or keep a Communist on their faculties. The Federal Bureau of Investigation is well informed about members of

the Communist Party. There is plenty of federal legislation to take care of dangerous revolutionaries on or off the campus.

What began years ago as an onslaught on a few Communist scholars has been long since transformed into an onslaught on a great many scholars who are not Communists, but who are suspected of holding views which happen to be unpopular with an influential number of citizens.

Let me give some concrete illustrations. The University of Colorado was urged to dismiss an economist for favoring a Missouri Valley Authority like the TVA. A prominent alumnus of Harvard Law School refused to give any money for its new dormitories unless the leading American astronomer was turned out of Harvard Observatory for presiding over a meeting at the Waldorf of scientists and other thinkers from all over the world, including (with our government's definite sanction) some from the Soviet Union. No evidence was offered that the astronomer was a Communist. The Regents of the University of California expressly said that none of the numerous distinguished professors they discharged were Communists. In California too, a professor's textbook on American history was denounced because he wrote that the Supreme Court reacted to the wishes and thinking of the people when it eventually held New Deal legislation to be constitutional. This, said the critic, was subtly hidden Communist propaganda; in fact the Court decides cases free of such pressures.

The first and most far-flung attack on freedom in the social sciences is modeled on *The Red Network* by Elizabeth Dilling, who ended her career by being tried under the Smith Act among a mass of anti-Semites and Nazi sympathizers. The attack takes the form of an enormous amount of talk about the membership of professors in so-called subversive organizations. The word "subversive" has no precise definition in American law. It is as vague as "heretical" was in the medieval trials which sent men to the stake. Some government official or some group of politicians classifies an organization as subversive, and a university is thereupon urged to dismiss every professor who ever had any connection with that organization.

Aside from the harm to teaching, there are great dangers to our national life in this endeavor to interfere by law with freedom of discussion through organizations. We are engaged in twisting out of all recognizable shape one of the leading traditions of American life: the possibility of freely forming associations for all sorts of purposes — religious, political, social, and economic. If we look back over our national history, we see that many of the most significant political changes began with the efforts of some informal group which was much disliked by the ordinary run of citizens — for example, Abolitionists, women suffragists, and Populists, who advocated the election of Senators by the people

and a federal income tax. The appearance of a group favoring one side of an issue often aroused a group of opponents, and the public profited from its opportunity to judge between competing presentations of both sides of an important national problem. Under modern conditions, freedom of speech under the First Amendment is likely to be ineffective if it means only the liberty of an isolated individual to talk about his ideas.

When it comes to depriving professors of their lifetime careers because of membership in a "subversive" organization, there are often weak links in the chain of reasoning of the attackers.

First, the characterization of the particular organization as subversive is a delicate task, which is rarely undertaken in a judicial manner. Clearly legitimate purposes may be mingled with purposes which are objectionable to many Americans. Some men join for the legitimate purposes and others for the objectionable purposes. Legislative investigating committees tend to assume that a few Communists in the organization are enough to condemn it as a whole. One of them remarked, "How much poison does it take to make a cup of coffee harmful?" In fact, the mere membership of a professor in an organization has little significance until one knows whether he was one of the radicals or one of the conservatives or simply mailed a small check to further the legitimate purposes and went back to reading a learned book.

Anything can happen when people get started on this business of outlawing groups, not for any crimes committed by either the group or any of its members, but for having some vaguely bad ideas or some vaguely bad members.

Another weak link is the determination of the professor's membership in a stigmatized organization. It is not a matter of record like being a stockholder in a business corporation. Or take a club. A man is elected to it, he pays regular dues, he resigns in order to stop his dues; but in these propaganda enterprises, joining and leaving are very informal and dues are either loosely collected or nonexistent. If one comes to dislike new associates or new purposes, he just stops doing anything; there is no particular reason for taking the time and trouble to write a letter of resignation. Often the alleged member has no knowledge of belonging to the organization at all. Somebody inside it put his name on its mailing list, which gets into the hands of a legislative committee, and that's enough. I am red-listed by the House Un-American Activities Committee in the National Federation of Constitutional Liberties and the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. My only relation with these two groups was to open some envelopes and put the stuff right into my wastebasket without bothering to reply.

Finally, I come to the worst weakness of this red network. Suppose a professor did undoubtedly sign

a petition to the President to pardon some Communist whom he thought to be unjustly imprisoned, or joined the National Lawyers Guild when he was too young to get into the American Bar Association, or gave twenty dollars to help refugees from Franco Spain get medical care. This is only one aspect of that professor's activities. It took only a small fraction out of one working day. You need to know a great deal more about the man before you can determine his real outlook on politics and society.

The legislative investigating committees rarely bother to find out this "great deal more" about the man they classify as subversive. Take just one example. They red-list the late Charles A. Beard the historian. He was so objectionable a man that the California schools were urged to throw out a textbook on *Our Constitution* because the bibliography cites Beard, who "has been affiliated with (five) Communist-front organizations." One was the Non-Partisan Committee for the Re-election of Vito Marcantonio to Congress. The others were equally short-lived affairs, gotten up to file a petition in Washington or appear at congressional hearings on a specific subject. No mention of Beard's long membership in the American Political Science Association and the American Historical Association; he was one of only two scholars who served as president of both these learned societies. No mention of *The Rise of American Civilization* or his dozen other books. Yet these lists are used, with no independent verification, by columnists and infuriated alumni as if they possessed the accuracy of a financial rating by Dun & Bradstreet.

It is high time for a group of trustworthy men to evaluate this red network. Let them take all the non-Communists who have been labeled as "fellow travelers" and "subversive" on these lists. Tell American citizens how many persons are really dangerous to the safety of the nation out of a total which includes Beard, Ed Murrow, Frank Lloyd Wright, Frank P. Graham, Lin Yutang, Roscoe Pound, and James Bryant Conant.

The whole thing ought to be put into the incinerator. No more government by gossip.

4

THE second attack on universities is the rapidly increasing practice of singling out teachers in public and endowed institutions for test oaths and compulsory declarations of loyalty. Thus to regard all professors as potential transgressors is an insult to law-abiding and hard-working men and women. Teachers were once esteemed in American communities, but now they are treated *en masse* as if they were peculiarly inclined to betray their country. Alexander Hamilton, whom nobody would call a radical, denounced the expurgatory oath which was designed to root out Tories in New York:

It was to excite scruples in the honest and conscientious, and to hold out a bribe to perjury. . . . Nothing can be more repugnant to the true genius of the common law than such an inquisition . . . into the consciences of men.

These test oaths for teachers are a subtle way of enforcing upon them the view which happens to be dominant for the time being. They revive a detested practice used in England and Ireland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to impose religious uniformity upon teachers. They combine insult with futility. No really revolutionary professor would boggle at taking them. If they get rid of anybody, it is "the honest and conscientious" as Hamilton said.

The Massachusetts Loyalty Oath, enacted in 1935 in response to assertions that the schools and colleges of the Commonwealth were riddled with Communists and traitors, has not ferreted out a single teacher with the slightest taint of disloyalty. In the subsequent nineteen years, only five teachers and professors have failed to take the oath. What is especially significant is that these five men and women had served for years with unquestioned devotion. They stopped their lifework because they were sensitive people who thought it wrong to be forced to swear that they possessed the common virtues of decent citizens.

Some supporters of loyalty oaths cannot understand why professors who are far from being Communists should object to swearing, "I am not a member of the Communist Party or any other organization which advocates the overthrow of the government by force and violence." If it's true, why not say so? Why all this fuss?

Scholars object to being forced to plead "Not guilty" before any evidence of guilt is produced. They object to making a public avowal of their loyalty and their allegiance to the pursuit of truth, when these qualities ought never to have been doubted. Picture the parallel situation of a loyal wife whose suspicious husband demands a public assertion — at a dinner party in their home — that she has never been unfaithful to him. "If it's true, why not say so?"

If we are going to revive the abomination of expurgatory oaths, why stop at one profession and one kind of objectionable behavior? Why not extend the device to other occupations and other offenses? Let us require every Congressman to swear that there were no illegal practices at his election and that he has never accepted a bribe or taken a kickback out of the salary of his secretary. Let us require every lawyer to swear that he has never solicited clients by ambulance-chasing, every doctor that he has never performed an abortion, and every businessman that he has never violated the antitrust laws. Imagine the indignation which these proposals would raise from men who see no harm in teachers' oath laws. Yet these offenses are

far more frequent in the respective occupations than disloyalty among teachers, and they are at least as injurious to society.

It is high time to stop this persistent probing of the patriotism of professors and schoolteachers. We teachers have a difficult job and perhaps we are not doing it very successfully, but we shall surely do it worse when misguided people are constantly tearing us up by the roots to see whether we are growing straight or crooked.

5

LASTLY, I want to speak of the attack on scholars at the frontiers of the United States. Our government, six years ago, signed the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which proclaims "freedom . . . to seek, receive, and impart information and ideas . . . regardless of frontiers." This freedom embodies the experience of centuries. Many notable contributions to the art and literature of the world have been made by men who wrote or published in countries not their own — Dante, Locke, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Heine, and Mazzini. Foreign scholars have enriched thought at universities ever since Erasmus sojourned at Cambridge. Of late years, they have gathered at many international conferences with great benefit to intellectual and practical progress.

The values just described will be hard to obtain if our government continues its present inhospitality to traveling thinkers on the ground of their real or supposed political opinions. Men with original ideas to give the world do not fall into orthodox patterns. If they did, they would probably be unable to tell us anything new. The writer who complies strictly with established views is usually not worth listening to.

We have come a long, long way from Thomas Jefferson, whose name is so frequently invoked by the politicians who have brought about the present laws of the United States. He invited professors from abroad to the University of Virginia, which (he wrote) "will be based on the illimitable freedom of the human mind. For here we are not afraid to follow truth wherever it may lead, nor to tolerate error so long as reason is left free to combat it." Our government is repudiating the spirit of Jefferson just at the time when it is more important than ever before that the free countries of the world should pool their intellectual resources for the sake of preserving their freedom and increasing human welfare.

The doors of the United States are now locked on both sides. When American scholars are asked to lecture at European universities or attend important conferences, their passports may be denied by subordinate officials or delayed so long that the object of the journey is wrecked. Linus Pauling, former president of the American Chemical So-

ciety and winner of the 1954 Nobel Prize in Chemistry, was invited to take part in a discussion of the structure of proteins at the Royal Society in London on May 1, 1952. Pauling applied for a passport on January 24. Through the efforts of Senator Wayne Morse, he finally got it — on July 15. Ten weeks too late for the Royal Society meeting!

Meanwhile, some of the most distinguished thinkers in free countries have been refused visas to enter the United States and help us advance our knowledge. According to a very measured and painstaking examination of such cases in the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists* for October, 1952, none of the many excluded foreign scholars there discussed would have been dangerous to the United States if admitted, and not one had the remotest tinge of Communism. The natural sciences are the chief sufferers from this policy, but the social sciences are by no means left free. Michael Polanyi, for example, is Professor of Social Studies at Manchester in England. Polanyi was among the distinguished scholars whom Princeton gathered at its bicentenary in 1946, but in 1951 he was not allowed to return to the United States to occupy the chair of Social Philosophy at the University of Chicago. The adamant American consul never looked at any of Polanyi's writings.

Visas are not always denied, only delayed without reasons. "I waited, but nothing happened." "Weeks and months elapsed without an answer." Anybody who has been shocked by Menotti's opera *The Consul* will find its scenes re-enacted in offices which fly the Stars and Stripes.

The restoration of freedom of movement for journalists, creative writers, scientists, and other scholars can be accomplished without modifying the general immigration laws of the United States. These are primarily designed to determine the character of our permanent population. The restrictions are framed with regard to aliens who wish to settle in new homes here for the rest of their lives and eventually become citizens. The present national policy as to such persons is that they must not differ very much from the mass of our population. It was not the policy which brought over Roger Williams and built up the colonies and the states, but it is firmly established now. My point is that restrictions which may be suitable for intending settlers are undesirable and needless for scholars who wish to come here for a short time.

The obstacles to free trade in ideas are not satisfactorily removed by the provision of the existing law which allows the Attorney General to issue exceptional dispensations to a few temporary visitors. Such special favors take a long time, and they are a shabby recognition of the good which distinguished thinkers and writers from our side of the iron curtain can bring to the intellectual life of the United States. Each proposal to disregard our immigration laws for the sake of benefiting

some individual may possibly raise an outcry among Congressmen and columnists.

Consideration of this matter by intelligent writers in the press with the help of our leading learned societies might shape public opinion and eventually persuade Congress to place temporary visitors to the United States in a separate category from permanent settlers. When a foreigner is not going to stay here, we do not really need to worry about his present or past political and economic views or his present or past membership in various organizations, so long as he himself will not do any bad acts during his visit. The only real question is, Will this scholar endanger the public safety if we let him in? Proof submitted directly to high authorities in Washington by an American university or learned society that it has arranged for the scholar to give lectures or attend conferences here ought to go a long way to satisfy this test. The institution which thus sponsored the visa would feel a moral responsibility for the proper behavior of its guest. There would be no need for a distinguished scholar to be grilled by a consul, no need for long delays while many letters crossed the Atlantic, little or no occasion for publicity.

Anybody who regards this simple procedure as perilously hospitable to "subversive" foreigners ought to remember that Great Britain, France, Italy, and most other countries of free Europe require no visas whatever for a visiting American. He just needs a passport to get in and stay in, so long as he behaves himself. Yet those countries are three thousand miles nearer to the Soviet Union and its satellites than we are. If they are willing to take a chance on our citizens, why are we afraid to take a much smaller chance on theirs?

But that is not the way things are now. Today we, the people of the United States, are shutting out quiet thinkers who are anxious to come among us to help us treat leukemia and breast cancer, and to aid us in many different ways to develop valuable ideas for our industry and our welfare. Russia has hung an iron curtain along its frontiers and China a silken curtain. The government of the United States is doing its best to put around our shores a curtain of solid ivory.

6

I REGRET that I have not the space to deal with a fourth current attack on teachers through legislative investigations and subsequent prosecutions for perjury or contempt. The professors put under questioning have not always acted wisely, but those who have not been under fire (as I was years ago) can have no understanding of the mental turmoil it causes to a teacher and the difficulty of keeping one's poise. I shall simply say of these cases that they are striking illustrations of the words of Spinoza: —

Laws directed against opinions affect the generous-minded rather than the wicked, and are adapted less for coercing criminals than for irritating the upright. . . . What greater misfortune for a state than that honourable men should be [treated] like criminals . . . ?

The public has worried far too much about a single objection to professors; it applies at most to only a handful of them, whom the federal government can catch through its own machinery if that be necessary. There are many reasons besides Communism which make a professor a poor teacher. Most important of all, the public would do well to think about the kind of professors we do want in a university.

Professors are different from the general run of people. They ought to be different. Most people think in order to take action. Professors ought to think for the sake of thinking.

The real danger to our colleges and universities is not from radical teachers — or conservative teachers — but from uninspiring teachers, men who can't get over the footlights, dispensers of branded canned goods. The greatest need is for teachers who will produce eagerness of spirit among young men and women and the ability to deal in after life with what is around the corner. Such a spirit is best nurtured by a teacher who can have untroubled periods of time when "The wind bloweth where it listeth" and, in the words of Hobbes, "Thoughts run [seeking] as a spaniel ranges in the field, till he finds a scent." Helmholtz, the great scientist, declared on his seventieth birthday, "Happy ideas have never come to me at my working table. They come particularly rapidly during the slow ascent of wooded hills on a sunny day."

Nothing kills such a spirit in a university like a systematic campaign of suppression. Thinking and research stop while everybody discusses the latest investigation or the next. Grief over the dismissal of friends, efforts to protect other friends from being the next victims, trying to raise money to pay lawyers to defend a colleague who is under fire, drafting and redrafting a faculty statement of principles, going to alumni for support, interviewing trustees or regents, fears for one's own prospects, lengthy examination of old letter-files and diaries and account books to disprove alleged affiliations with subversive groups, loss of faith in the educational authorities who are saving themselves by more and more concessions to the foes of freedom — how is an untroubled mind possible any longer? "The quiet and still air of delightful studies" has been transformed into the shouts of the battlefield.

A Czech said after the Communists took over his country, "We must be neither good nor bad, we must be careful." Most unhappy of all are those professors and administrators who keep aloof from the campus conflict and play safe. They become ashamed of themselves for doing nothing to main-

tain what, in their hearts, they know to be a great principle.

Thirty years ago I was on the receiving end of an academic investigation for heterodox writing, and I know what a great encouragement it has been to feel absolutely assured that the authorities of Harvard will never dismiss a professor because of his honestly held opinions, whether expressed in or out of the classroom. For the sake of having a university do its special and essential work well, it is worth while to run the risk of whatever injuries may come from a few men on its faculty with objectionable ideas.

As it was declared by Justice Robert Jackson, whose death is a bitter loss: —

Our forefathers found the evils of free thinking more to be endured than the evils of inquest or suppression. This is because thoughtful, bold and independent minds are essential to wise and considered self-government.

The time has come to strike back. Not just individual professors brought under fire and easily picked off like an isolated sentry. They ought not be allowed to feel like the young State Department man in Europe who explained to me why he was resigning. "I haven't been attacked yet, but I know that if I am attacked, not a single person in Washington will raise a finger in my defense." In contrast I thought of what Mr. Lowell told me, after he had warded off the Wall Street lawyers who sought my dismissal: "I had to protect my front."

To presidents, trustees, regents, alumni, I say, "This is your fight."

Despite proper anxieties about future gifts and student enrollments, I believe a university which proclaims its devotion to freedom and lives up to it will attract farsighted givers and young men and women who are worth teaching. It is easy to underestimate the admiration which American citizens feel toward courage.

The issue is whether the unusual man shall be rigidly controlled by the usual men.

No more concessions. We will not bow down in the House of Rimmon. We will not take breakfast in the Schine apartment.

The time has come for the universities of the United States to stop retreating and carry the war into Africa. We ought to educate more than our students. "We must educate our masters" — the legislators and the citizens who in the end make educational institutions possible. We need to persuade them to minimize the dangers of heterodoxy and be ready, as Jefferson was, to take a calculated risk. We need to convince them of what they have forgotten — the importance of intellectual freedom, if we are to have the kind of country most loyal Americans desire. We need to make our fellow citizens realize that freedom is not safety, but opportunity.



GEORGE COPELAND introduced the piano works of Debussy to the United States, and among interpreters of Debussy he is regarded as supreme. Mr. Copeland was born in Boston, studied with Carl Baermann, Teresa Carreño, and Buonamici, and completed his study of the piano with Harold Bauer. As a concert pianist and specialist in the works of modern French and Spanish composers, he has gained a world-wide reputation.

DEBUSSY, THE MAN I KNEW

by GEORGE COPELAND

I

IT HAS been said — and is, I fear, something of an aphorism — that two careers may run in a parallel direction; then suddenly, without premonition or intent, may swerve to meet each other, though the moment of intersection be but brief.

This was, in fact, the manner of my meeting with Claude Debussy a few years prior to World War I, when this composer's genius for the creation of new images, new styles, and new techniques was at flood tide, and when he himself was enjoying the unwilling honor of being the most talked-of man in the musical world of his time. He was by way of being a "genius," a mere "noise-maker"; an "Impressionist," a "Symbolist," a "Modernist"; a "libertine" and a "recluse" — all at one and the same time.

Not unlike the speck of glass from the evil mirror in Hans Christian Andersen's famous story, this accretion of unfruitful criticism had penetrated even into the fastness of Boston, Massachusetts, where I had then attained recognition as pianist. It had finally built up in what would now be termed my subconscious an implacable resistance to precisely such a meeting as did finally take place — a meeting which contributed immeasurably both to my personal experience and to my musical maturity.

One morning in the winter of 1905, I had just come down to breakfast when the doorbell rang and my manservant brought in with my mail a flurry of powdered snow and a roll of music addressed in an unfamiliar, feminine hand and bearing a French postmark. As there seemed to be no name or accompanying note, I laid the sheets aside and gave myself up to the enjoyment of various letters and the pungent aroma of steaming Spanish coffee.

It was not until later that I really looked at the sheets of music. At first my mood was simply one of idle curiosity as I explored a few bars on the

piano, but with every moment my excitement grew more intense. As a man will sometimes come upon an unknown place and feel instinctively that he has been there before, so I became conscious of a strange awareness. These totally new forms, requiring obviously new techniques and new concepts, appeared as something I had known long ago in a dream — something I had long awaited and which had awaited me with inevitable *rapprochement*. I spent the rest of the day playing over and over these two pieces of music by a composer whose works were totally unknown to me; and I wrote to J. Durand in Paris for additional compositions of Claude Debussy. Curiously enough, I have never been able to discover who did me the favor of sending the original manuscripts.

In the days that followed, my whole thought and imagination centered on this music which had created for me a complete new world of sound. The following spring, in a series of concerts in Chickering Hall in Boston, I introduced this hitherto unknown composer to America. It remains a tribute to the good sense and artistic appreciation of Bostonians that his music was a complete and instantaneous success.

Six years passed by. By this time, I had entirely identified myself with this new music; yet I had experienced no wish to make contact with the man whose genius had produced it. In 1911 I went to Europe to give a series of concerts in Rome, in Milan, in Florence, and in Vienna.

Spring was merging into summer, and days were growing sultry, when I reached Paris. I made no effort to get in touch with my friends, thinking that they had fled Paris for a more temperate climate. So it was with amazement that I heard my name spoken and, turning, came face to face with an old friend of my mother's, Señora d'Alvarez, whom I certainly expected to be in her villa in the Andalusian hills.

"But, Nina! Whatever are you doing in Paris?" I exclaimed.

"And you, George? I have been hearing splendid things of your concert tour. Of course, you are spending much time with M. Debussy," my friend stated.

"But no," I replied impatiently. "I have never met M. Debussy. I do not wish to." I added my reasons.

"But this is frightful!" Nina exclaimed in distressed unbelief. "You *must* meet him! I know him personally, and can assure you that none of these things you have heard are true. I will call him tonight and arrange for a meeting tomorrow morning — but *absolutely!* It is incredible that you, who have introduced his enchanting music in your country, should be here in Paris and not know him. It is too absurd!"

"But, Nina," I argued, "I do not *wish* to meet M. Debussy. Suppose our personalities were to clash. Suppose I did not like him! From what one hears, he must be something of an aesthete, and you know I do not like the type. I might even find him completely unsympathetic — then I could never play his music again. No, it is better that we do not meet! Besides, I leave for Le Havre at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon, so it is in any case quite impossible." We argued back and forth. My friend continued to be insistent, and I to be adamant.

That evening, as I was dressing to go out for dinner, my telephone rang, and Nina's voice informed me that she had rung up M. Debussy, and that I had an appointment to go to his house in the Avenue du Bois at eleven o'clock the following morning. "I will call for you, George, and take you there myself!" With as good grace as I could summon, I capitulated.

2

I WAS still feeling somewhat resentful of the situation into which my friend had plunged me, when, punctually at eleven, we were shown into M. Debussy's salon. The room itself constituted my first surprise. It was very long, very formal, and very well kept, whereas I had expected to find myself in an entirely Bohemian ménage. A moment later the door opened and I received a second shock.

As I have said before, I had entertained a preconceived notion of my host as being thin, nervous, effete, with the unhealthy look of the habitué of Paris night spots — and, most certainly, untidy and careless in matters of dress; in short, a typical denizen of Montmartre. To my amazement, I found myself rising to face a tall, dark, heavily built man, impeccably dressed, who gave the impression of relaxed, almost feline strength, and who had the most penetrating black eyes I have ever encountered — like two pieces of shiny black jet.

Señora d'Alvarez made the introductions: "This, M. Debussy, is M. George Copeland, the pianist, who has introduced your beautiful music to America."

"*Vraiment!*" was the laconic reply, and with a brief glance in my direction M. Debussy crossed the long length of the room and seated himself on a stiff green sofa at the far end. Apparently he was as undesirous of meeting me as I had been of meeting him; and although he must have been aware of the fact through J. Durand, his publisher, he appeared completely indifferent as to whether his music was played in America or not.

As conversation at that distance was impossible, I suggested to Señora d'Alvarez that perhaps we should leave.

"Nonsense!" she retorted. "You must play for him."

"But he hasn't asked me to play," I replied angrily. "Perhaps he doesn't even wish to hear me."

"Of course he does! Go and ask him," Nina replied in an impatient whisper.

So I rose and, feeling as awkward as any school-boy, crossed to where he was sitting bolt upright on the sofa. "Would you like me to play for you, M. Debussy?" I asked cautiously.

The composer eyed me calmly. "*Mais oui,*" he replied. I waited, but there was no further comment.

"Shall I play you some Spanish music?" I asked, as this was one of the things I specialized in.

"Spanish music!" he exclaimed in surprise. "*Mais non!* Why should you play me Spanish music? It does not interest me at all." Then, lowering his voice, as if thinking aloud, he continued: "No, the only music that interests me is Bach's and my own. *Après tout*, Bach has said all that there is to say in music — the rest of us only say it in different forms!"

The piano, at the far end of the room, was draped with a silk scarf held in place by a heavy cloisonné vase. I asked permission to move the vase, so that I might open the piano cover.

"*Absolument non!*" he replied with obvious annoyance. "Do not touch it! I never permit that anyone should open my piano. As it is, everyone plays my music too loud."

Sensing the futility of argument, I seated myself and played through the shorter piano music — *Reflets dans l'Eau*, *La Cathédrale Engloutie*, *Suite Bergamasque*, *L'Ile Joyeuse*, *Pagodes*, *Hommage à Rameau*, *Poissons d'Or*, *Voiles*, the *Dance of Puck*.

M. Debussy had risen shortly after I began playing, and had seated himself close to the piano. When I came to the closing bars of *Reflets dans l'Eau*, he got up from his chair in apparent excitement and, pointing a long finger, exclaimed: "Why did you play the last two bars as you did?"

"I don't know —" I was puzzled. "Perhaps because that is the way I feel them."

"It's funny," he said reflectively, "that's not the way I feel them." But when I said, "Then I will interpret them as you intended," his reply was a definite "No, no! Go on playing them just as you do." He made no further comment until I had finished and had risen from the piano. Then, with an audible sigh, he said simply, "I never pay compliments. I can only say that I have never dreamed that I would hear my music played like that in my lifetime." In that brief moment, our relationship had undergone a sharp metamorphosis.

Señora d'Alvarez and I left almost immediately, but as I took my leave M. Debussy asked me to come again at eleven the following morning. In a daze I consented, and on reaching my hotel I immediately called the steamship line and canceled my passage.

I remained in Paris, in close daily association with Claude Debussy, for the next four months. Then I returned to America, and never saw him again. The First World War was soon to intervene. M. Debussy was deeply disturbed and saddened by these events, and died on March 25, 1918, after a long and tortured illness.

Looking in retrospect over those months in Paris, I am impressed by the fact that, outwardly quiet and uneventful, possessing even a certain formality of pattern, the days were actually fraught with an intense inner excitement. Our completely divergent personalities seemed able to strike a spark, like two pieces of polished steel.

Every morning I would arrive at the same hour, and we would spend the day together in almost elemental companionship, reading, or playing music — sometimes not exchanging a single word throughout an entire morning. If, in his reading, Debussy happened upon something provocative, or something which he thought would interest me, he would rise from his chair and point to it in silence. It was his belief that conversation was unnecessary unless there was something essential that one wanted to say. I did not miss the conventional chatter.

One of the basic factors in Claude Debussy's genius was, I think, his ability to eliminate the obvious, the unnecessary, and the trivial, and in this way to conserve much vitality. He was in no wise a misanthrope, for he was deeply attached to his friends, but he was not at all interested in the nature of man. He believed that only a few arrive at any sort of maturity, and he avoided the fool and the commonplace. He achieved in his music (with only a few exceptions) an almost complete elimination of personal equations, regarding himself (the musician) as a species of sounding board held up to nature. To this end, he had to keep himself free from interference; and he indubitably heard sounds that other people have never heard.

We spent long afternoons walking in the Bois, in Fontainebleau, or making little excursions into the suburbs. It was of one of these last autumn

afternoons that he wrote, under his pen name of "M. Croche": "From the tranquil angelus, enjoining the fields to slumber, emanated a gentle, persuasive influence, lulling one's senses to complete repose. The sun was setting solitary, and not a single peasant thought of placing himself in a photographic attitude in the foreground. Men and beasts were returning peacefully homeward, having accomplished their unassuming tasks which possess a special dignity, since they solicit neither approbation nor disapproval. . . . Perhaps, I never loved music so well as at this time. . . ." Claude Debussy had, in addition to his musical genius, an excellent and thorough critical ability, and a decidedly tart humor.

Debussy's study was an extremely simple room, containing one or two good pictures and those jade animals and pieces of Chinese pottery that were, apparently, his one personal extravagance, and about the acquisition of which his biographers have told many tales, real or invented. The room had a Pleyel upright piano, at which he worked on manuscripts which he was composing, as well as on those which required further polishing. He was a slow and extremely meticulous composer, working over each phrase again and again, and seldom completely satisfying himself with the result. *Pélleas et Mélisande*, alone, occupied ten of his most productive years.

I spoke to him of my desire to transcribe some of his orchestral things for the piano — music which I felt to be essentially pianistic. He was at first skeptical, but finally he agreed, and was in complete accord with the result. He was particularly delighted with my piano version of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, agreeing with me that in the orchestral rendering, which called for different instruments, the continuity of the procession of episodes was disturbed. This has always seemed to me the loveliest, the most remote and essentially Debussyan, of all his music, possessing, as it does, a terrible antiquity, translating into sound a voluptuous sense that is in no wise physical.

3

IN ORDER to come to an understanding of Claude Debussy's genius, it is necessary to touch upon, however briefly, the influence which became "the destiny which shaped his end": namely, the cult of Symbolism, which had created a second Renaissance in France and, to a certain extent, in England and America.

An outcrop of the Parnassians, the Symbolist creed formulated an effectual unification of the arts, which were felt to fertilize and supplement each other. In America, James Whistler, following the example of the French painters, Puvis de Chavannes, Manet, Monet, Van Gogh, Degas, and others, took music for the background of his paint-

ings. Debussy, in turn, used the verse of Mallarmé, Verlaine, Rimbaud, Louÿs, Baudelaire, Banville, and Villon as the inspiration for his many songs and piano and orchestral pieces. He found in the American, Edgar Allan Poe, in Shakespeare and in Maeterlinck, the background for his longer compositions; and in Rossetti, the English Pre-Raphaelite, that of *La Demoiselle Éluë*.

Writers of prose as well as of poetry regarded the vowels as having the sound of individual instruments, and they developed therefrom a form of conscious literary orchestration — a sort of “colored hearing.” Mallarmé declared that “perfumes, colors and sounds correspond to each other,” and said that he never attended a concert without perceiving “in the obscure sublimity of the music, the outline of one of my poems.” The outstanding characteristic of the Symbolist movement lay in the fact that it *evoked*, rather than described; *reflected*, rather than stated.

It is not the purpose of this article to consider in detail the various influences that contributed to the development of Claude Debussy's genius; nor to catalogue his music; nor even to define the differences between the Impressionist and Symbolist movements. It is enough to state that his genius was emphatically and unquestionably the product of the latter, and that it arose primarily from the need to re-establish a music that was essentially French in character, and which was to be “in direct spiritual conflict with Teutonic vehemence, dogmatism, and flat-toned persistent elaboration.” Landormy declared that, prior to Debussy, music had become (because of the Germanic influence) an art “sans élévation, sans poésie, et sans nuances.”

Throughout these months of constant companionship and collaboration, Claude Debussy would, not infrequently, inject into some current discussion his reaction to, or estimation of, other composers. Among his contemporaries, he was most fond of d'Indy, Chausson, and Ravel, although he thought the last of these too lush in his orchestrations. He admired César Franck greatly, describing him affectionately as “a man without guile, and full of trustful candor.” Whatever Franck “borrowed from Life,” said Debussy, “he restored to Art with modesty verging on self-effacement.”

Debussy spoke of Scarlatti as “an inexcusably forgotten composer,” whose *Passion of St. John* he described as “a little chef-d'œuvre of primitive refinement and beauty, in which the style of the choral music is seemingly of pale gold, like those lovely backgrounds to the profiles of the Virgins in the frescoes of his period.”

On the other hand, he ridiculed Grieg, whose music he described as “a pink bon-bon stuffed with snow”; and of Saint-Saëns he exclaimed: “I have a horror of sentimentality, and I cannot forget that his name is Saint-Saëns!”

Debussy liked Mozart, and he believed that

Beethoven had terrifically profound things to say, but that he did not know how to say them, because he was imprisoned in a web of incessant re-statement and of German aggressiveness.

He came to hate Wagner as much as he had first admired him, describing his music as “strange, beautiful, seductive, and impure” — remarking of a performance of *Das Rheingold*, “It took two hours, and one hesitated between a desire to go away and the desire to go to sleep!” Debussy himself wished to write an opera on the theme of Tristan and Isolde, which would be in exact style variance with the Wagnerian version. How much of this he completed, we do not as yet know.

Perhaps the composer whom he most admired, and upon whom, if at all, he most consciously patterned his music, was Rameau, whose genius, compounded of delicacy, charm, and restraint, he regarded as being in the true French tradition. It is probable that Rameau opened for him, if only a crack, the door which led to that other-dimensional music of which Claude Debussy became the high priest, and which he discovered and explored so extensively.

4

IF ONE were called upon to describe sunlight, one could only do so by elaborating on its effects or by placing it in direct juxtaposition with darkness; and so one must pause before attempting to define this new music of Claude Debussy in all its tonal attributes, modal developments, and techniques.

It is not enough to say that this music was in direct contradiction to the formalism and incessant re-statement of the Germanic period, of which the current Wagnerian cult became, to Debussy, a sort of caricature. It went far beyond this, and became an artistic path-breaking on the threshold of a new world, opening up fresh vistas of sound experimentation and of sensuous hearing.

Musically, Debussy felt himself to be a kind of auditory “sensitive.” He not only heard sounds that no other ear was able to register, but he found a way of expressing things that are not customarily said. He had an almost fanatical conviction that a musical score does not begin with the composer, but that it emerges out of space, through centuries of time, passes before him, and goes on, fading into the distance (as it came) with no sense of finality.

In this way, Debussy discovered many new sounds — sounds to represent distance and great height, as in the “looking down” in *Soirée dans Grenade* when one hears fragments of sound in the near, middle, and far distance, suggesting the Hatañera; sound that expresses a remote and terrible antiquity, as in *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*; and sounds representing the luminosity of light, the transparency of water, the stateliness of cloud motion, and darkness, like night. Strangest of all,

he invented a sound to express silence — which is, in itself, complete absence of sound.

His genius seemed to lie in extracting the essence of things. Although Debussy never visited Spain, his *Iberia* is more Spanish than any Spanish music that has ever been written by her countrymen. Not essentially what is termed a "nature lover," he was still able to reduce to a kind of luminous distillation the aspects of nature (moonlight, the sea, the clouds, the sun, the forest) as they affected himself in his interior life — an artistic achievement, indeed, for one who so desperately shunned sentimentality, romanticism, and the obvious!

5

IT BECAME apparent that this new epoch of sound must call into play entirely new techniques of performance. It has been said that Debussy defied all the laws of harmony; and it is certain that he outraged all precedent of accepted classical form. The principal divergence lay, however, in totally new concepts of motive and projection, as encompassed in Symbolist ideals, requiring the establishment of tonal unity, with a complete lack of emphasis on melody or theme. There must be no stressing of chords forming the harmonic framework, and no building or detachment from measure to measure. The objective is, rather, a blending of patterns, producing a fluidity and a transparency of tone which result from "clusters of chords," arising from the basic fact that Symbolist music never asserts, nor describes a specific image, but strives only to evoke and reflect.

Debussy himself believed that to arrive at this end "the harmonies must seem to dissolve, even in the moment of emergence." He achieved a crystal-clear, but floating, tone through complete disregard of the piano as a percussion instrument, and by a method of contacting the keys gradually with the cushions of the fingers, in an oblique, "caressing" motion, "like a cat rubbing itself against the hand that caresses it."

The sustained sound and the transparency of tone and color timbre are induced by the almost continuous use of overlapping pedals, raising the foot a fraction from the damper pedal, and depressing it again immediately to preserve the continuity. In other words, the pedals are played in levels in order to get air under the tone; for, if tone is there, it must rest on something. Legato is played almost invariably in this way, and the arpeggios are "light and luminous," instead of defined and aggressive as in the German manner. In his choral music, where Debussy makes use of human voices, he

distributes them in exactly the same manner that he would employ the various musical instruments of an orchestra.

When I asked him why so few people were able to play his music, Debussy replied, after some reflection: "I think it is because they try to impose themselves upon the music. It is necessary to abandon yourself completely, and let the music do as it will with you — to be a vessel through which it passes." The effect of this music upon the listener is comparable to that experienced when watching banked clouds form and re-form in the changing light of a hot afternoon. It evokes a procession of images, insinuated rather than seen — the shimmering reflection of a dream, only glimpsed, but never to be forgotten.

Before closing this account of my strange and unheralded meeting with Claude Debussy, man and artist, whose friendship has been one of the most rewarding experiences of my life, there remains still another aspect of Debussy's music upon which I wish to touch, as it is, to me, a matter of deepest concern.

Few people, other than established musicians, are aware that there is still a considerable backlog of manuscripts, both completed and in embryo, which is as yet unpublished. Some are probably mere themes or outlines, but there are others to which he unquestionably devoted many years of creative thought.

We know that he was deeply impressed by Edgar Allan Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher" and "The Devil in the Belfry," as translated by the indefatigable Baudelaire; and that he began operas based on both of these works. The former, especially, engaged his thoughts and energies during the years preceding his last illness. It is known that he began musical scores for two of Shakespeare's plays, and that he had completed sections of a French version of the Tristan and Isolde theme. In addition to these longer works, there are believed to be innumerable songs and shorter piano pieces which have never been published.

Claude Debussy was survived for some years by his second wife, Mme. Bardac Debussy. It is probable that at the time of her death these manuscripts became scattered among the children and relatives of a prior marriage.

It is my sincere prayer, as it is the hope of the entire musical world, that the time will come when it may be possible to collect and edit these hitherto unpublished works, both as a valuable contribution to the musical heritage of our times and as a tribute to an artist whose work has had so abundant and lasting an influence on our Western culture.



An Atlantic Story



An Englishman whose family has lived in India for four generations, JOHN MASTERS was born in Calcutta and observed the family tradition by serving for fourteen years in the British Army, in the course of which he was awarded the DSO. In 1948 he moved to this country and made his first appearance in the Atlantic — “a success,” he says, “which encouraged me to persevere.” With his first novel, Nightrunners of Bengal, he took command of a large audience, and each new book thereafter has added to his reputation and his popularity. Bhowani Junction was selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club last year, and his fifth book, Coromandel, will appear in March.

HELEN

by JOHN MASTERS

BEFORE Nap started going out of his way to say disparaging things about her I don't think I could have told you who she was. I suppose I knew her by sight although she was in the eighth grade and I in the fourth. Nap was in the seventh. We all lived in a small Missouri community and it was a small school, and a long time ago. She was fairish and fattish and the daughter of a farmer called Mr. Pratt, which made her name Helen Pratt.

We'd see her in school and she must have been at some of the parties and Hallowe'en bonfires we went to, and then out of nowhere Nap took this violent dislike to her. He would talk all the way back from school about what a sap she was, and indeed how sappy all girls were, and he'd imitate the way girls run with their knees together and their feet flailing out sideways. His imitations were very good, and I must say that for my part I am still not convinced that women's legs are properly connected at the knees. Nap would also imitate the way girls throw, and I need not tell you how much I agreed with the bitter accuracy of his caricature. That particular act stood him in good stead all his life, and in our family Helen Pratt is only remembered now as the girl who inspired it. Nap would pretend to be a woman third baseman; he would get tied up with his knees in an attempt to catch an easy fly ball; he would try to throw to home plate but the ball would drop down his back or curve slowly over to first base.

It was this very act that he and I and the Haver-ing boys were rehearsing when an incident occurred

that should have put me on my guard. We were wandering homeward from school, all of us laughing and somewhat overexcited about Nap's wonderful joke, when Mr. Pratt approached in his buggy. Helen and her younger sister were with him. I imagine he'd picked them up from school to take them to the store or the depot. In defense of my own subsequent behavior I must explain that I was the youngest of this particular group and on that account subject to strong internal pressures to “keep up” with the others. I could not for a moment tolerate the idea of being thought of as a “kid” or a sissy. So, as the buggy came near I tore off a handful of burdock burrs. It must have been March or April. As the buggy passed, with a sharp underhand motion and accurate aim I threw the burrs at Helen Pratt's head. The burrs, already stuck together, became entangled in her hair. She screamed slightly, put up her hand, and turned to give us an angry look.

Now that I recall the scene, I believe that her expression, though intended to convey anger and scorn, in fact served as a mask for more pleasurable emotions. She had, after all, been taken notice of and I'm sure she thought Nap had thrown the burrs. Then the buggy went round a corner and I waited, grinning at the others, for my applause.

Please do not think my conduct, though ruffianly, was much out of the ordinary. The girls of our community, which was mainly agricultural, were accustomed to all kinds of horseplay and usually gave as good as they got.

The Havering boys began to cackle with laughter and congratulate me on my wit. But Nap cut in roughly, "What did you want to do that for?"

"Because she's a sappy cow," I said cheerfully. I was so sure of Nap's approval — hadn't he been inveighing against Helen Pratt and her intolerable airs for the past week? — that I failed to notice that his usually pale face was now suffused with passion, and he had taken off his glasses.

Heedless of grammar, Nap said, "Oh, you did? Come on, he's getting too darn fresh," and led the assault on me. The Havering boys, forgetful of their minute-old approbation, quickly joined in against me. I shouted aloud in outrage and surprise. I cried, "But you don't like her!" None of them paid any attention. I felt that the world had blown up in my face. They overturned me in the dust, rubbed thistles into my hair, and left me.

I picked myself up and walked slowly homeward by another route. I did not want to see Nap and I did not want to see my mother. We had an agreement, Nap and I, that neither of us was ever to let Father or Mom know if we had been crying or had been hurt in any way (unless the hurt was obvious).

By suppertime I had almost forgotten the whole bizarre affair. I had found a robin's nest and a dead crow; Rose, Susan, and Harold — the younger members of the family — did not hide their opinion that I was wonderful; and Nap had shown that he was sorry. Nap could always do just about what he wanted with anyone, and when he set out to please he was irresistible.

2

NEEDLESS to say, it was not I who brought up the name of Helen Pratt while we were lying in bed in our darkened room that night. I was surprised when Nap did, but he did not seem to be able to stop mentioning her. I did not say much, either in assent or dissent. I couldn't have even if I'd wanted to because Nap, after a fumbling start, embarked on a monologue such as one pays to go and hear in theaters. It was all about Helen Pratt. It described with relentless antipathy her manner of walking, talking, and being. Few aspects of Helen Pratt's existence were not touched on. All the while I detected a puzzled overtone in Nap's voice. In truth he could no more understand than I could why he was talking about the girl. The tone of his diatribe did not cause either of us any perplexity. Girls were sappy, and to be despised. He could not have said "Helen is brave, kind, intelligent, and beautiful" — not because it was untrue (which it was), but because the laws of syntax forbade the coupling of laudatory adjectives with female proper names.

No, the mystery was why he had to speak about her at all. However, I had forgotten all this when, a couple of days later, Helen Pratt and an eighth-

grade girl friend of hers appeared at our yard gate. They called me "little boy" and asked me whether my brother Horatio was in. I must say that I did not like being called "little boy" by anybody, least of all by girls. I told them brusquely that Nap was not in, and that I did not know where he was. Giggling, they produced a purple envelope with large, violet writing on it and told me to be sure to give it to my brother Horatio when he returned. I asked them suspiciously what was in it, because it smelled very strong and sweet, like honeysuckle mixed with cloves and sugar and all boiled up together. They said there was something in it for me, and my brother would read it to me, and went off, giggling together.

I went into the house and read the address. "Master Horatio Middleton." No one but Father was allowed to call Nap by that name. There was something in it for me, the girls had said. Personally I thought it was a stink bomb. I decided to save Nap from being fooled by it. I slit the envelope near an open window. The smell did not get much worse, so I read the note inside. Miss Helen Pratt would be pleased if Master Horatio Middleton and Master John Middleton came to her birthday party. In the empty room I sneered, briefly. Only two nights ago Nap had emphasized the disgust he felt at the idea of any close association with Helen Pratt. He wouldn't be seen dead with her. No statesman could have made a clearer or more popular definition of his policy. And here was an actual case to which the policy could be applied in its entirety. Nor had I forgotten those girls' hint that I could not read.

I turned over the purple paper, found a pen, and wrote: "No. Nap and I won't come to your party because Nap says you stink and I say so too." I put the letter back in the envelope, changed the superscription to "Helen Pratt," and went out. I walked over to the Pratts' farm, put the letter happily into their mailbox, looked up a few friends, and returned home shortly before supper, eager to tell Nap what had happened.

When we were alone, I told him.

I reminded him of his statements about Helen Pratt. I told him they had called me "little boy" and him "Horatio." I pointed out the utter illogicality of his attitude — all in vain. He said I had no business to open a letter addressed to him. He said I had a nerve. He lashed himself into a fury as he imagined the difficulties he would face in explaining the mistake. I realized with amazement, not to say stupefaction, that he wanted to accept the invitation. More, he expected me to go to Helen Pratt in person, say that I and I alone had written the answer, that it did not at all represent his (Nap's) view because he did not think she stank at all. In short, I was to apologize.

Inevitably, in the end, I did it. The next day Nap and Helen came by chance together in the

schoolyard and Nap was offered the invitation again, I being this time excluded, and in due course Nap went to the party.

He returned from it in a frame of mind that I found perplexing, and remained in that state until the next phase of this very worrying period of my life began. He would talk a good deal about Helen's father, Mr. Pratt, and the land he owned and the excellence of the Pratt chickens and the Pratt cows. I think he was fumbling for some way to get around the grammatical law as understood by small boys, and say something downright appreciative of Helen Pratt, and had been led as a first stage to the notion of transference. He could not yet say that Helen Pratt was more beautiful than Helen of Troy, but he seemed to think that Mr. Pratt's prize pig was.

On the other hand he began to speak in derogatory terms of two male eighth-graders, John Terry and George Valentine. Neither of them had done him any harm. As far as their relationship with him went it might have been called friendly.

Nap also said, several times, that scissors weren't so smart; while thimbles were plain cheap. Though I thought these opinions sound enough they seemed to have very little relevance to anything, until I heard from another source that at the party John Terry had given Helen Pratt a pair of scissors and George Valentine had given her a thimble. Nap had given her nothing. He had something all right, a bottle of perfume compared with which the stuff in the purple letter was like new-mown hay, but he forgot to take it to the party. Then, instead of giving it to her the next day with a whimsical apology, as Mom urged, he poured it all out into Mr. Wimpy's fowl run. I heard later that Mr. Wimpy's rooster drank some of the stuff and had marital troubles for a week or two afterwards in consequence; but at the time Nap poured it in, the fowls only reeled away to the farthest corner of the run and clung giddily to the netting. I think the rooster was asleep.

3

THE next phase began about a week later, when Nap told me to come with him and look for a beautiful thing. It was a troubling phrase and I had a troubling afternoon. He did not mean a slice of cherry pie, or a lady's-slipper that I saw growing by the creek, or a cockerel's feather, or a minnow, or even my snake belt. He shrugged off these and other suggestions as soon as I made them. In the end he sat down gloomily in our hide-out on the bank of the creek, his head between his hands. We kept one or two useful things down there — a piece of rope, a knife, a beer bottle full of water, a snake's skin, things like that.

Nap took off his glasses. He stared grimly at the water. He put on his glasses.

He said, "Frog."

I said that frogs weren't beautiful, but he explained that what he wanted was something to give to Helen Pratt. "A frog will sure make her jump," he said, with every appearance of anticipation. It was too late to begin frog hunting then, but in the next day or two we caught fifty frogs, one way and another. It was I who actually found and captured what must have been the most beautiful frog in the state of Missouri. He was green, mottled with black, lined with crimson, the effulgent eyes overlaid and underlaid with pouches of jet and crimson, the belly yellow, and he carried a jewel in his head. Furthermore, he was big.

I thought he would be just the frog to frighten the wits out of Helen Pratt, who had obviously insulted Nap at her beastly party and should now be made to pay for it. I was looking forward to the presentation.

Nap owned a biggish enamel box about that time and he decided to present the frog in this. I thought that was clever, because the box itself made an attractive gift and Helen Pratt would not imagine there might be something inside. It only goes to show that no two people, not even brothers, ever really understand each other.

Nap presented the box to Helen in the school passageway at a time when no one else was there but everyone was arriving. Scarlet in the face — with the effort of suppressing his laughter, I imagined — he pushed it out at her, mumbling "Present. Because it's a nice day."

When girls are older they often like this kind of romanticism, but at Helen Pratt's age they are rigidly conventional. Helen Pratt was not on her guard exactly, because, as I've said, it was a very pretty box, but she was perhaps disposed to think the whole business peculiar, and was therefore ready to treat subsequent events as a deliberate jape rather than as the lighthearted improvisations they actually were.

When Nap handed her the box she giggled and said, "Oh, thank you, Horatio. How pretty! Is it for me?"

I said, "Of course, sappy. Didn't you hear what Nap just said?" But she only sniffed, and Nap glowered, and I shut up quickly.

I felt better in a second because Helen slipped the catch and opened the lid. The frog bounded out in a fine, flashing arc, his colors coruscating in the morning light as he swooped like a jeweled bat through the mote-rich bands of sun, landed briefly on some girl's shoulder, jumped into Helen's hair and from thence to the floor.

It was unfortunate that most of the students then collecting in the passageway happened to be girls. Instant pandemonium erupted. Helen Pratt screamed, the other girls screamed, the teacher screamed. Some called us "wicked boys," others swung their satchels wildly at us. I was very happy.

I may add that I was the only one to think of rescuing the frog, who would otherwise have been trampled on. I caught him, pressed him for a moment against the back of Helen Pratt's neck — gently, as I did not want him to be hurt — and then dropped him carefully out of the window onto the grass. I thought it was one of the best tricks Nap had ever played, and went to congratulate him.

I am sure I need not explain what happened.

I'd had enough. It was too bad. I would not speak to Nap the rest of that day, nor at supper, nor in our room at night. My anger was not lessened as I slowly came to realize that Nap's silence, as rigid as mine, was not caused by remorse or even by ill temper. The truth was that he had forgotten my existence. I nursed my humiliation for a couple of days. I was very unhappy. I had no clue to Nap's behavior and should logically have decided that he'd gone a little queer in the head. But grownups do not always realize the strength of young people's faith — particularly, I believe, that of young boys; nor do they realize where that faith is placed. One of the foundations and props of my existence was that Nap was wonderful. If therefore he seemed to me to be acting strangely it was not he, but I, that should be suspected of insanity. Nap I knew; myself I did not know.

4

I CONTINUED in this disturbed state until, a few days after the presentation of the frog, I heard a commotion behind the hedge which bordered our schoolyard. I hurried round to investigate and came upon a fist fight. John Terry was one contestant, and Nap the other.

I was frankly alarmed. Nap owed his place in the school and in the neighborhood to his character and his brain. He did not lack courage but he never picked a quarrel and very seldom fought. John Terry was the second biggest boy in the school — George Valentine was the biggest. John was wide as well as tall, dark, rather brutal looking, but basically an amicable fellow. The fight, like most of those between younger boys, seemed more lethal than it actually was. The faces of Nap and John Terry were contorted by peculiar mixed expressions — ferocity, temper, alarm — and an underlying but perfectly visible astonishment at themselves for trying to hurt another human being.

I ran around the flailing arms calling "What's the matter, Nap?" and tried to grab one of John Terry's legs but some other boys prevented me. Nap did not answer my question and no one else knew what the struggle was about though all were shouting encouragement to one or both fighters. Several girls were there. The younger ones yelled wholeheartedly for blood. The older ones, including Helen Pratt, screamed prettily, cried out,

"Oh, why doesn't someone stop them!" and watched the fight between their fingers which they had laced, loosely, across their faces.

John Terry was not only tough looking but actually tough. He began to knock Nap down with increasing frequency. The fighters followed regular seventh-grade rules — sometimes John Terry would hit Nap in the face with his closed fist; sometimes the two would lock arms and sink struggling to the grass, John Terry on top; but there was no biting. John Terry kept asking Nap if he'd had enough, and clearly Nap had. His nose was bleeding, his face was quite battered, and one eye was half closed, but he would not say he'd had enough. John Terry didn't like to knock him down any more and I do not know how the fight could have been brought to an end if a teacher had not arrived. Then the boys stood apart, breathing heavily, and it seemed they had forgotten what the fight was about and who had started it. But several officious spectators told the teacher that Nap had started the fight and, ostensibly on that account but really because his face needed attention, Nap was sent home.

I may say that his most voluble accuser was a sixth-grade girl called Olive Brown; she had not seen the cause of the fight, I know, because she arrived near the end; but she had seen the result. I am glad to say that John Terry did not seem to notice what she had done for him.

As Nap walked away with downcast head, Helen Pratt hurried after him. They stopped at the edge of the road and she whispered to him. I saw her draw a handkerchief from her blouse. She gave it to him, obviously to stem the flow of blood from his nose. Nap gripped the handkerchief in his hand and let the blood run. Soon he shuffled off, leaning forward so as not to spoil his clothes. I ran after him and asked him anxiously if he was all right. I do not think he heard me. His eyes were blood-shot but shining, his steps painful but triumphant. He said only, "That'll teach him."

Before school finished I learned the truth about the fight. John Terry had, of course, heard of the success of Nap's practical joke in giving Helen Pratt a frog. He didn't like Helen Pratt, either. He decided he would help his friend Nap persecute the odious woman. He thought hard but in the end had to admit to himself that Nap's own plan could not be improved upon. He therefore presented Helen Pratt with a frog.

Mom was in a state about Nap when I got home. She was threatening to write a strong letter to Mrs. Terry but wanted first to get some sense out of me as to what had happened. I did my best to tell her, but it was difficult. I myself did not understand. I tried to confine myself to facts and they made an unconvincing narrative, even to me: Nap gave Helen Pratt a frog. She screamed. Nap hit me. John Terry gave Helen Pratt a frog. Nap hit him.

Mom seemed to understand though, because she began to sort of half laugh and half cry, and said, "My poor darling Nap," and went upstairs to patch his wounds again.

From his bed that night Nap talked endlessly about the fight, its causes and consequences. He spoke indistinctly through bruised lips. He was far too wise to try and convince himself or me that he had not lost the fight. He had been beaten, he said. Then why, he asked, had Helen Pratt come to lend him her handkerchief? He meant, she'd been pretty helpful, for a girl. I asked him what he'd done with the handkerchief and he said, "Oh, it's here somewhere," clasping his hand nonchalantly over his chest. The room reeked of honeysuckle and cloves. I could tell from my brother's voice that he was deliriously happy — and slightly puzzled. In the morning he did fifteen minutes' shadowboxing before going down to breakfast.

I have mentioned that the biggest boy in the school was George Valentine, the one who had given Helen Pratt a thimble on her birthday. He was a good looking boy with wavy fair hair and a pleasant, open face and a personality to match. He was reasonably intelligent too; in fact, a thoroughly nice person. I could not help but observe that Nap had taken to following George Valentine around. He did not dog his heels exactly, but he was usually to be seen a few yards off, hungrily watching. It next became clear to me that George Valentine had taken to following Helen Pratt around. Observing Helen Pratt, I saw that *she* had taken to giggling whenever George Valentine passed within twenty feet of her. She did not giggle at Nap now, although in the nature of the game then in progress he, too, frequently passed close to her.

Next, George Valentine began to pay Helen Pratt small attentions, such as throwing orange peels at her, and tripping her up when she ran by him, and the like. Then one day he went too far. He — I hesitate to write this, but it is the truth — he gave her a frog. It was in the schoolyard. I happened to be nearby, Nap was in his usual menacing proximity to George Valentine, and many others were close. One would have thought that the joke was wearing thin, but one would have been wrong. It was as popular as ever. This frog, however, was sluggish, and while Helen Pratt waited with dilated eyes for it to jump — and again make her the envy of the other girls, to whom no one gave frogs — Nap moved into action.

He caught George Valentine by the shoulder, swung him round, hit him hard on the nose, and danced away. I forgot to mention that before he actually struck out Nap said, "You stinker!" and he said it in a quiet, steely voice. I was never prouder of him. Helen Pratt screamed and dropped the box with the frog. Once more I was the only person to think of rescuing it. Meantime the fight, if it could so be called, had begun.

As far as I could judge, Nap was on the top of his form and George Valentine was below the bottom of his. Nap danced lightly around, punching with vicious speed, weaving, ducking, feinting. His eyes glittered coldly and his left arm flickered in and out like a viper's tongue. It was the most professional looking thing I have ever seen, and if George Valentine had been a couple of feet nearer he would certainly have got hit several times. I thought then that the rather large distance between the two fighters was due to Nap's poor eyesight — he had taken off his glasses, of course — but I am now convinced that Nap knew perfectly well what he was doing.

George Valentine's nose undoubtedly hurt, but that was the least of his worries. His handsome face became quite glazed with apprehension as he watched the fight that Nap waged around him. From behind half-raised fists, and standing perhaps ten or twelve feet from the storm center, he could well appreciate the extraordinary virtuosity of Nap's performance. Like others present he must have been saying to himself "By gosh, I wouldn't like to be in the ring with that fellow." Then he realized that he was "in the ring with that fellow" — the welterweight champion of the world, probably. Further, he realized that behind the jabbing fists and above the dancing feet was the contorted face of his friend Nap Middleton, who had undoubtedly gone mad. George Valentine turned and fought his way silently through the ring of spectators.

For a few seconds Nap continued to bore holes in the air around him. Then he slowly lowered his fists, and said simply to Helen Pratt, "I don't think he'll bother you again." He smiled at her, breathing deep draughts of the heady wine of anticipation.

Helen Pratt must have been deeply stirred. She was, as I have tried to show, in most respects a rather bovine girl. Now she stamped her foot in passion, and did not giggle, but cried furiously, "You brute! You bully! You're always fighting! I hate you! Go away, go away!" Tossing her head, she ran off after George Valentine, who now stood, looking large and handsome and nervous, by the schoolroom door, ready to leap inside. Helen Pratt whispered to him and gave him her handkerchief for his nose, which was not bleeding. I turned away in disgust.

Everyone drifted off, leaving Nap and me alone on the battleground. I said, "You certainly showed that big slob, Nap." Nap stood motionless, his head hanging. In his face were cut deep the lines of defeat, of surrender. All the storms of life could now rage unchecked over his soul. He did not care.

Not for long. As the school bell rang he looked up and I knew, without the words or the ability to explain why I knew, that all was over. Nap was again my favorite brother. But he only said, "Oh, shut up," and walked away. I was left holding the frog.



"Pondering the degree to which accident could overturn the schemes of wise men, Prince Bismarck once concluded that there was a special providence for drunkards, fools, and the United States. Indeed there is much to be said for the argument that America has survived and grown strong by a miraculous streak of luck that, at one turning point after another, has directed fortune its way." So writes OSCAR HANDLIN, Professor of History at Harvard and author of The Uprooted, which won the Pulitzer Prize for History in 1951. This is the second of a series of five articles, each focused on a major event in American history.

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE

Chance or Destiny?

by OSCAR HANDLIN

1

AMERICANS faced west in the year 1800. A driving energy had spilled them across the Alleghenies and they now edged over the open plains toward the western extremities of the country. The Mississippi set a limit to the explored territory. Beyond the Mississippi was undisturbed space. In the vast interior of the continent cities would arise, a bountiful soil would yield crops of unparalleled magnitude, and stores of mineral wealth would ultimately come to light. As yet, however, the most fertile imagination could not conceive the future of these immense spaces. Louisiana from the great river to the unknown mountains remained empty. Only the occasional bands of roving Indians disturbed its primeval calm.

Perhaps it was the destiny of this land to be American — to await the conglomerate hosts from New England and the South and from all the ends of Europe who were to make its potentialities real. But without the avarice of a woman, the miscalculations of an emperor, and a trick of the climate, Louisiana might long have remained foreign soil, an imposing barrier in the way of any future thrust to the Pacific.

As the eighteenth century drew to a close, Louisiana was Spanish. It had been handed over to Spain by the French after the French and Indian War as part of the price of alliance. In Madrid little value was put on the new province, except as a kind of buffer state covering the approaches to the northern border of Mexico. Only the city of New Orleans was considered of any importance at all. Here as elsewhere, the Spanish Bourbons were no longer prepared to recognize opportunity in the New World. An inexorable paralysis had settled

upon the court, and its lack of ability would shortly lose it the whole of its American empire.

The royal family was foredoomed to futility and knew it. From a description of a royal hunt sent back to London by the English ambassador emerges a fleeting insight into the blankness of the Bourbon lives. Before a large crowd, the king, surrounded by his household, stood for hours at the railed enclosures and stolidly pumped bullets into the herd of two thousand deer as the chasseurs drove them in. A little later the pleasures of the chase were further simplified when six fieldpieces, fired at the royal command, relieved the king of the necessity for holding his gun.

In the family portraits, though nowhere else, the monarch, Charles IV, stood in the foreground. He was in his forties when he came to the throne, and the best years of his manhood had been wasted. Neither the regalia of his office nor the elaborate uniforms he occasionally affected could give dignity to his irresolute stance, his paunchy figure, and the sagging muscles of his face.

Charles lived in a constant state of indecision. Conscious of his heritage, he was wrapped up in a ceremonial veneration of the past. The corridors of his mind, like the corridors of his palaces, were packed with the gloomy mementos of a once glorious history. Lost in the dim past, he was disposed to overlook the present.

Yet Charles had strange flashes of awareness of the events that had been shaking Europe for a decade. He respected the achievements of the French Revolution and had unbounded admiration for the young Napoleon, who was now moving to the head of the French state. Charles in fact was torn by conflicting romantic reveries. One minute

he dreamed of emulating his ancestors; the next, of putting himself at the head of the new popular forces of revolution. Vacillating between the two courses, he almost never acted of his own accord, but allowed himself to be pushed about as the pawn of others.

He was certainly not the husband for Maria Louisa, his queen. His weak will could hardly curb a woman of violent passions. In this relationship, too, resignation and indecision were his predominant characteristics.

With Maria Louisa herself it was altogether another matter. Born a Bourbon, she had been married to her cousin at the age of fourteen. Essentially of a wilful, sensuous nature, she had grasped avidly at pleasure and power. The man in her husband had never satisfied her; although she used fits of jealous temper to keep him under her thumb, she had left herself free to move through a succession of lovers in the court. In Goya's famous portrait of her, she stares out at us, bold and unashamed. There is a coquetry in the glimpse of her tiny shoes, and the jeweled arm that holds a fan is strong and vigorous. Yet the flouncy, low-bosomed gown does not conceal the middle-aged shapelessness of her figure. And her mouth is firmly shut. For by this time Maria Louisa has lost all her teeth; and although the artificial set made for her sparkles with jewels, she prefers to see herself portrayed in the full flush of unblemished youth.

In any earlier era, rigid rules of etiquette and religious sanctions would have set restraints upon the emotions of such a woman. But the revolutionary disturbances in ideas as well as politics had overthrown the world of stable patterns of behavior. Without the guidance of external rules, Maria Louisa became a creature of capricious self-indulgence, prepared for her own gratification to betray both Charles as wife and Spain as queen.

Louisiana was nothing to her; a corner in Italy was more precious than the whole of America. At the moment, her main concern was to find an Italian throne for her brother, the Duke of Parma. Ever since the French had become the masters of northern Italy she had plotted an accommodation with them that would fulfill her desires. And there were few considerations Maria Louisa allowed to stand in the way of gratification of her desires.

In the entourage of the court she found an ally physically and temperamentally more her type than the indecisive Charles. In the shadows behind both monarchs moved the indistinct figure of Manuel de Godoy. Here indeed was an example of the deterioration in Spanish statesmanship. Godoy had come to Madrid a round-faced boy of seventeen, to serve in the royal Garde de Corps. He had attracted the queen's fancy and, though many years her junior, had become her lover. His devotion was amply rewarded, for in 1792, at the age

of twenty-five, he became his sovereign's chief minister.

An unprincipled adventurer, Godoy treated men and states as pieces on a chessboard with which he played for his own advantage and for the sake of the game itself. Shrewd enough to know the weakness of his own side, Godoy had correctly assessed the insecurity of the Spanish state as well as the faults of his king and the vanity of his queen. As he made his moves, he kept in mind the positions on the board, but also the possibility that at some point in the game he might prefer to sell out.

2

WHAT was Louisiana to those who guided the destiny of the Spanish state? A useless expanse of unknown wilderness, costly to administer and populated only by fifty thousand rude and resentful colonists. In Madrid the territory seemed serviceable only in so far as it might be traded off for some more valuable possession.

By contrast, in the French scheme of things Louisiana had again and again reflected the gleam of imperial dreams. The Mississippi region had been the stake of a great colonial contest that the French Bourbons had bitterly fought and lost. For a century their intrepid soldiers and priests had struggled against desperate odds to link the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, and the Mississippi in a vast French dominion reaching from Quebec to New Orleans. The most extravagant hopes had been attached to this truly majestic conception: that the English colonies might be confined to their narrow, precarious coastline; that a thriving French population might grow in Louisiana; and that valuable stores of furs and other raw materials might flow back to enrich the mother country.

Military failures had knocked apart the whole brilliant design. In the successive wars against England, the maritime provinces had been lost, then Canada and the Lakes, and finally Louisiana itself.

Now the Bourbons were gone, but the old dreams had not disappeared. The revolutionary Directory that had assumed power in 1795 was aggressive and dynamic, determined — out of self-interest and zeal — to expand the power of France. And the English remained foes of the French at every point at which their interests collided. Once again, as the century drew to a close, Louisiana became a factor in the strategic pattern of Anglo-French conflict.

In the war which began in 1792, the French had hoped for American assistance and had been disappointed. The struggling young republic was apparently not ready to sacrifice its own interests out of gratitude for French aid in the War of Independence. On the contrary, it was establishing ever closer ties with England. Jay's treaty of 1795

between the United States and Great Britain revealed the extent to which America had shifted from a French toward an English orientation. Two years later, Yankees and Frenchmen were engaged in undeclared war at sea.

The threat of an Anglo-American alliance, or even of a *rapprochement*, frightened the Directory. Should those two powers draw together, France would confront an unbeatable combination of naval strength. If the Americans could not be won over to an alliance, they must at least be prevented from joining forces with the British.

None knew this better than the new French minister of foreign affairs, Charles Maurice de Talleyrand, who had just returned to France to take up that post after thirty months of exile in the United States. Two careers were already behind him. The younger son of a noble family, he had hobbled through life as a cripple. While he was still a youth, his parents, despairing of a more active future for him, had thrust him into the Church. As Bishop of Autun he had seemed destined to live out his days in the charge of a provincial see, occupying himself with its petty administrative business and enjoying its moderate serenity.

The Revolution had been the opportunity his fierce ambition craved. Flouting convention and disregarding his own clerical position, he had plunged into the violent struggle for political place that followed the collapse of the old regime. But the man was wary; the guillotine piled up too much evidence of the consequences of failure. And although Talleyrand showed a striking ability to recognize the winning side, he had reckoned it healthier to leave the country in 1792.

Before too long, however, he was back, prepared to take a hand in the diplomatic game. Like Godoy, he was not one to allow conceptions of morality or reasons of state to complicate the rules for him. But unlike Godoy, he played the pieces of a great power. If he had also the finesse and suavity of an experienced player, these characteristics by no means concealed the iron determination with which he made his moves.

Talleyrand had become convinced that the interests of France, and his own, were antithetical to those of the United States. His own stay in the New World had persuaded him that American democracy was a danger to the society of the Old World, and that the manners and customs of the American people would inevitably make them allies of the English. American friendship, he concluded, was of little value, and the expansive tendencies of the Yankees threatened France. The best defense under such circumstances was attack. Possession of Louisiana would give France a base from which to hold the presumptuous Americans in check.

Shortly after the conclusion of Jay's treaty, therefore, the French began to plan the reacquisi-

tion of Louisiana. In principle, the Spaniards were quick to consent; by 1796 the draft of a secret treaty was ready. As to the details, however, Godoy and the queen would still have something to say.

Few diplomatic negotiations in the eighteenth century were, after all, concluded as easily as that. Even though both sides agreed as to ends, there was ample opportunity for haggling over the proper terms of payment. In the maneuvering that followed, Talleyrand had the advantage of superior forces. Godoy, on the other hand, could take refuge only in the evasiveness at which he was a master. The bargaining proceeded at a snail's pace throughout the next four years. The French, preoccupied elsewhere, found the Spanish tactics annoying, yet not enough so for an open break; and Godoy, urged on by the queen, continued to hold out for the highest price for Louisiana. The key to these intricate moves was the *pourboire* for Maria Louisa's needy brother, the Duke of Parma.

3

OF THESE negotiations the Americans were aware. For them, however, Louisiana was more than a mere pawn on the diplomatic chessboard. The pioneers had come over the mountains, following the river valleys which were their lines of advance to the West. The cleared-out farmlands and the towns along the way were the evidences of their steady progress. But they depended on communication with the outside world for disposal of their raw material and for the import of those goods that lifted their lives above savagery.

The river system was the vital artery of interior trade for the United States. The mountains cut off all easterly traffic in heavy commodities. Down the Ohio drifted the flatboats and rafts, laden with provisions that were the products of the year's labor of many families. Many a farm lad, perched wide-eyed on the barrels of pork, watched the stream's twisting course, saw it merge with the Mississippi, and found himself, weeks later, entranced by the sight of New Orleans across the marshes.

This was the great metropolis of the West. It held the imagination of Americans because of the fascination of its Creole culture, because of its exotic flavor, and because of the crucial part it played in their economy. For here western produce was unloaded and transferred to the vessels that would carry it over the world. Upon the free flow of goods through this entrepôt hung the welfare of every farm in the West.

New Orleans had always been foreign territory for Americans. But since it guarded the gateway to the Mississippi, the United States had long struggled to secure trade through the city against arbitrary interruption. In 1795, as the result of

an arduous mission to Madrid, Thomas Pinckney had broken through the procrastination of the Spanish court and had negotiated a moderately favorable commercial treaty. The pact recognized the right of Americans freely to navigate the Mississippi, and extended to them the privilege of depositing their goods in New Orleans for transshipment. These concessions, anxiously anticipated and highly valued in the new republic, thereafter were fixed points of American diplomacy to be defended at almost any cost.

As the American envoys in Paris and Madrid got wind of the dealings that might restore Louisiana to France, they recognized the threat to the position in New Orleans that American merchants had laboriously won. France could resist pressure from the United States as Spain had not; and the Directory, already hostile, might be tempted to strike at America by choking off the Mississippi trade. If the cession could not be avoided, it was of the utmost importance to secure some advance recognition from the French of the special American interests in Louisiana.

4

THIS atmosphere of relative stalemate persisted throughout the closing years of the eighteenth century. In Madrid, in Paris, in Washington, the diplomats continued to compose their crafty notes. Godoy, the Queen of Spain, Talleyrand, and Robert R. Livingston, the American envoy to Paris, weighed their calculating words as if these alone would be decisive. Only along the frontier of Louisiana was there movement, as impatient men sifted in along the border whether the Spaniards wished it or not.

The apparent calm was shattered by the initiative of the most decisive actor in the drama. As the new century began, Louisiana acquired a place in the calculations of Napoleon, the First Consul of France.

Imperial visions had always dazzled the Corsican. As he looked back over the distance he had already come in a decade, his mind leaped ahead in eager expectation to what might be in store for him. The Revolution had made everything possible. It had turned a corporal into the ruler of France. It might yet do more.

One dazzling military success after another inflated his dreams, which became increasingly spectacular, and his steadily growing power fixed the image of empire in his ambitious mind.

At first, the empire of his imagination had been situated in the exotic East. Napoleon saw himself as the liberator and master of the fabled Orient, successor to Alexander the Great and the Caesars. But the failure of his Egyptian expedition and the likelihood of conflict with England in that area changed the direction of his thoughts. Now his

visions focused upon an American setting. Josephine, herself a Creole, may have fired his imagination with her descriptions of the lush islands set in the azure seas of the Caribbean. Or, it may be, he suddenly realized that the New World might offer more scope for his rising star than the Old. In any case, Napoleon set about building an American empire for France.

Napoleon's vision of a New France differed significantly from that of the Bourbons. It was not to the frozen St. Lawrence or to the remote forests of Canada that Napoleon's mind turned, but to the tropical islands of the West Indies. Santo Domingo was already in his hands. Guadeloupe and Martinique had once been French and could be made so again. And as Spain's hold on her Caribbean possessions weakened, other prizes would readily drop into the grasp of the strongest power on the spot.

In the past, the weakness of these islands had lain in their lack of a continental base. Rich in sugar, they were nevertheless compelled to depend for food and supplies on trade; and their remoteness from France rendered them vulnerable to naval attack. But suppose they were to be supplied with such a base! All the problems of the past would vanish!

It was in this form that Louisiana acquired a place in Napoleon's dreams. His New France would extend its sheltering arms round the whole Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean, taking in not only the islands but also Louisiana and the Floridas. Resting on a fulcrum at New Orleans, the two great areas of the empire could balance one another. The West Indian islands could produce the tropical staples precious in the markets of Europe. At the same time, a thriving French population in Louisiana could afford the islands military protection and also produce the grains and foodstuffs to feed them. Strong ties of commerce would hold the whole empire together and would attach it economically as well as militarily to France. This creation would be a counterweight to the perennial threat of superior British sea power.

Napoleon proceeded vigorously to make this imaginary empire a reality. The first step was to regain Louisiana.

Napoleon viewed the leisurely diplomatic negotiations in Madrid with impatience. The prospect that Godoy and the queen might continue to draw upon a seemingly endless series of pretexts for delay was intolerable. At Napoleon's insistence, the Spaniards at last agreed to cede Louisiana to the French in the Treaty of San Ildefonso in 1800. This stage of imperial aggrandizement was now complete.

The Americans were immediately affected. The prospect that the territory would shortly fall under Napoleon's control lent urgency to the efforts of the Americans to secure the right of deposit for their goods at New Orleans. A special mission with that

objective was now entrusted to Robert R. Livingston of New York.

Livingston was an excellent choice. He came from a distinguished family and had ably served the state and nation in several capacities. As a member of the Continental Congress, he had organized its department of foreign affairs. Although his name had not been attached to any of the spectacular negotiations of the past, he had had considerable diplomatic experience. More than that, he was animated both by a strong sense of his country's interests and by a feeling for the proprieties. He was attracted to the best in French culture and was as likely as any American to know his way about Paris.

Since his retirement from politics he had been living at Clermont, his estate on the Hudson, where he led the life of a country gentleman, patron of the arts and of agriculture. Without political ambition, he nevertheless understood the importance of the task now assigned him. He assumed the mission as a duty, knowing that its fulfillment would call for his most earnest efforts.

Livingston sailed with instructions either to prevent the retrocession of Louisiana to France, or, failing that, to attempt to purchase New Orleans and West Florida. He had not the least prospect of success. On arriving in Paris, he soon found that his every approach to the foreign ministry seemed doomed to futility. Talleyrand hardly bothered to be courteous, for there was no likelihood that Napoleon would give up the least part of his holdings in the Caribbean.

Indeed, the First Consul's determination to establish his American empire was stronger than ever. The peace that was made with England in 1801 restored to France the West Indian islands which the British had previously captured. At the same time, an imposing expedition of twenty thousand men under General Leclerc was dispatched to restore order in Santo Domingo, where the violent Negro uprising under Toussaint L'Ouverture had by now run its course. By a combined display of force and cajolery the French were finally able to reach an understanding with the leaders of the Blacks. There remained only the matter of taking actual possession of Louisiana, of establishing a government there, and of making the territory permanently French. To this task, too, the First Consul energetically devoted himself.

In the summer of 1802, Napoleon prepared a great expedition to cross the Atlantic and to plant the French flag in New Orleans. In Holland, on the river Scheldt, a sizable armada of ships, thousands of soldiers, and vast stores of equipment were gathered under General Victor. In all, some 2 million francs were expended in the effort.

The expedition readied itself during the summer at the little Dutch town of Helvoet Sluys. But the occasions for delay seemed almost endless.

Materials were difficult to come by and were assembled slowly. Then, it seemed, no definite sailing date could be set, because the Spanish court continued its intolerable evasive tactics and had not yet actually issued the order to cede the territory to the French. Godoy and Maria Louisa apparently had not yet come to the end of their efforts to extort the maximum price in the bargain. Not until the middle of October, 1802, fully two years after the treaty had been signed, were the minister and the queen compelled to yield. At that point, General Victor's expedition was instructed to prepare to depart.

Godoy's evasive tactics had proved costly for the French. The months spent in waiting for action from Madrid had seen the summer and fall go by. Now the northern winter was beginning to close in. General Victor hastened his final preparations. One morning, as he was almost in readiness, he woke to find an advancing edge of frost moving across the harbor of Helvoet Sluys. Before he could act, the whole expedition was icebound.

The Dutch winter and the ice lasted through January and February, while Victor's men consumed the supplies that should have carried them to Louisiana. Sitting idly in their quarters, the French commanders still planned the occupation and the government of the new territory; and when spring released the harbor from the grip of ice, the fleet once more prepared to set sail.

A violent storm occasioned a new delay of two weeks. But at last, in April, the troops were embarked. The pilots boarded the ships and were on the point of taking the fleet through the estuary to the open waters when a halt was called. Word had come that a courier bore dispatches from Paris. General Victor now learned to his amazement that the whole expedition had been recalled. Louisiana had been sold to the Americans. The delay had altered the plans of his government.

5

IN PARIS, the months had gone fruitlessly by for Livingston, idle against his will. He made no perceptible progress in his mission. In October, 1802, he had reached an impasse from which there was no apparent exit. Then, too, the whole problem was complicated by an act of deliberate mischief on the part of Godoy — an act directed against Napoleon but one that injured mostly the Americans.

Godoy had come bitterly to resent the pressure put on him by the French; and the queen not too delicately played upon his wounded vanity. Maria Louisa had been granted her Italian lands. But they were not the provinces for which she had hoped. Furthermore, they went not to her brother but to her nephew; nor had they yet actually been handed over. In the whole transaction, Maria

Louisa and Godoy felt that Napoleon had been highhanded and arbitrary. Subtly they found an occasion for getting back at the First Consul by embroiling him with the Americans. If France was to have Louisiana, let it be with as many vexing problems as possible. A few days after Spain ordered the cession of Louisiana to the French, the governor at New Orleans, no doubt at Godoy's instigation, withdrew the right of deposit accorded the Americans by Pinckney's treaty.

For the farmers of the West, this was disastrous. Colonial produce could no longer float down the inland waters and be transshipped at New Orleans for export. The gates to the open world had been slammed shut. This was a blow not only at American trade but at America's capacity to expand. Although the privilege was before long restored, the incident revealed dramatically that the Americans were right to fear their dependence upon an alien power at the mouth of the Mississippi. His earlier experiences with Talleyrand gave Livingston little ground for the belief that the French might be more tractable or more considerate of American interests.

Livingston had offered to pay 20 million francs for New Orleans and Florida. As an alternative, he was willing to let New Orleans become a free port. But he was still not hopeful that either proposal would be accepted, although James Monroe was on his way to assist in the negotiations. Yet as the winter passed in casual interchanges with Talleyrand, he found the rebuffs fewer. His suggestions were received with moderate politeness, and somehow conversations drifted to discussions of concrete terms. This was the most encouraging sign the Americans had yet had.

The change in attitude reflected a change in Napoleon's plans. The ice that held his ships in the harbor at Helvoet Sluys altered his view of the whole situation. The winter went by and his American empire was no nearer reality. In January came disastrous news from the West Indies. Yellow fever had stricken General Leclerc's army, swept away a substantial part of his manpower, and left him open to a defeat by the resurgent Negroes. The troops that should by then have been available in Louisiana to reinforce him were still in Holland. To establish the New World colony would now entail higher cost, more imposing difficulties than anyone had imagined a few months back.

Napoleon's finance minister, François Barbé-Marbois, was himself a Creole and knew at first hand the difficulties of establishing control in Santo

Domingo. For years he had labored to bring order into the fiscal affairs of the French state, and his calculating mind was distressed by the prospect of new expenditures. Millions of francs would have to be devoted to a new expedition. Was it worth the cost?

It was Napoleon's strength neither to admit defeat nor to be trapped by stubborn adherence to a ruinous course. When confronted by a mistake, he had the consoling capacity to persuade himself that it was something else he had really wanted all along. So now, as the difficulties of establishing an American empire became clear, he concluded that the stakes were too high. His thoughts shifted back to Europe. Why should not his empire be in the Old World rather than the New? Shortly he would become emperor of the French, and already he was thinking of the entire continent as his domain.

Louisiana suddenly became a useless encumbrance. Napoleon might have restored it to the Spaniards. But the actions of the court in Madrid had so antagonized him that any alternative seemed preferable. It was almost certain that his developing European ambitions would embroil him in difficulties with the English. And in the new war which would shortly break forth, there might be some value to American good will. In March, 1803, he determined to hand over the whole of Louisiana to the Americans.

Talleyrand waited until April to act. Then, in the midst of a casual conversation with Livingston, he proposed the sale of the whole territory. It took the startled envoy only a few minutes to leap at the suggestion, once he was sure his ears had not deceived him. Before the month was over, before General Victor could leave Helvoet Sluys, Louisiana was American for some \$15 million.

The vast expanse between the Mississippi and the mountains was thus joined to the young American republic. President Jefferson realized at once the import of the windfall. Certainty as to the necessity of the purchase overcame whatever doubts he may have had as to his constitutional powers to effect it.

Shortly Lewis and Clark and Zebulon Pike would penetrate the unknown spaces of the territory. After them would come the bands of trappers and traders, and at last the numberless legions of husbandmen. Thanks to the ice that had formed across the waters of a remote Dutch harbor, the advancing host of American settlers moving westward towards the Pacific at a turning point in our history now found the way open before them.



A doctor of medicine, now in his thirty-third year, RICHARD GORDON started practice in 1945 as an anesthetist and worked for a time as a ship's doctor. Out of his experience he has written two humorous books which have had an enormous success in England and which have been published in this country by Harcourt, Brace: Doctor in the House and Doctor at Sea. J. Arthur Rank has made a motion picture of the first, and the second is in process of being filmed. Mr. Gordon lives in Oxford with his wife and ten-month-old son and is now devoting his full time to writing. His first novel, The Captain's Table, recently made its debut in England.

THE COMMON COLD

by RICHARD GORDON

THE common cold is really a highly popular complaint throughout the temperate regions of the world where it is endemic. It has all the attractions of an illness and none of the disadvantages, for it never kills anyone and always gets better within a fortnight. Meanwhile it acts as a magnet for sympathy in midwinter, when sympathy is needed the most; it grants a week's leave from the office at a time when holidays are miserably balanced between recollection and anticipation; and as it makes no difference to the prognosis whether treatment is given or not, each cold offers its victims a delightful exercise in self-doctoring.

The English, who take their ailments less sadly than some of their other pleasures, have now passed more than six years of the free National Health Service with their enthusiasm for treating their own colds wholly undiminished. These home cures generally follow one of three distinct courses, and as each reflects the psychology of the sufferer let us examine them in detail. They are: 1) the Fresh-Air Treatment; 2) the Scientific Attack; 3) the Coddle.

The Fresh-Air treatment is practiced only by those large red-faced men in check suits who look you in the eye, slap their chests, and declare they've never owned an overcoat or been to a doctor in their lives, as if claiming freedom from original sin. They have a simple attitude to illness: it's all "psychological," from smallpox to fractured femurs. But they are only human, and in time claimed by both death and colds. The first sneeze affects them like a starter's pistol: they tear off their ties and waistcoats, stamp round the house throwing open the windows, jump into a cold bath, and upset their wives by doing breathing exercises all night in bed. The discomfort in which they wallow for a fortnight makes no difference to the course of the disease, but by rendering their surroundings unfit

for human habitation they rarely manage to infect anyone else.

The Scientific sufferer takes a much calmer view of his cold. He is generally a precise, clerkish man, who files the medical articles from the *Reader's Digest* and reads the patent-medicine advertisements like a girl looking into a bride-shop window. During the winter he gargles for five minutes with antiseptic night and morning, wears wool next to the skin, and eats sufficient calcium to keep a schoolroom in chalks. As soon as his nose starts to run he calls at the druggist's and arrives home with his brief case clinking gently with small bottles. He announces to his wife: "Think I'm getting a touch of a cold, m'dear," as though he were having a baby. He makes for the bathroom and unpacks his bag, which is filled with cough mixtures, fever pills, throat lozenges, nose drops, eye lotions, gargles, and liniments. He sets the bottles carefully on the shelf and works his way through them thoughtfully and solemnly, like a sailor trying out the drinks in a strange port.

This type of invalid follows the directions on the label with scientific precision: if it orders "An eggcupful four-hourly," he fetches an eggcup; if it says "Rub on the chest till it stings," he scrapes away until his skin begins to peel. He then has a mustard bath, soaks his feet in salt water, puts on two pairs of flannel pajamas, and goes to bed with *The Household Doctor*. No physician ever watched the recovery of a wealthy patient more sadly than he notices his own returning health. For, once he has caught his cold, he does not lightly let it go. From October to May he richly justifies the famous mistranslation of *voici l'anglais avec son sang-froid habituel* — here comes the Englishman with his usual bloody cold.

The Coddler is usually a woman, with a far more

fuzzy idea of her internal organs than the Scientific sufferer. Since girlhood she has been told that she must Take Care of a Cold or it will turn into Something Else; her life passes in a terror of Germs, which she imagines as small green animals, with red eyes and long teeth, that hide under the dustbin. Before she has blown her nose twice, the Coddler has phoned her husband's office and all her friends to explain that she has a cold, in the tone of someone announcing that smallpox has just broken out. She then pours herself a large Scotch, lights a fire in her bedroom, piles extra eiderdowns on the bed, shuts the windows, rubs herself all over with camphorated oil, phones out for grapes, calf's-foot jelly, chicken essence, barley water, Eau de Cologne, and the other prerogatives of illness, shifts the television upstairs, collects all the magazines in the house, and goes to bed. She stays there for a fortnight, her family fetching her egg-and-milk, lightly sprinkled with nutmeg, every other hour.

The interest shown by the English in their colds probably explains why the world's largest research unit for the disease is to be found at Salisbury, in southern England. This unit works in the Harvard Hospital, which was hopefully set up on the edge of Salisbury Plain by Harvard University at the beginning of the war to study the epidemics expected to sweep across England during the bombing. Although the bombs arrived, the epidemics fortunately did not, and for a long time the chief function of the Harvard Hospital was to entertain visiting British doctors with American rations. It was later taken over by the United States forces, and was presented to the British Medical Research Council and Ministry of Health in 1946.

The hospital has gained much publicity since the common cold investigations began, mainly because the experiments are conducted on human volunteers. The reason for this is simple. It has been known for forty years that a cold can be produced by dropping into the healthy nose bacteriophage filtrates of nose-washings containing virus from people suffering from the disease. Unfortunately, man and the chimpanzee are the only animals known to be susceptible to the infection, and chimpanzees are difficult to come by, expensive to feed, and awkward to keep alive in captivity. It is therefore much simpler and cheaper to use men.

About thirty-six volunteers are taken at the hospital, and kept there for ten days at a time. The only qualifications for entrants are that they must be between 18 and 45, and free from serious illness or conditions like hay fever, asthma, and sinusitis. When the experiments were begun in 1946, the doctors had doubts that sufficient volunteers would step forward year after year to keep the investigations going, but this has been the simplest problem that the unit has had to face. In summer,

you now have to book your room at the Harvard Hospital far ahead.

I don't think the volunteers step through the hospital gate in the spirit of John Hunter or Paul Ehrlich, resigned to suffer disease for the common good: to most of them the research unit offers an unusual chance to exchange a fortnight's comfortable free board and lodging for the risk of catching a cold. Many of the volunteers are students — particularly medical students — for whom the Harvard Hospital solves vacation problems: it gives them somewhere to live; it provides quiet and solitude for concentration; it keeps them away from cricket grounds, golf courses, pubs, cinemas, girls, and other traditional distractions to academic study; it is the only possible way for an undergraduate to save money, in order to enjoy these distractions more richly in the coming term; they receive three shillings a day wages and free beer.

The hospital itself is one of the untidy nests of badly painted wooden huts that were familiar enough in the English countryside during the war. Each of the huts has been turned into a house large enough to hold a family. It contains a couple of bedrooms, a sitting room, bathroom, and pantry, but is occupied only by two volunteers — no one can complain of claustrophobia. The food is cooked in a central kitchen, brought in vacuum containers, and left on the doorstep in the traditional style for feeding plague victims. The visitors are provided with a radio and an internal telephone line which supports the social life of the hospital, telephonic chess being the favorite local sport.

Most of the volunteers arrive prepared to stick out ten days playing the prisoner in the Tower, but personal restrictions at Salisbury are slight. They are allowed to wander round the grounds, walk in the surrounding countryside, and use the putting green. The only standing regulation is that volunteers must never approach within thirty feet of anyone else. The printed instructions emphasize this rule to the point of explaining that should some emergency strike a hut during the night, the occupants must ring the alarm bell outside the resident doctor's quarters and then stand back thirty feet before yelling at him "Fire!" "Thieves!" "Murder!" or whatever is appropriate.

The volunteers are also provided with a large library. The books must be chosen on arrival and cannot be changed because of the risk of cross-infection — which occasionally leads to misfortunes of the type that overtook a shy young student of English who snatched an armful of volumes entitled, as he thought, *The Art of Making Fine Poetry*, only to find himself locked in for ten days with exhaustive information on the manufacture of high-grade chinaware.

The reason for the volunteer's being at Salisbury is recalled each morning by a short visit from the doctor and matron. They arrive in sterile masks

and gowns, and for the first two days do no more than ask politely after the health of their guests. This period is reserved for the appearance of any colds picked up en route. On the third day, the doctor drops into the volunteer's nose a solution made up in the laboratory, which may contain active cold virus or may be an inert control fluid. To make cheating more difficult all round, neither the volunteer nor the doctor knows which solution is which. The volunteer is then given a record sheet similar to a score card, containing a list of symptoms like watering of the eyes, sore throat, nasal obstruction, cough, and headache, and sits back and waits. Usually nothing happens. Even if he has been given the active solution, only about 30 to 50 per cent of these inoculations develop into colds.

Eight years' work at Salisbury has produced no startling discovery about the common cold, but it has accomplished much creditable steady research. It has also disproved most of the facts about colds that we learned in the nursery, with other scraps of distasteful and inaccurate information like "rice puddings are good for you" and "spinach is full of iron." Do you remember Mother's horrified voice when you came in from playing pirates in the pond — "Take those sopping wet socks and shoes off

at once! Do you want to catch your death?" — or the beating you got for jumping out of a hot bath and chasing the cat in the garden? And the number of things you were warned that caused colds, from removing your long-sleeved underwear before May 31 to sleeping with the windows open (or shut)? All these complications of childhood have luckily been shown at the Harvard Hospital to be groundless. The common cold is an infective disease like diphtheria or influenza, and you catch it from somebody else on the bus.

The research unit laboratory has now succeeded in growing the cold virus on cultures of human embryonic lung, and shortly it will be possible to study it more conveniently in the laboratory and disband the sturdy army of volunteers. Meanwhile, the common cold continues. The Harvard Hospital still has no suggestions for a cure better than my favorite remedy of a bottle of whisky and a hat, which is both simple and effective. This is how it works: On the first sign of a cold, go to bed with a bottle of whisky and a hat. Place hat on left-hand bedpost. Take a drink of whisky and move hat to right-hand post. Take another drink and shift it back again. Continue until you drink the whisky but fail to move the hat. By then the cold is probably cured.



THE GOLDEN PALACE

by R. P. LISTER

THE Golden Palace where I dwell
Is taller than the roofs of trees;
And there I shriek and there I yell
As loud and often as I please,
And nobody is moved to tell
Me not to laugh, or turn the keys.

Throughout its halls four-footed things
Lumber and snuffle, scratch and lurk;
Across its ceilings birds with wings
Fly (for the gadgets really work);
Then one or other of them sings,
Though sometimes with the slightest jerk.

Deep in the caissons of the roof
Planets revolve, and stars explode.
Here stamps old Taurus with his hoof,
Orion crunches down the road,
Cygnus, the haughty, glides aloof,
And Lyra sounds through my abode.

But, in the drawing rooms, the waves
Pound on the skirtings, piling froth;
And in the butler's pantry raves
The wild northeaster. Behemoth
Roars in the larder; and the graves
Of Pict and Roman, Gaul and Goth

Below the bedroom carpet lie,
Along with bone of dog and mouse.
Above the rafters spirits cry,
And in the cellars ghouls carouse.
O fortunate, O blessed I,
Who dwell in such a *gorgeous* house!



The wife of Everett Case, President of Colgate University, JOSEPHINE YOUNG CASE has written this moving and evocative account of a wartime commencement such as was taking place on campuses all over this country a decade ago. There is idealism here, as there is in her poetry. She is the author of At Midnight On the 31st of March, Written in Sand, and Freedom's Farm, published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

WHITE COMMENCEMENT

by JOSEPHINE YOUNG CASE

1

SOME of the seniors thought it would be a good plan not to have any Commencement at all. They were of the class of 1943 although they were to graduate in December of 1942, and in the general spirit of sacrifice and business-not-as-usual that swept the country as the first anniversary of Pearl Harbor came round, a petition was gotten up to urge upon the administration the sacrifice of Commencement too. It seemed a good idea and many signed. But later when the Dean, a veteran of World War I, talked to them, the majority decided that they might be cheating themselves and their fathers and mothers; so they voted to hold Commencement not as usual but in a simplified way.

The date was first set for December 20, but soon the college received notice that the boys who had enlisted in the Marines would be called before that time. In a hastily summoned meeting that provoked a warm debate, the Faculty decided that Commencement could and should be moved ahead to Sunday, December 13. After this announcement the telephone and telegraph offices were swamped with calls. Parents in fifteen states were notified by anxious sons that if they were coming to Commencement they would have to hurry.

At the Inn the few remaining maids who had not yet left for war jobs scurried to get the place ready and the rooms made up. The vacuum cleaner ran continuously. And all over the town housewives who rented rooms cleaned house in haste.

At schools, in sorority houses, in homes, girls tore open special-delivery letters and remade their plans for the weekend. Hairdressers were called to the phone for new appointments. The dress shops did a good business. And all through the many heads busied with these affairs ran the undercurrent of thought like a somber refrain: "This may be the last time I shall see him — for a long time, anyway." — "This is the last of

his college life, of peace, of youth." — "This is the end." — "This is the beginning."

On Saturday the 12th, the seniors began to pack. The accumulations of three and a quarter years were thrown away or stuffed into the already gaping bags and trunks. The underclassmen were mostly gone for the holidays, and all over the campus hung the air of untidy desolation and impending finality that is usually associated with the warm air and still sunshine of June.

But on this day the snow fell lightly from fast-moving broken clouds. The yellow sun peered through, then disappeared. The wind carried the snow into little drifts at the corners of the fraternity houses, and the boys wore their ski boots as they clattered in and out.

At the President's house the children had put up a Christmas tree and were hanging dozens of ornaments upon it. The older ones gave loud directions continually and the younger ones, in their eagerness to help, dropped ball after ball until the rug was covered with little glittering fragments. The daughter hung the mistletoe in the doorway and wondered secretly in her ten-year-old heart what the result would be. The President's wife hurried about town collecting the food and drink, the paper napkins, the red candles necessary for the coming party, while in the kitchen the butler and cook exchanged a few sharp words.

The Dean and the President conferred in the latter's office. There were fewer casualties than usual in the graduating class this year. Either the Faculty, impressed by the imminence of war's demands upon their pupils, had been kind where kindness was possible, or the boys had earnestly applied themselves to their final civilian duties. There were some, however, upon whom neither grace had fallen, and no amount of re-adding could possibly bring their credits up to the necessary number. The Dean left unhappily to notify

them, and the President went on signing the 185 diplomas of the more fortunate ones. The heavy parchment paper curled in waves over the desk as the India ink flowed from the pen above the engraved *Praeses* and the attentive secretary carefully removed each one to dry without blotting.

At the chapel the Marshal drilled the class in the procedures of Commencement. They shambled across the platform in their plaid shirts, learning the proper place to stand to receive the diploma and when to tip the cap, thinking all the while of boot training or parade grounds at dawn.

The parents began to arrive. The Inn was filled with the sound of greetings and the smell of snow on fur. The strip of carpet across the lobby was covered with heel-shapes of snow melting in little pools of water. The harassed room clerk tried to disentangle his reservations. The waitresses served coffee and doughnuts in the Tavern Room and the porter said the second bus from the city was an hour late on account of the bad condition of the roads. Mothers secretly but eagerly pressed the firm flesh of their sons' arms, fathers shook hands long and hard, young sisters and brothers made a nuisance of themselves.

The boy from Iowa looked at his father who had traveled a night and a day to reach him and wondered desperately if the President would feel it necessary to tell of that escapade at Tony's Bar. Thank God the judge had been kindhearted and let them off without a record; thank God the President had done the same — though after what a talking-to! They had understood he had meant no harm; but Dad would never understand.

In the afternoon the seniors brought their fathers and mothers and relatives, and girls if they had them, to the reception at the President's house. The late sun was golden on the little drifts of snow, the dark trunks of trees threw blue shadows, the campus had never looked lovelier. Inside, the house was warm and bright, the lights on the Christmas tree were gay and welcoming. One by one the seniors brought forward their families, some shy, some eager, all proud, all serious. Fat mothers, small mothers, pretty mothers, plain mothers, fathers of all shapes and descriptions, went by. How the boys show their origin, thought the President's wife as the long procession passed; in each one you can see the parents over again; they are one, these families, they are units, indivisible. "I am so glad you could come," she said over and over again; "we were so afraid the difficulties of travel, the change in date, would keep you away. We are so happy to have you here. We shall miss your boy so much." It was true. Who would not miss them and they going God knows where? The President took pains to speak at some length to each father and mother. He hoped that each one left with a special feeling.

The little sisters and brothers with shining faces

shook hands softly, their little fingers limp. The grandmothers' eyes shone brightly behind their glasses; this is an old story but somehow each time more dear.

In the dining room the cider and Christmas cookies disappeared. The seniors introduced their families to each other, the little brothers and sisters made a beeline for the gingerbread men. The daughter of the house noticed with disappointment that no one made use of the mistletoe.

While more guests were coming, others said good-by. Chicago, Westchester, Texas, Detroit, Long Island, Salem, Syracuse — all gathered together for this brief moment in common cause, spoke of the beauty of the college, its gift to their sons, its future. The parents now felt with the boys a rush of enthusiasm and sentiment for the old stone buildings on the lovely hill. At last everyone was gone, the children ate up all the cookies that were left, the butler swept up the crumbs, and the dog was released from his prison in the cellar.

2

AFTER supper everyone hurried to the level space by the lake in front of the Union. A fire burned brightly on the ground, and to the seniors assembled round it in their caps and gowns the professor of philosophy spoke briefly. The wind blew the flames, blew the black gowns, blew away the serious and tender words. Then the seniors lit at the fire their kerosene-soaked torches and marched single file down the path at the edge of the lake. Overhead the interlacing willow branches leaped to view, the snow gleamed pinkly all around, the thin ice on the water reflected sudden gleams. Beneath each torch the face of its bearer stood out boldly, the nose jutting from eye-wells of shadow, the mouth firm and determined. Soldiers on some strange night attack, savages at some grim celebration, young priests at the altar of an ancient god . . . In long line at the water's edge they sang the "Alma Mater," the song sounding low and distant across the water; one end was slightly out of time with the other and the effect was one of weird melancholy and sadness. At the last the flaming torches hissed in the lake, went out with a splendid steam, and the seniors came running back to their silent audience, boys in caps and gowns once more.

For the evening, the local movie theater was taken over by the Dramatic Club, and every seat was filled. It was a melodrama with the murdered body right on the stage and a circle of ghoulish criminals and innocent bystanders around it. The senior from New England played the cynical and melancholic poet who at last laid bare the crime. His mother looked on with amazement. In reality he was fresh-faced, sweet-natured, clear-eyed. His

father was thinking of what the boy would learn at Parris Island.

When the curtain went down, the audience, pleasantly horrified, clapped loudly. The grinning cast appeared for a curtain call, and the chattering audience slowly departed. The President and his wife congratulated the actors. On the way out a group of seniors waylaid the President and asked if something couldn't be done about one of the boys who could not graduate. The others no one defended; but this one had been popular, and almost good enough to get by. The President, feeling sad, said no to the anxious faces around him. "It wouldn't be fair," he said, "to him or anyone."

Downstairs at the Inn the taproom was filled and the young voices went on and on. In some of the fraternity houses there was dancing, and some drinking, but not so much as at other Commencements. The boy from Iowa refused to take a drink and thought of the abysmal hell of the morning when he woke and remembered what had happened at Tony's Bar.

Very early Sunday morning, long before the late dawn of wartime winter, the superintendent of grounds climbed out of bed and peered out the window. Seeing the snow whirl thickly and the new layer of several inches on the sill, he went to the telephone. "Dan, you better get Harold and the other men right away. Get out both plows — every road on the campus must be cleared. Clean out a big place around the chapel. It's snowing like the devil."

The President, hearing the plow go by, looked at his watch and rolled over with a groan, thinking with a sudden stab of his Commencement address, on which he had worked so hard and which he felt was so inadequate. What could one say to boys setting out upon such errands as these; boys for whom one felt such affection, such apprehension?

At the Inn the mothers and sisters dressed carefully in their best, soon to be hidden under fur coats and galoshes. At the fraternity houses the boys dug their cars out of the snow, threw in their last belongings, ready for a quick getaway after the ceremonies were over. At the chapel the men were clearing the steps of the soft, light snow that endlessly drifted back. Inside, the student marshals were looping long streamers of ribbon along the reserved pews.

Half an hour before the ceremonies were supposed to begin, the cars started coming up the long hill, and warm-wrapped cargoes were delivered at the chapel steps. "What weather!" they said to one another. "What weather for Commencement!" In the hall next door the seniors were donning their caps and gowns, making fun of each other, secretly serious. Across the way the Faculty were decked in hoods of all colors; the President was wearing his new hood, gaudy with orange and purple.

The organ began to play. Everybody stood up. The heavy silk flags came down the aisle. The crowded chapel was enlivened with bright colors, with an access of vitality and warmth, as though the entrance of the long file of teachers and students generated a strong current that vibrated in every breast. Families looked eagerly for their darlings; the boys — though endeavoring to appear not to be looking — searched also and small secret smiles were exchanged.

Outside, the snow sifted on the roof, on all the gray stone buildings, catching in the cornices and window frames, in the old trees that had seen so many Commencements but none like this. Inside, the President spoke gravely, looking very young in his gold-tasseled cap. The long rows of faces looked up at him. The black-gowned seniors sat very still, their faces showed nothing. The veils and feathers on the women's hats jiggled slightly. The children shifted in their seats, trying to count the stars in the big service flag behind the platform.

Now the Dean was reading the list of names; whenever he came to a *cum laude* a small fire of clapping ran through the room. A *magna* rated more prolonged applause. And when he came to the one *summa cum laude*, the roof reverberated and the boy's mother burst into tears. One by one the seniors came to the platform to receive their diplomas and their dark-red-lined hoods. The audience watched fascinated to see each roll handed out, each hood put on, each man received with a few words by the President. One fellow tried to leave before his hood could be put over his head, and laughter ran lightly as the President held him back.

There was clapping for each one, and no lessening of it throughout; for each one his friends and family made a special little claque, to whom he was the central performer of the day. When the long list was finished they sang with a great outpouring of relief, regret, pride, sorrow, and gladness the "Alma Mater." For its brief span the whole congregation was knit into one; for now these many hearts were one, this never-to-be-again-united assemblage was united in a moment without a name, the epitome of the end and the beginning which was this day.

The attendant minister pronounced the benediction, the organ played the recessional, the academic procession slowly withdrew. Little by little the families and friends followed, speaking softly, laughing lightly, some eyes shining, some shadowed, some merely tired. Outside in the portico in the snow they joined their sons; the black gowns flapped in the snowy wind, the new hoods were handsome against their black and the snow's white. Cars drove up, cries of farewell began to be exchanged. Group by group the crowd departed, seeking shelter from the wind, from the snow, from the chill in their own hearts.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



A native New Yorker, MARJORIE HOUSEPIAN grew up near Gramercy Park not far from the Armenian section where most of her Armenian relatives still live. In her early teens she spent two years abroad; she attended the New York public schools and graduated from Barnard College in 1944. She is now working as secretary to the President of Barnard, and has been studying writing at Columbia under Martha Foley.

HOW CAN YOU SHAME A DONKEY?

by MARJORIE ANAÏS HOUSEPIAN

THERE was a time when the Excel Plumbing Fixture establishment on East 27th Street was the site of Pousant's Armenian Specialties, a restaurant that my great-uncle Pousant started upon his arrival in the States in 1925. My most poignant memories of the restaurant are of that summer when, because of a trip my parents were forced to make, I lived in a small room off the kitchen. There could not have been a pleasanter location for a ten-year-old with a gargantuan appetite.

During my visit I was theoretically under the guardianship of Uncle Pousant's wife, Hadji, a raucous lady with tattoos acquired while on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem some twenty years before. "Hadji" was a title given anyone fortunate enough to make the trip, and the tattoos, depicting the Crucifixion on one arm and Mary Magdalene washing the Lord's feet on the other, had at one time been marks of great distinction. Hadji's given name was Astghik, meaning "little star," and had obviously been bestowed by a shortsighted parent, for she towered over her husband and weighed close to three hundred pounds.

Hadji was a wonderful guardian. For one thing, she operated on the theory that life is short and God is good, and that if you concentrated on food and wore a bit of camphor under your dress, He and Uncle Pousant would take care of the less pleasant details. This seemed to me to be a very sensible attitude. For another, she was fervently devoted to midnight snacks, and it was tacitly understood that I might join her if I were awake.

Sometime after midnight I would be awakened by Hadji making a great clatter as she descended

the stairs, with many feigned groans and exclamations of "Ssssh" to imaginary cats and dogs. My door would be open, and her huge form bundled in yards of white flannel and bright blue shawl would throw a mountainous shadow on the wall beside me. Tossing on my bathrobe, I would run to the kitchen, where she would have already set two places.

"What!" Hadji would exclaim. "You are awake at this hour!"

"I couldn't sleep, Hadji, the truck noises —"

Hadji would cluck her tongue several times. "We-ll, as long as you are up now, how about a little dolma?"

We would devour what seemed like bowls of leftover grape leaves stuffed with rice, and dozens of paper-thin pastry envelopes filled with melted cheese, and many skewers of shish-kebab, topped off with any number of desserts soaked in syrup, and all washed down with creamy yogurt. It might have been exactly what we had for dinner, but it always tasted infinitely better at that daring hour, with Hadji's sleeves rolled and her elbows resting on the table so that I might study the tattoos, while she would try to explain what had made Mary Magdalene a nasty woman — something which had never been cleared up satisfactorily in Sunday school — and obligingly flex her muscles, making the foot-washing scene come to life. The artist had outdone himself on the Crucifixion, and long after I had gone to bed I would be haunted by the agonized expressions on the faces of the two thieves.

When I awoke one morning, sunlight was filtering through the fire escape, casting stripes on the mottled brown wallpaper. My room was furnished with bizarre accessories which suited Hadji's taste and

mine perfectly. It was a strange combination of Coney Island and the Jerusalem pilgrimage, so that ornate crucifixes and incense burners vied with fuchsia-colored feather dusters and a highly rouged doll in a peach taffeta overskirt. The doll was Madame Bon-Bon and we were on a strictly "How are you this morning?" relationship, carrying on our formal conversation until Uncle Pousant stood in the doorway hammering the bottom of a very large frying pan with a wooden spoon.

Hadji was sleeping off a third helping of halva, so that now I shared the kitchen table with Uncle for a breakfast of fried eggs and a spoonful of Turkish coffee in a glass of milk. I thought his handle-bar mustache the longest and fiercest in the world, and watched admiringly as he wiped the ends with a paper napkin after each sip of coffee. Uncle Pousant was not in a communicative mood at that early hour. He was absorbed in planning the day's menu, and he mumbled to himself about stewed eggplant and remembering to order onions, staring all the while through the burners on the coal stove. After the menu was arranged to his satisfaction he tilted his chair, raised his feet to the stove, and lit the stubby remnant of a cigar which had been left over from the previous morning.

Uncle Pousant's shoes were almost as interesting as Hadji's tattoos. It was not merely that they were large or very black or turned up at the toes and wrinkled at the ankles, or even bulbous where the bunions must have been, but possibly because of all these things, and because they were high — the only high ones of similar size that I had ever seen — and shaped to his feet, that the poor things had a distinct and melancholy character. I could almost hear them carry on forlorn conversations with each other, moaning and complaining about being tired, while Uncle Pousant looked intently at the toes.

2

UNCLE POUSANT was never so happy as when he was pondering problems, great or small. In the evening it would be the Prime Minister of Great Britain or the foreign policy of Yugoslavia. In the morning it was usually the price of artichokes and the janitor.

Uncle Pousant's relations with the janitor had been deteriorating for many years. The origin of the feud had long been forgotten, but at the time of my visit it was concentrated on the question of who was to sweep the courtyard behind the restaurant. This was a rectangular area directly outside our kitchen door which faced the rear of a six-story apartment building apparently tenanted entirely by families who owned no garbage cans. Setrag, the dishwasher, had been sweeping it each morning, until the day came when Uncle Pousant began enumerating the janitor's offenses and decided that

the courtyard was the janitor's responsibility. Setrag was on his way out the door with the broom when Uncle Pousant called him back. "Setrag," he said, "you are forbidden to sweep the courtyard."

Setrag stared blankly for a moment and then began to clear his ear with his index finger. "What say, boss?" I had heard him mumble to himself on many a hot morning about the indignity of the assignment.

"I said you are forbidden to sweep the courtyard!" said Uncle Pousant firmly.

Setrag smiled until his gold tooth showed. "Hokay, boss!"

In a very few days the courtyard was littered with bits of paper, orange peels, broken beer bottles, and several thousand cigarette butts. It was obviously a question of days before the tide would rise to the level of our doorsill. Hadji, who was casual in all things except matters of cleanliness, began to threaten to clean it herself, one morning, when the janitor appeared at the kitchen door.

"JahneeTOR!" cried Uncle Pousant, using the word as though it were a proper name. "That yard is a disgrace to my establishment."

"You're damn right, it's disgusting," said the janitor. He had a slight cast in his left eye which gave him a shifty-eyed look. I could see that it made Uncle Pousant uncomfortable too, for he glared first at one eye and then at the other. "I came here to tell you to get your man after it. It ain't my garbage!"

"Are you a statue that you cannot attend to your tasks, you indolent son of a ne'er-do-well father and a slothful mother whose nose-holes should be looking down in shame?" Uncle, in his excitement, spoke mostly in Armenian, but the janitor caught the general tone of his remarks.

"Watch your language, buddy," he muttered, unable to stare down Uncle Pousant any longer, and he walked away, kicking an empty tin can lying in front of the door.

"I'll just go out this once and the man will feel ashamed," said Hadji, easing her way toward the door with the broom.

"Shamed!" said Uncle. "Shamed! How can you shame a donkey? A miserable idiot of an excuse for a human being! I will not give in. I would be shamed."

"I will give in, not you," said Hadji, but Uncle Pousant firmly took the broom from her hands.

"Pigs!" said Uncle Pousant, referring to our neighbors. "May they spend all eternity cleaning the ashes from the hell fires."

"We will have mice," said Hadji, but Uncle Pousant was now deep in thought. We waited while he puffed his cigar furiously for a few seconds, a sign that a solution would soon be offered. In a few moments he threw the cigar butt into the stove and slapped his thigh.

"Eshalah!"

"All right," said Hadji, "what are you going to do?"

"I am afraid," said Uncle Pousant, "that I shall have to take this matter to the highest authorities. I shall write to the Board of Health!" Uncle Pousant considered this agency on a par with the United States Senate. "The Board of Health!" Uncle Pousant repeated. "Anafs, get some paper and write this. I will tell you, I will tell you," he added as I began to protest. "Go on, go on, get the paper."

I ran to my room and came back with a pad and pencil.

"Write!" said Uncle Pousant. "But translate it well. 'My Honored Sirs.'"

I interrupted. "My teacher says that you begin letters 'Dear Sir,'" I said.

"Your teacher comes from peasant stock," said Uncle Pousant. "Also, she was not considering that you would be writing to the Board of Health. Write as I tell you, 'My Honored Sirs.'" I wrote.

"My Honored Sirs.

"Forgive me for crossing upon your noble paths with my small problems. Your work is of the Highest Order and may your two eyes never grow cold in the performance of your duties."

"In English this sounds silly," I said.

"Write!" said Uncle Pousant. "This is poetry, not prose.

"Eight years have I stood upon your glorious soil and breathed your free air. Eight years have I labored in the restaurant business — Pousant's Armenian Specialties, 125 East 27 Street — in your land of purity and sunshine. Eight years have your inspectors found fit to smile upon my spotless kitchens.

"But now, in my happiest days, misfortunes are creeping to my very doors. Darkness is coming upon me and a blackness such as I have never seen before is beginning to engulf my establishment. I implore your aid.

"May the lights always shine in your eyes to the great glory of the United States of America. May I remain always, your obedient servant in the restaurant business, Pousant Kaymakamian, Proprietor, Pousant's Armenian Specialties."

"Is that all?" I said.

"Read it to me," said Uncle Pousant. "I will not understand all of it but I will get the thoughts." I read it to him.

"It has not the beauty of the Armenian," said Uncle Pousant, "but what can you do? It's their language."

"You haven't told them about the yard," I said, "or the janitor, or the orange peels or anything."

"My girl," said Uncle Pousant patiently, "this is the Board of Health. Do you have to say 'One and one is two' to the Board of Health? Go on, go on, send it."

"It sounds very good," said Hadji, "what I can

understand. But I think you should have mentioned the janitor."

"You don't understand about such things," said Uncle Pousant, and he went back to the artichokes.

3

A FEW days later, around seven o'clock in the evening, eight or nine relatives newly arrived in America had gathered for dinner as usual at the long banquet table at the far end of the restaurant. Uncle Pousant would at night become extremely talkative, though I never quite understood these nightly discussions. The talk always centered on revolutions, each relative having lived through at least one in some part of the globe. At the time, I thought that the Armenian for "revolution" meant the equivalent of earthquake, and I arrived at the conclusion that they were all rather foolish to have sat around in places where the earth was prone to quaking. Uncle Pousant was the revolutionary authority in the family. He had, by some quirk of fate, been present at no fewer than four — two in Turkey and two in Russia — and this seemed to make him a savant on subjects political ranging from the Republican primaries to the trouble in Alsace-Lorraine.

Uncle Pousant felt it his duty to impart some of what he considered his broad knowledge of American politics to his newly arrived relatives. At some time during the evening he would be holding forth on one subject or another, as oblivious of the scattered customers intent upon their meals as they were of him. Most of these were regulars and often joined the family for dessert and Turkish coffee, but occasionally a stranger or two, probably drawn by the seductive smell of the frying koefas, entered the restaurant, and Uncle would stop his fist-pounding long enough to shout "Welcome, welcome," and wave them to a cozy side table.

"*Odar* — foreigner," he would whisper to Minas, the waiter, indicating that these must receive the special treatment. This meant bringing the clean linen, fetching the good silver and untarnished saltcellars, and, no matter what the order, serving pulaki — layers of lamb, tomato, and eggplant baked in a cheese sauce — which never failed to elicit rapt expressions from the diners.

This night, after the dinner was over and while the Turkish coffee was being served, a policeman entered the restaurant and asked to speak to the proprietor. The officer was a mild enough looking soul — even seemed a bit startled when he saw Pousant. All he wanted, he told me, was to sell some lotteries for the Police Force Relief Association. But Uncle might have been confronted with the President himself. He bowed several times and, as usual in his excitement, spoke entirely in Armenian.

"You honor me, sir," he said. The policeman

looked puzzled, and since no one was offering to help out, I volunteered.

"You honor him," I told the officer.

"For what?" asked the policeman.

"For what?" I asked Uncle in Armenian.

"For *what!* For doing me this honor, as a representative of the government, for coming to my aid as its lawful emissary. I, who came to this country eight years ago; I, who —" It began to dawn on me that Uncle believed the officer had been sent by the Board of Health.

"He wants to sell some chances," I broke in.

"What in hell is he talking about?" asked the officer.

"He thinks you've been sent by the government," I said, trying to condense it a bit.

"I'll be damned," said the policeman. By this time Uncle had raised his glass of raki and was heatedly toasting the officer and the United States of America. The policeman scratched his head, then turned around and started to leave. But Uncle Pousant was not one to let an emissary of the government slip through his fingers. As soon as he saw that the officer was leaving, he rushed in front of him, blocked the exit, and proceeded to usher him to his own seat, shouting all the while for Minas to fetch the linen and set a new place. The officer began to wipe his forehead with a large polka-dotted handkerchief. He looked around and seemed relieved when he spotted me. "Tell him thanks, but I've got to be getting along," he said. I conveyed the message, but Uncle waved his hand back and forth and laughed knowingly, taking these protests as mere *politesse*.

"He has not yet seen the yard," he whispered to me in Armenian. "He thinks that he is intruding on us tonight and must return on his business in the morning. We must show hospitality."

"He's selling some lotteries," I said.

"He is?" said Uncle Pousant. "Then I must buy some. It is the same in every country; the man must earn a little something extra if he has a large family to support. Tell him I will buy three books."

"He wants to buy three books of chances," I said to the officer, whose face lit up immediately.

"Three just happens to be what I've got with me," he said; and apparently relieved beyond words at this transaction, he shrugged his shoulders and plunged a fork into the dolma. We all watched expectantly as he chewed and swallowed. "Say, this stuff's all right!" he said. Uncle immediately put the entire platter before him and waved to Minas to bring the raki.

"Sorry," said the officer wistfully as Minas began to fill his glass, "tell him I can't drink in uni-

form." I passed this word along to Uncle Pousant, who then turned to the relatives.

"Do you see what scrupulous officials they have in America?" he said, and added, "Minas, bring some Turkish coffee for the gendarme."

An hour later, as I trudged reluctantly to bed, Uncle was teaching the officer an old Armenian toast, while the policeman stared incredulously at Hadji's arms.

I must have eaten even more than usual that night because I didn't wake up for a midnight snack with Hadji.

Uncle Pousant was in a splendid humor the next morning. He hummed the *Marseillaise* as he lit the stove, and nodded his head and smiled when I asked him about the policeman. He didn't speak until he had finished stirring the coffee and was sitting at the table with me. "My girl," he said, "have you looked at the yard this morning?"

I ran to the kitchen door and looked out. The courtyard was perfectly clean except for two cigarette butts and a small scrap of paper. Uncle Pousant surveyed the scene proudly.

"Who swept it?" I asked.

Uncle Pousant became impatient. "Who swept it? Who *could* have swept it? Last night I show it to the officer; this morning it is clean! That is the United States Government for you — action!"

A few moments later Hadji came slowly down the stairs a step at a time. She looked as though she had been anticipating our news.

"Look!" said Uncle Pousant, pointing to the yard.

"I saw, I saw," said Hadji, "from the window. Your uncle is a genius."

"Genius!" said Uncle Pousant, "although most Armenians, it is true, do not know how to handle these matters."

"Of course not," said Hadji.

The letter from the Board of Health came a week later. I ordinarily read the mail to Uncle Pousant as soon as it arrived, but I took this one to my bedroom and opened it when I was alone. It read: —

Pousant's Armenian Specialties

125 East 27 Street

New York, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: —

We are in receipt of your letter of September 1, and suggest that you contact your Consolidated Edison Company representative for help in solving your problem.

Yours very truly,
JAMES B. SIMONS
Complaint Department



When JOHN MASEFIELD, who has been poet laureate of England since 1930, was a young man learning his craft in London, there were few Elizabethan revivals; and it was not until he had seen Charles Ashbee's production of The New Inn by Ben Jonson that the glory of England's most creative age burst upon him. "I determined," he wrote, "to try to learn rather more of the theater, that I might the better understand the miracle of Shakespeare, and the still unsolved uncomprehended miracle of the theater of his time." In the essay which follows, Mr. Masefield calls for a national undertaking which would make the Elizabethans as accessible as they ought to be.

A FESTIVAL THEATER

by JOHN MASEFIELD

1

BETWEEN the years 1585 and 1635 the literary movement known as the Elizabethan Drama sprang up, flourished, and began to decline. Within those fifty years Shakespeare and his fellows reached and passed their perfections, leaving behind them a body of work once loved, for long misunderstood, and, though now studied and sometimes praised, not often seen upon stages, and certainly not generally known.

It is said that the composer Bizet, perhaps in similar circumstances, wrote these words:—

Is not this tragical? No: only stupid.

It is probable that most men with a feeling for poetry, with a knowledge of its methods and a sense of its power upon the heart, would agree that the plays of those fifty years, the fruit of that little England, are among our fairest and finest achievements. They were left or presented to us in disorder; then neglected, if not condemned; then saved—often as by miracle—cared for, and made again intelligible by piety and scholarship; and they can now be seen to be something not found elsewhere, and our own.

They were designed for public performance: they cannot be truly known save in public performance. Some of them were for long years popular favorites upon the stage or mines in which popular actors quarried. Many await revival. Many of them might now please more than they pleased of old. This last fact is sometimes proved when a school or college, full of eager youth, revives here and there one or other of the neglected masterpieces.

It is not thus with the other arts. No one doubts that old buildings, old music, and old paintings are great and gracious things. A great and powerful body exists to preserve old buildings; old music is sought out and replayed; clever craftsmen pass

their days making the instruments for which the old music was written—the lutes, recorders, virginals, spinets, harps, harpsichords, and serpents that played the old scores. In every city there are old paintings, reverently kept. Is it not strange that old poetry, an art powerful with deep delight, should have no such service, no such home, but be left here and there, to the chance piety of eager youth in some school or college?

Putting aside for the present the remarks often made—that nobody wants to see these old plays; that Shakespeare wrote the best of them; that Shakespeare is played sufficiently; that all the rest are dead; and that if any of the rest had been any good the theater would have played them, or still plays quite enough of them; and that most of them are in verse, old-fashioned, immoral, or all three together—might not their merits be tested with system and understanding, in the kind of theater for which they were designed, so that, at the least, the worst might be known about them? All supposed murderers are so tested with system and understanding, often to the absorbed interest of the nation, and, if found guilty, may appeal.

There are in England, the land that made these plays, in every year not less than thirty thousand students compelled to some knowledge of the plays in order to pass their examinations. There are, besides these, many thousands, perhaps even millions, who care for the theater, for poetry, literature, our past. Besides these, there are our kinsmen of the Dominions, to whom our past is very precious, who come here to know it; and many millions of others who speak and read our tongue. I have been asked by men of five foreign nations where and when these plays could be seen. How could I answer these enthusiasts?

Could I say that we were too wise to care for

such things; that our present was too lovely to waste upon matters of the past; that, in short, we are Englishmen, not foreigners? Some answer had to be found. Bizet's answer was all that I could give.

Eager lovers of these old plays have made efforts, and are still making gallant and loving efforts, to make them again alive upon the stage, and to please those who love them. The professional theater, as a whole, is too cruelly hampered by the risks of failure to attempt such adventure. The big attempt is made by the little company with the genius and the insufficient means.

In any age of man, the main appeal of the professional theater must be to the audience of the time with the work of the time. The audience of any time is mixed, the work liked by it is varied. In the terrible years in which men live now, the work most usually liked offers amusement. The theater of this time offers this, with skill, in plenty, and in much variety; though amusement can be but a small part of what a theater can, and should, offer. Some light and help, some glory and hope, should also be given in theaters here and there for hours that are not amusing.

If the appeal of the time be mainly for amusement, so be it. In these pages, I appeal for the work of another time that has a claim upon our attention and our reverence.

Today, any appeal for the work of another time must be also for the spirit of another time, for the England that will follow this time. What will that England have, that it is not prepared for now? Who of us would not wish that England to know her past, to love her poetry, and to reverence her spirit? Who of us would not love to think that that future England will know her birthright and show its splendor to the world? Who of us would not be glad if that England had in London a theater devised solely for the playing of these plays through most of the year, which would maintain always one or more traveling companies showing them in the provinces, in the Dominions, and to all who seek to know them all over the world?

It will be urged that all the Shakespeare plays are already well known everywhere. One may reply that, even so, they are almost never seen as Shakespeare meant them to be seen. Who that has seen a William Poel production can be quite content with any other method?

It will be urged that almost no other plays of his time are really worth revival. It would be easy to name a hundred worth revival, and this without trenching on the anonymous works and masques, without touching the work of the lesser poets who began and ended the movement. The wealth of startling neglected work is not small.

Whatever first-rate subsidized repertory theaters a capital city may support, and each big city will soon have at least one, no repertory theater can play more than two or three of these plays in any

year. The repertory theater has to attempt to show something of all the work of the world, from the time of Pericles until now, and this to the new society, long-starved and now eager to know what the theater has wrought in all that time. England can take but a share in a repertory that is universal, but England for fifty years was unique among the nations. The plays for which I appeal are the fruits of our passionate half-century — the growth of one tree at one time, our main achievement — and should be shown as such, in a house fitted for that purpose and for no other.

2

IF IT should be asked, "Why should not some small existing theater be bought for this purpose by the nation and adapted to this use?" might it not be answered that a great nation might prefer to honor her greatest intellectual effort by a building of thanksgiving?

Of what nature should that building be, this theater of thanksgiving? If such a building can be wrought, might it not be made to have some resemblance to the famous Globe, built by the elder Burbage for his player-son and the company in which Shakespeare acted? Outwardly this was octagonal, within (perhaps) almost circular; forms possibly difficult in a modern building of the kind, but worth the keeping in memory and in some ways helpful for the special uses demanded.

Sentiment suggests some indication of the old outer form; and more certainly a close following of the known essential permanent stage equipment, with a sensible use of all modern improvements in stage use. For instance, all the audience should be comfortably seated off the stage, none standing round it, none sitting or lolling on it. The entire building should be roofed; modern lighting should be everywhere, and modern mechanical devices used for the appearance of spiritual beings.

Certain arrangements of the acting area are essential: —

- 1) A large stage projecting into the house, so that its lower two-thirds will have audience on three sides of it.
- 2) Two entrances for the actors at the back of this stage.
- 3) A permanent, strong, broad gallery or balcony above these doors running across the back wall of the stage; this gallery to be entered by a door or doors in the back wall.

These are the essentials of the Shakespearean theater. The stage would have upon it such traps as might be helpful — say, one towards each side and a larger one, more central and further to the back. The doors leading off the stage would have to be rather wide and high, for many litters, cars of triumphs, supposed dead bodies, processions of spearmen,

men with banners, masques of dancers, wheeled deathbeds, and banquets on wheeled tables may have to enter by them swiftly and easily. Access to the gallery may in most cases be unseen by the audience, but in a play like *Macbeth* a temporary visible stair (much like a ship's gangway) is helpful to the action. The Shakespearean theater had (and needed) few other adjuncts than lively poetry and players.

A thanksgiving theater worthy of its place in a capital city, and of its task as a revealer of lovely arts, should have both ease and elegance, even though it seat not more than one thousand people. Ease of access and escape are pleasing without, and necessary within, for very much space is needed in any modern theater for the permanent staff and the company of players. There would have to be dressing rooms for at least thirty actors and actresses, within easy reach of the stage. Besides dressing rooms, any company playing much together for a long time needs a greenroom for meeting and discussion; a rehearsal room of fair size, for the rehearsal of sub-plots and special scenes; and some adjunct or fitting to one of these large rooms for the serving of simple meals after long rehearsals, or between performances on the days when two are given.

The wardrobe rooms and property storage rooms take up much space, for ease of access saves time and trouble in both. Craftsmen's rooms must be added to these for the wardrobe women and property masters, who have the tasks of cleaning, making, mending, changing, and refitting the robes, gear, and properties; here again, light and space save time and trouble. The electricians need a considerable store and working place; so do the various cleaners. One other craft room should be added: a print room, with a hand press on which the gifted youth of the company might print the programs, with such designs as they can compass among themselves. As what they will be doing will be of great interest to all students of English all over the world, these programs should be scholarly, and should be followed at least once in each quarter with the theater's printed sheet commenting on each play performed, criticizing each production, and suggesting other plausible and interesting ways of treating the mentioned play or character. In a very short time these programs and quarterly sheets would be much sought. Re-publications of them in book form would be helpful to students all over the world.

Some of the best craftsmen in the theater at any time would be members of the company with a talent for these important parts of the art of the stage; but in any case a theater needs a permanent staff of hardly less than twenty persons, other than the players.

The director of the theater must have his room and an office for his secretaries. The box-office

staff need other rooms. Other claims upon space come from cleaners, firemen, and those handy men and women, hardly ever praised, who can make-up, dress, prompt, and bear a hand generally, and love the life. All theaters of importance will have one or two such, in their years of luck. The audience demands space. Cloakrooms and lavatories take up much space. Modern use prescribes also a foyer, and sometimes even places for food and drink.

In most modern theaters there is a large space for the company of musicians who play the overtures, accompaniments, and incidental music.

In the old theater, music was not separated from the play but a part of it; the musicians were members of the cast and sat either on the stage or in the gallery. In any theater playing these plays today, a number of the players must be good singers and musicians, for the plays make much beautiful use of song, of recorders, oboes, strings, and sometimes of martial music, trumpets, cornets, and drums. Who would not love our players to have every accomplishment, to know and play and sing the ancient songs, and to dance the dances of which the later plays made such frequent use? Who can doubt that Shakespeare was a trained singer and musician?

In equipping such a theater, there should be the firm foundation of a theatrical wardrobe and property-store, with costumes, headgear, footwear, weapons, and trinkets for one classical, two mediæval, and three Elizabethan or early Stuart casts, as for *Catiline*, *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, *Macbeth*, *Dr. Faustus*, *The Mad Lover*, and *The Wild-Goose Chase* — say, 120 costumes with their appurtenances, and with the tools, paints, chemicals, and gear for their preservation, renewal, and repair. These should suffice for a beginning, and with skilled women in charge should last long.

Of scenery there need be none, but there would be a need for curtains for use as the tapestries of old time, for the curtaining-off of parts of the backstage (as in the tent scene of *Richard the Third*) or as beautiful and varied back-cloths. Several sets of curtains of different colors, but lovely to the eye, should be a part of the equipment of any such theater, a costly but enduring part.

The usual appliances for the making of stage-thunder, and the phonograph with records of "noises off" — crowds, battles, movements of troops — should be included. The actors and audiences of old time were fonder of tumult and loud noise than we are. Imitation noise was then a pleasing novelty, and loud noise a part of every general joy.

3

WITH the building built, decorated, furnished, lit, warmed, equipped, with the water running, all regulations complied with, and all ready for use, a large sum of money would have been expended,

and this on the assumption that our people, in a mood of thanksgiving, have given the half acre of ground on which the building stands, and laid the roads by which it is approached. Let us suppose then that the feeling of thanksgiving has been strong in the nation, that the theater has been built, and that the question is no longer that of money or of space, but of direction and genius, without which theaters and nations come to squalor. A theater needs plays, direction, and players. We have had the plays for some centuries: what about the other matters?

Scholarly actors of very great ability and exquisite influence have not been rare in this land. In my own time there have been eight, any one of whom would have made such a theater world-famous. Two of these are still living and well-qualified. Among the younger men, the theater-goers of this time could doubtless put forward another two. From among these four, those caring intensely would choose a good man.

Of the eight whom I have seen, I can truly say that four, given such encouragement and equipment, would have shown themselves excellent. Let us remember, too, that any such theater, closely watched by scholars from all over the world, would have wise promptings at all times and a great criticism at the time of each production.

Those actors with whom I have discussed this theater have been of one mind in urging that the company should be young, bringing new minds and ways to the re-creation of old joy. Few will doubt that this instinct of the theater is right, that the company should be wholly of young people, newly from their training, and all interested in the theater of the Shakespearean time. The eager ones would be well-known. Those young players who do not care for poetry, nor for the ancient kind of play, would not press forward in support.

Let us suppose, then, that some thirty young men and women, all trained in the arts of the theater, were ready to begin, and that thirty others, all a year younger and approved as aspirants, were eager to learn. The director would gather them together, explain his views of the Shakespearean stage in its main manifestations, urge the wonder of the opportunity, and set forth the plan to be followed. The opportunity is that of knowing intimately the masterpieces of a lively turbulent time, of splendid and varying energies; the plan is to make these known all over the land that made them, in all other English-speaking lands, and to students all over the world who seek to see this unusual theater.

As soon as the company has learned the full measure of its power, when it has proved itself and found what each player can do; then a full thirty of the sixty should go on tour in this land or elsewhere, while another thirty aspirants should enter from the training-schools.

In touring, the traveling companies will not often find the projecting stage that the Shakespearean players knew, but they should always take with them some light and strong means of providing the gallery above the back of the stage, with hands skilled in the erecting of this wherever they may perform. With any such traveling company a traveling staff of wardrobe and property-keepers with ample equipment will also be needed. There should also be one or more forerunners to visit each town before the company arrives, to speak in public in schools or elsewhere upon the plays (then shortly coming), and to make sure that the local press, libraries, and institutes know that our inspired past is (so to speak) at the door. These forerunners should also be young. Eager youth should be heard: there are ever eager young scholars who love these plays and wish others to share them.

4

IT WILL be asked, "But how can such a theater, so well-equipped, so well-staffed, be built, and then, when built, supported?"

May it not be asked, before any answer be attempted, whether the need for such a theater has not been felt, with ever-growing intensity, by all English scholars, by all readers of our literature, by all lovers of our country, for more than a hundred years? I can speak with knowledge of that need for fully sixty years. May it not also be asked whether the need be not greater now, when we are nearer than ever before to English-speaking people who partly share our history and use our language; when that history and tongue have become precious to millions overseas; and when, at home, minds and spirits in England are awakened as never for centuries? How can we better show to the world what we are now than by showing what we were when we stood with all manhood for great causes and invented all beauty for delight?

Having asked these things, let us try to discover how the theater might be built. Admitting that it should be built, might it not be admitted that it should come as an act of thanksgiving by the nation that made the plays, this English people? There are some forty-three million English people at present living in England. If the theater were to come to life as a result of the thanksgiving and were to give two performances a day on every weekday, in thanksgiving to the thanksgivers, it would take the players more than ten years to return thanks. Great numbers are involved. Would it be too savage an extortion, too wanton a tyranny, to set aside one penny a head in each year for six years for the building, equipment, and maintenance of this theater of thanksgiving? It is not like the mulctings forced upon us by wicked foreigners who would bomb us tomorrow if we could not bomb back. Thanksgiving is a giving in gladness so that

there may be more gladness. This special thanksgiving is to show the gladness that held our people when we stood up against the tyrant and had not yet been enslaved by the fanatic. Let us suppose that it were enacted that each man, woman, and child in England should contribute one penny in this year. There used to be a Christmas carol: —

If you've not a penny,
A ha'penny will do;
If you've not a ha'penny,
God bless you.

If each contributed only one half-penny, the theater could be well begun; with another half-penny, completed and opened; and with later half-pennies, established.

Before the building and equipment could be ready, the theatrical schools would have their sixty, ninety, or a hundred and twenty clever young players picked, specially trained, and eager as only young artists can be. The actors and scholars of the time would know well what fine mind should first direct their zeal, and the fine mind would have prepared a first year's course to go all over the world.

I believe that the venture would be self-supporting from the first, if freed from certain heavy burdens of rating and entertainment taxation that work of such interest should not bear. Many want to see these plays, will gladly pay to go to them, and, having seen, will return. If some ask why this one theater should be exempt from burdens that other theaters bear, it may be answered that every land should have theaters not working for profit, not making dividends nor gladdening landlords, but making the citizens happy with beauty and eager to make other beauty.

This venture, being self-supporting, would sometimes lose, sometimes make profits. Sometimes it will happen that there will be a conjunction of profit with the presence of three or four full companies all together in England at one time. This will make possible festivals of the kind that all lovers of literature have longed for, perhaps for centuries.

Consider what festivals would become possible. The poets of the canon cared much for history. With three or four trained companies it would be easily possible to perform a consecutive pageant of twelve plays in one week of six acting days, showing the main passionate course of our history from the reign of Edward the Second to the christening of Queen Elizabeth. It would be easily possible to run through all Shakespeare's great cycle of seven plays in four days and end the week with *Richard the Third*, or perhaps repetitions of *King Henry the Fourth, Part 2*. A festival might be devoted to the work of any one old poet. What reader would not rejoice at the chance of seeing in one fortnight the ten best plays of any one of those greater men, or

the ten best plays chosen from the period, or the ten that best illustrate the currents running then in our poetry, the native growth, euphuism, the influences of France, of Italy, of Spain? If every reader would rejoice, surely every non-reader would rejoice, too, to see the plays instead of having to read them. The plays were meant to be seen and heard. The benefit to scholars would be past telling: the help to the critic and the student of texts would be beyond price. Great scholars have toiled for years to give us fitting texts of these plays. What instant help such performances would have given, and would still give, to them.

Among the many plays of that time are some that leave us in much perplexity. Performance and re-performance of these puzzles would reveal much of their nature. The scholar's theories about them have been stated: the rival theories have not been contrasted in the action of the stage. Would not an occasional festival give much enjoyment by the showing of these differing views upon successive days? A producer of genius will make any production memorable. Who would not wish to have light of different strengths and colors turned upon *Troilus and Cressida*; *The Return from Parnassus*; *The Two Noble Kinsmen*; and those early plays in which a kindling scene must come from the great mind? Who has acted *Sir Thomas More*; *Edward the Third*; and the early play of *King John*?

What lover of old elegance would not rejoice to see at some festival the delicate hummingbird plays of John Lyly; the play of the Bees, by John Day; *Summer's Last Will and Testament* of Nashe; and at the end, *The Masque of Christmas*? It will be objected that these things are only old poetry when all is said. They are: they are only old English poetry, the inspired utterance of old time, that gave joy to the Englishmen of that time. It will be said that those Englishmen, like that time, are dead, and what can we care for their inspiration — we, who have our own?

Inspiration, poetical inspiration, seems to some to be a perception of what is undying, and that this is of an intensity that is joy. Have we a great deal of joy at present? Would we not all give sixpence for a little more, when we all give so much more for what is not joy at all? Sixty young people giving joy: nothing like it has ever been seen. Should we not all wish the English to begin such a matter?

The suggestion is here. Living suggestions are not lost: minds are touched by them, and little by little the world is changed by them. The theater of thanksgiving will come in time: the sixty, or ninety, or a hundred and twenty young people will take these plays all over the world, and show the hearers what our forefathers knew, that they take the hearers into the undying.

Those hearers will be glad that their forefathers cared so for living things, and, being glad, will live more amply.



TO JUDITH

by JOHN CIARDI

I

MEN marry what they need. I marry you,
morning by morning, day by day, night by night,
and every marriage makes this marriage new.

In the broken name of heaven, in the light
that shatters granite, by the spitting shore,
in air that leaps and wobbles like a kite,

I marry you from time and a great door
is shut and stays shut against wind, sea, stone,
sunburst, and heavenfall. And home once more

inside the house of skin and struts of bone,
man-woman, woman-man, and each the other,
I marry you by all dark and all dawn

and have my laugh at death. Why should I bother
the flies about me? Let them buzz and do.
Men marry their queen, their daughter, or their mother

by sounding names, but that thin buzz whines through.
Where reasons are no reason, cause is true.
Men marry what they need. I marry you.

II

SOMETIMES the floundering fury that directs
the prayer through storm, the sucking mouth;
sometimes a gentleness like a parent sex,
sometimes an aimless tasting mild as broth

or the drugged eye of the invalid, sometimes
the naked arm laid loose along the grass
to the pink-eyed breast and the great terms
of the turning flank printed by root and moss.

Sometimes a country in a white bird's eye
coasting the shells of cities in their past,
the roads that stretch to nothing but away,
a horseman wandering in his own dust —

Say you were beautiful those years ago,
flush as the honey-blond who rode the shell
in Sandro Botticelli's studio,
and what we are now, we were then,

and lost and found again — what shall we wish
to visit from ourselves against their death
but their imagination on our flesh?
There is no other body in all myth.



A lawyer who graduated from the University of Tennessee in 1924, ESTES KEFAUVER served five terms in the House of Representatives before being elected to the Senate — an election which he won despite the bitter opposition of the Crump machine. The country first got a close look at him when he presided at the televised hearings of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee, and it liked what it saw. A long-time supporter of TVA, he has been outspoken in his criticism of the Dixon-Yates contract for reasons expressed in the following pages.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH DIXON-YATES

by SENATOR ESTES KEFAUVER

I

UTILITIES are a natural monopoly. It is wasteful, uneconomic, and from a practical standpoint impossible to have competing utilities serving the same territory. In return for granting monopoly privileges to serve a certain area, the federal government and the states retain certain regulatory privileges. But regulatory bodies have never proven very effective, and the only real regulation comes from competition such as the Tennessee Valley Authority has with its neighboring companies.

Twenty years ago, when the TVA was launched, the valley area was part of what was generally known as the nation's number one economic problem. Only 3 per cent of the farms in the valley had the benefits of electricity. The residents of the valley paid only 3.4 per cent of the nation's income taxes. The TVA experiment, which has been unbelievably successful (today 90 per cent of the farms are electrified and valley residents pay 6.2 per cent of the nation's income taxes), was a logical step in the nation's conservation program by which all the resources of an area would be developed as a coördinated whole. The latent power within the Tennessee River and its tributaries was but one of those undeveloped resources. The people of the region, tired of the lack of service and the high rates that they were paying to the private utilities, voted in local elections, with margins ranging up to 17 to 1, to buy out the utilities then operating in the valley and to contract with TVA for power — thus beginning a partnership between the people of the region and the federal government.

From the very beginning, of course, the job that it was directed to do brought the TVA into direct conflict with the private utilities, especially with those operating on its borders. An interesting part of this history is the unimaginative view that these utilities had of their own business. In 1933 there

appeared before the House Committee on Military Affairs — the committee considering the proposal to create the Tennessee Valley Authority — a vice-president of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, to testify in opposition to enactment of the TVA bill. Commonwealth and Southern controlled the operating companies in the area and this gentleman was a vice-president of half a dozen or more of them, including those in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, and Georgia.

He testified that there was no need for development of the Tennessee River's potentialities. He said that there was a surplus capacity of about 66 per cent in Commonwealth and Southern's territory. This, remember, was before there was a single dam on the Tennessee River, with the exception of Wilson Dam built in World War I, and this gentleman testified that the power from TVA would be wasted and said: —

“Naturally, in the development of a system of this magnitude and scope, the cost of power generation, transmission, and distribution has received the constant study of the engineers and they have concluded from the companies' standpoint that [Commonwealth and Southern] cannot possibly make further development of hydroelectric plants in this territory.”

The gentleman was Mr. Eugene Yates, now president of the Southern Company, again on a witness stand in Washington some twenty years later as a principal proponent of the Dixon-Yates deal. Naturally, the people of the valley look with some suspicion on Mr. Yates and his younger associate, Edgar Dixon.

Meanwhile TVA, through its imaginative policies of pushing greater use and lower cost of electricity, had not only shown that Mr. Yates's gloomy outlook was without basis (consumption in the valley has increased 23-fold since Mr. Yates first

opposed creation of TVA) but had helped Mr. Yates's own business in the process.

The yardstick influence of TVA forces the companies around it to stay on their toes and compete. Such utility magnates as Messrs. Dixon and Yates are always crying about the fear of an expansion of TVA into their territories. TVA doesn't plan any expansion — a rather clear limit exists not only in the minds of TVA and the private utilities but also in the mind of Congress. But the fact is that the way the utility businesses can prevent any future "encroachment" is by giving good service at low cost themselves. Then there will be no desire on the part of their customers to hitch on to the TVA system.

Middle South Utilities and the Southern Company, operating as they do on the borders of TVA, have been forced to do just that. They don't seem to like it, but it has been good for their stockholders. The common stock earnings of major privately owned utilities contiguous to the TVA area, using 1937 to 1939 as a base of 100, moved to 510 on the index by 1952, while the comparable total over the nation as a whole reached only 225.

2

Against this background of conflicting interests and purposes the proposed Dixon-Yates contract has become a bone of contention between the Eisenhower Administration and many of us in Congress. It is in my opinion a fantastic story.

Two years ago the Tennessee Valley Authority proposed in its budget for the first time the construction of a new steam generating plant at Fulton, Tennessee, in order to meet the growing power needs — both domestic and defense — of the valley area. We had two budgets that year — the Truman budget and the Eisenhower budget. This construction was provided for in the Truman budget on which, of course, the Republican Congress took no action. However, the Eisenhower budget disallowed such funds pending a "study" to check on TVA's estimates of need.

It is interesting in passing to note that the then Budget Director, Joseph M. Dodge, retained the Edison Electric Institute to make the check — a private power organization which has shown no more imagination about the power potentialities of the United States than Mr. Yates in 1933 did. Nevertheless, the "study" evidently confirmed TVA's own estimates of the need, for in 1954 the Budget Bureau did not deny the need, but announced, through the President's budget message, that it would be met by relieving the TVA of some 600,000 kilowatts of AEC load, thus releasing that much power for normal use in the valley. As a Senator of the United States, I have always gone on the theory that what is good for AEC is good for the nation and that TVA rates are good for

AEC, and so I would have looked with less than enthusiasm at this solution to our problem; but it would have been ideal compared with what eventually came out.

Months passed during which the AEC was presumably in negotiation with private power to find energy to "relieve" TVA of the load. During this time, TVA was in the dark about the whole matter. Then AEC announced that it would contract for the power, but not for itself. Instead, it would contract for the power for TVA.

This, in brief, is the Dixon-Yates deal as it now stands. The Atomic Energy Commission has signed a 25-year contract, which can be renewed up to 40 years, with the Mississippi Valley Generating Company to build a 600,000-kilowatt steam generating plant at West Memphis, Arkansas, just across the Mississippi River from Memphis, Tennessee, and from the TVA system.

The Joint Atomic Energy Committee of Congress has waived the legal provision that this contract must lie before that committee for a 30-day period while Congress is in session before becoming effective. Still standing in the path of a completed contract is a contingency that the whole thing is subject to approval of the Securities and Exchange Commission on two points: 1) an exemption from the Holding Company Act which would be necessary to legalize the deal; 2) adequacy of the financial arrangements, which require the company to put up only 5 per cent equity capital and allow the floating of bonds for the remaining 95 per cent.

It should be explained here that the Mississippi Valley Generating Company is a new company, formed for this specific contract by Middle South Utilities, headed by Mr. Dixon, and the Southern Company, headed by Mr. Yates. Both Middle South and Southern are utility holding companies. Thus, it is necessary to obtain an exemption from the Holding Company Act, for this deal rests upon the joining together of two holding companies into a third-tier holding company — exactly what the famous "Death Sentence" of the Holding Company Act was set up to prevent.

Delivery of the power from this new place will be to TVA, not AEC. Use of the power will be by TVA, not AEC. Thus the contract authority of the AEC is being used, by order of President Eisenhower and with the active encouragement of the Budget Bureau, for no purpose other than to act as a power broker for a reluctant TVA.

Negotiations of the contract were completely handled by AEC. TVA, which will have to depend upon the resulting power, was allowed no voice in the negotiations. And the completed contract confers no rights upon TVA. Even in the most minute detail, through the years which this contract is intended to run, the recipient of that power, TVA, has no authority over the supplier of the power, Dixon-Yates, which has a long record of

hostility toward TVA. Only the middleman, AEC, has any contract authority.

The contract thus paves the way for the most unworkable administrative operation that anyone in Washington has yet been able to dream up — and the shame of it is that it is designed to wreck the most efficient of all government operations, the Tennessee Valley Authority, an innocent bystander.

3

VARIOUS congressional committees have been trying to dig out just how all this came to pass. As nearly as it can be pieced together from official correspondence and memoranda and testimony that have so far been brought to light — and not everything has been, I am convinced — this is approximately what happened.

Upon receipt of the President's message to find private power, General K. D. Nichols, general manager of AEC, turned to Electric Energy, Inc., a group of private utilities banded together in a holding company to supply part of the load at AEC's Paducah installations. It was not a new thought on his part — for letters have now been made public between officials of AEC and EEI exploring methods of "solving TVA's power problem" which predated the President's budget message. The letters refer to "discussions" between the AEC and EEI officials. Of course, TVA didn't even know such "discussions" were in process. General Nichols wanted to know if these companies could step up their capacity at Paducah by increasing their installation. They said they would take it under advisement. They did so, and eventually returned to say it was a poor idea to increase capacity at Paducah because that wasn't where the power was needed. Why not, they said, talk to the utilities at the western end of the TVA system and see what they can do? General Nichols and Admiral Strauss, chairman of AEC, began the conversations with the utilities at the western end of the TVA system, which were to end in negotiations for TVA. They found those utilities — part of the Dixon empire — enthusiastic to accommodate them.

It is important to note that when EEI proposed that General Nichols go "talk to the utilities at the western end of the TVA system" he wasn't being sent to visit strangers. For those utilities were among the companies which had formed EEI and they were part of EEI. It was merely a case of the head directing the shoe salesman to the feet of the same body.

AEC did not draw up specifications or ask for bids. They did prepare what they called a "data" sheet — or someone prepared it for them and they adopted it as their own. This "data" sheet is interesting for a number of reasons. It called for power to be produced at West Memphis, Arkansas, and fed into the TVA system at Mem-

phis. It provided that the 600,000 kilowatts would be firm power — that is, that it must be "backed up" by other power so that if a generator goes bad or something else happens, 600,000 kilowatts can still flow continuously into the TVA system. Also, it provided that any "excess" could be disposed of to other customers of those furnishing the power. Now what these provisions mean in effect is that no one, outside of the Middle South Utilities, or a combination including them, could technically comply with this data sheet — for only they have customers in the area. There is no sound reason for the provision. Since the ultimate destination of the power under this arrangement would be the integrated TVA system, that entire system would be the "back up" for anything that occurred at the West Memphis plant.

Nevertheless, an attempt was made by a group of New York financial interests to submit a competing proposal. In contrast to the easy informality of negotiations with the Dixon-Yates group, this group ran into nothing but trouble. The most serious obstacle was the withdrawal of their engineers, Gibbs and Hill, through a letter saying that they did not intend to get into anything "detrimental to private power," and that their association had come to the attention of Mr. Dixon and through him to various operating units of Middle South with which they were negotiating for other contracts, and that they could not afford to be longer associated with the New York proposal.

Now what could be "detrimental to private power" about the second proposal except that a private power group was going to have to put up with a competing bid from other private capital? This was a clear example of suppression of competition, and the negotiations should have been broken off the very day that this became public knowledge. Instead the President, through the Budget Bureau, directed the Atomic Energy Commission to proceed with negotiation with *Dixon-Yates* looking toward the signing of a "definitive contract."

These negotiations were technically concluded with the submission of a "contract" to the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy on November 4. This contract reveals some of the sloppiest negotiations that I have ever witnessed in a government contract. There are no detailed specifications with which the builder must comply. He puts up only 5 per cent equity capital, and the door is left wide open for him to put up that 5 per cent by letting a contract to himself to build the plant and charging the government a 10 per cent fee on the building, thereby putting up nothing himself. The government has its choice between TVA, which pays back in power every cent invested, plus an average 4 per cent per year return and under which the government always own the plant, and the Dixon-Yates proposal, under which the government actually pays for the plant twice and owns

nothing in the end — and the government chooses Dixon-Yates. At the very least, the additional cost to the government will be \$92 million over the life of the contract; more likely, the cost will be the \$140 million that TVA estimates.

There is one figure, \$200,000 a year — still in the official Budget Bureau analysis — which results from simple error in addition and, as Gordon Clapp, former chairman of the TVA, says, if TVA had been given more of an opportunity to analyze this power contract, “we probably would have found other errors of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division.”

The site chosen is bad from an engineering viewpoint — it is in the flood plains of the Mississippi River, located on quicksand. Herbert Hoover floated over this site in a steamboat in twenty-seven feet of water during the great Mississippi River floods of 1927. It is interesting that the main reason Budget Director Hughes gave before the Joint Committee for the necessity of speed in approving this contract was that construction needed to start before the flood season. And, incidentally, the contract provides that the builders will be reimbursed for all damages caused by floods.

The defense of this contract generally revolves around the thesis that there is really nothing unusual about it. Precedents, according to this thesis, existed in the contracts which AEC previously had for power at Paducah and Portsmouth, which, the defenders will tell you, were negotiated during Democratic years.

This is not a good defense. In the first place the contracts are not comparable. They are both contracts by AEC for power to be used by AEC. In neither case was AEC used as a power broker for another agency. In the second place, the EEI contract, which has become famous as the EBASCO fiasco, is hardly the sort of thing that should be used as a model.

One of the bad things is that defenders of Dixon-Yates now refer to these previous contracts as actions of a “Democratic” AEC — which shows how far we have gone into politics with this vital

and heretofore independent agency. Never before has the AEC been referred to as either “Democratic” or “Republican.”

Now the manner in which the contract was arrived at, the sloppy negotiations, the unsuitable site, the additional cost to the government, the lack of protection for the government, the suppression of competing bids, the guaranteed return to the contractor — all of these are very serious objections to the Dixon-Yates deal and should be enough for any prudent business administration to throw it out.

From my point of view, the most serious objection is the joining together, in another tier of holding companies, of Middle South Utilities and the Southern Company, both with a long record of intent to cripple the TVA — and thereby remove the salutary public effects of competition which the TVA has been giving them.

If this contract goes through — if TVA is made thus dependent upon Dixon-Yates for its power supply by a curious, but I think intentional, twist in negotiations from what started out to be an AEC supply into a TVA supply — then I think the real significance will be that in future years the private utilities again will be dictating their own terms to municipalities and rural electric coöperatives, who have been showing the country how the electric business can be and should be conducted.

The results will be an increase in electric bills not only within the Tennessee Valley or among its neighbors, but all over the country, for the effect of such public power yardsticks as TVA and the developments in the Northwest are like a stone dropped in the water whose ripples extend in concentric circles for far greater distances.

The objection that citizens all over the country, and certainly the government, ought to be thinking about is that this sets the stage for the future liquidation of the TVA and the elimination of public competition. If the Dixon-Yates deal goes through, a lot of municipal and rural coöperatives are in for devouring, and consumers all over the nation will feel the digestive pains.





ROSCOE DRUMMOND, whom we asked to present the affirmative case for the Dixon-Yates agreement, is a graduate of Syracuse University who joined the staff of the Christian Science Monitor in 1924 as a reporter and rose to be its executive editor and then chief of its Washington News Bureau. Today he represents the Herald Tribune in Washington, and his column on international and domestic affairs is a daily feature.

DIXON-YATES IN PERSPECTIVE

by ROSCOE DRUMMOND

I

THE controversy surrounding the Dixon-Yates Atomic Energy Commission power contract is more inflated than the German mark of 1923. It was distorted out of all relation to the facts by pre-election "campaign oratory" and is being kept pumped up by post-election politics.

I happen to believe that the Eisenhower Administration is responsible, in part, for the misunderstanding — and even distrust — concerning the Dixon-Yates matter, principally because it was tardy in bringing out the facts, and then threw them at the public in such an indigestible mass that few could sort them out. The Administration has been kept on the defensive ever since. But bad public relations is not the same as bad public policy and I believe that when the facts about the Dixon-Yates contract are put in perspective they give a different impression and justify a different conclusion than Senator Kefauver sets out in his article.

The heart of the controversy is that the Administration has turned to private capital to build a generating plant to return to the Tennessee Valley Authority the 600,000 kilowatts of new energy the Atomic Energy Commission expects to use, instead of providing funds for the expansion of TVA itself.

Is this new policy? Is this a peculiarly Eisenhower-Republican policy? Is this a departure by a "Republican" Atomic Energy Commission from the way a "Democratic" Atomic Energy Commission did things in the past? Does it run counter to the policy of Congress — even the recent Democratic Congress?

It seems to me that the answers to these questions are pertinent to your appraisal of the strength — or weakness — of Senator Kefauver's contentions, and I should like to set out the answers as faithfully and factually as I can.

The quick, one-syllable answer to all of these questions is no — no! The Dixon-Yates contract is neither new nor especially Eisenhower policy. It

follows the pattern of and, in my judgment, improves upon similar contracts for similar purposes let by the AEC under the Truman Administration. The details are these: —

The precedents — the principle of using private utilities for providing a portion of the power load required for the nation's atomic installations was established in 1951 under the Truman Administration and under the AEC chairmanship of Gordon Dean. At that time the AEC turned to private capital to provide the power it then needed: on May 4, 1951, it negotiated a contract with Electric Energy, Inc., and on October 15, 1952, with the Ohio Valley Electric Company to furnish power to the AEC's installations at Paducah, Kentucky, and Portsmouth, Ohio. Both of these are larger contracts for more power costing more money than Dixon-Yates. Incidentally, one of the principal and successful contractors was Edgar H. Dixon, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer of Electric Energy, Inc.

When these two private power contracts were let by the AEC in 1951 and 1952 under the Truman Administration, there was no serious criticism from the Democrats. Apart from TVA becoming a more active participant in the contract, the only new factor added to the question was the recent congressional election.

The Atomic Energy Commission under the Eisenhower Administration and under the chairmanship of Lewis I. Strauss have, in the Dixon-Yates contract, again turned to private capital for the same purpose as their predecessors did; and if my understanding of the facts is correct, they have done nothing appreciably different other than to tighten the terms of the contract. But this time, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Stephen Mitchell, greeted the action on the eve of the congressional campaign with the charge that the President was trying to do a favor for his friend,

Bobby Jones. With that kind of "campaign oratory," the Dixon-Yates contract was inflated into headline controversy. Some have suggested that the Republicans would have been smart to hold up the contract until after the election, but I do not think that that kind of smartness pays dividends in the long run.

Frankly, I do not believe that the Administration thought about politics, one way or the other, in the Dixon-Yates contract, but figured among other things that it was carrying forward established nonpartisan AEC and congressional policy. Perhaps it is the politics, and not the contract, which is bad.

2

OBVIOUSLY there are two ways the Atomic Energy Commission can obtain the electric power it needs. There is the way of the Dixon-McAfee (Electric Energy, Inc.) contract, the Ohio Valley Electric contract, and the Dixon-Yates contract. The alternative is that the President, through the Bureau of the Budget, request Congress to appropriate funds to the TVA to build additional steam plants, which would enable it to meet the needs of both the Tennessee Valley and the atomic installations.

In 1952, the House of Representatives voted 199 to 159 to cut the requested appropriations for TVA power facilities by \$14 million, and in 1953 the Eisenhower Administration did not ask Congress for further funds to expand TVA's generating plant. Twice the Atomic Energy Commission under President Truman turned to private capital to build the plants to provide the power which would enable the AEC to avoid excessive drain on TVA energy. The present Dixon-Yates contract, through which the government again turns to private capital to meet the power needs of atomic installations rather than to expand the TVA system, seems to me in line with the pattern and the policy underlying the government's 1951 Dixon-McAfee and 1952 Ohio Valley Electric contracts.

Now, Senator Kefauver earnestly contends that the Dixon-Yates contract — and I don't know why Dixon-Yates any more than Dixon-McAfee or Ohio Valley Electric — "is designed to wreck the Tennessee Valley Authority." I find implications in his article that the Dixon-Yates contract will impair TVA but I find no evidence which shows how it will do so. What I suspect is that, being a dedicated public power advocate, the Senator feels a decision not to expand TVA at this time and in this way is equal to a decision to curtail and "wreck" TVA. I do not find that the evidence supports this view.

I have heard President Eisenhower tell his press conference on several different occasions that he will never recommend or take any action to curtail or weaken the TVA operation. I think he means it.

What he has done in the Dixon-Yates contract, as the AEC did earlier in the two similar contracts, is to make sure that the new atomic installations do not draw from the TVA system (without restoring it) the power it requires to meet the needs of its consumers in the Tennessee Valley.

Furthermore, at the express wish of the Tennessee Valley Authority, the AEC and the Budget Bureau accepted the principle that no phase of the operation of the Dixon-Yates contract, in its relation to TVA, would at any point affect the rate structure of the TVA; and therefore its "yardstick role" remains unimpaired.

The Eisenhower Administration takes the position — as, I think, the last Democratic Congress did in rejecting proposals to expand TVA — that, while TVA is a valuable yardstick for measuring the efficiency of privately owned public utilities and for testing the validity of their price structures, it was not necessarily intended to be a pattern for all the United States.

The effect of the Dixon-Yates contract is to preserve the full "yardstick" function of TVA, but to defer expansion of TVA until Congress and the country decide that they want to use tax money to make power more widely owned and operated by the government.

The Senator quotes with eager approval Gordon Clapp's suggestion that if only TVA officials really had the opportunity to go over the Budget Bureau analysis of the Dixon-Yates contract, they would find some real shockers, not merely the one incorrect figure of \$200,000 which came out at the hearing. Mr. Kefauver failed to explain that this was an error in the figures which the TVA provided to the Budget Bureau and which the TVA subsequently corrected.

He vaguely suggests that Dixon-Yates will be able to get back its 5 per cent equity capital by "letting a contract to himself to build the plant and charge the government a 10 per cent fee on the building." No, that is contrary to the Holding Company Act and would come under the Security and Exchange Commission's closest scrutiny.

The Senator offers some figures to show that the residents of the Tennessee Valley are now paying nearly double the percentage of the nation's income taxes which they paid before the TVA experiment began. He doesn't cite the source of his statistics and I can only add that the U.S. Treasury reports that the residents of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama paid 3.5 per cent of federal taxes in 1943 and 3.2 in 1953, and that if you add the tax percentages paid by Georgia and Alabama, the comparative figures are 4 per cent in 1943 and 4.04 in 1953. But I fail to see how the rate of economic growth of the Tennessee Valley proves that the Dixon-Yates contract is either good or bad.

There are other questions which merit specific answers.

Why was the contract negotiated without competitive bids? Power in such large quantities is not normally procured through advertising for bids but by negotiations with utilities which operate in the location where the particular need occurs. This was the procedure followed by the AEC in 1950 and 1951, when substantially larger contracts were made. The AEC has regularly negotiated for power with the companies in the area involved. At Oak Ridge, in the heart of the TVA area, the AEC negotiated with TVA. At Paducah, which is on the edge of the TVA service area, the AEC negotiated with TVA for a portion of the power and with Electric Energy, Inc., for the remainder. For the Portsmouth, Ohio, plant the AEC negotiated with the Ohio Valley Electric Company. If the AEC power requirements should be reduced in the future, it is estimated that the nation would suffer less loss if private utilities were supplying a greater portion of the load, thereby permitting the excess power which would result to be distributed over a larger geographical area.

How do the rates for power supplied by private utilities compare with TVA rates? When construction is completed on both the Joppa (EEI) and the Shawnee (TVA) power plants, which were built to furnish power at Paducah, it is estimated that the AEC will be paying TVA 3.5 mills/kwh and EEI 3.7 mills/kwh. It is estimated that the EEI cost attributed to taxes is more than 0.2 mills/kwh, which is the apparent differential in the rate.

Does the contract guarantee Dixon-Yates a 9 per cent return? The contract *permits* a 9 per cent return on the 5 per cent of equity capital. It does not *guarantee* any profit. Earnings are limited to \$600,000 per annum. The overall return on both equity capital and borrowed money will be less

than 4 per cent, whereas the overall return for the power industry as a whole averages approximately 6 per cent.

What of Senator Kefauver's statement that the site for the Dixon-Yates plant is "bad from an engineering viewpoint"? AEC engineers, after consulting with the company's own engineers and with the Army Corps of Engineers, have concluded that the site is adequately protected from floods and that the subsoil will support the new plant.

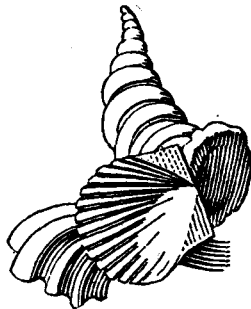
The Army Engineers made some suggestions — all of which will be followed — and then said that, subject to those changes, the site appeared to be acceptable to the Mississippi River Commission from the standpoint of navigation and flood control.

Are the three AEC private power contracts all alike? No. The Dixon-Yates contract is more favorable to the government than the earlier two, principally because of the experience we earned from them. It involves more risk to the company and less risk to the government. It also includes provisions for cancellations, arbitration for settling disputes, an option for the government to recapture the plant within three years, and an option for a twenty years' extension.

Contrary to talk that the AEC has become mixed up in political considerations, the AEC approval of the Dixon-Yates contract, as signed November 11, was unanimous. It was not forced on the AEC by Chairman Strauss, nor was it forced on Chairman Strauss by the other AEC commissioners.

Its objectives are to use private capital where private capital will do the job efficiently and economically, to provide power for the AEC without expanding TVA and without depleting TVA.

It seems to me that these objectives are valid.





Director of Magazine Information for Crusade for Europe, WALTER HENRY NELSON lived in Germany while his father was in the United States Embassy during the Hitler era. After the war he returned to that country as an editor for Military Intelligence and later as a news analyst for Radio Free Europe. In the article which follows, he describes the reappearance of sabers and fraternities among the youth in German universities.

HIDDEN CAPS AND DRAWN SABERS

by WALTER HENRY NELSON

1

THE young man was of military demeanor, and his face resembled a cracked glass. "Here in Munich," he told me, "we cast a fishy eye on all who write." I assured him that my wonderment was not hostility. "That may well be," he said, "but here, whenever the local sheets have empty space to fill, they get some fellow with a grade-school education to attack us unfairly. But we shall see," he said, and called an alumnus of his club to ask if I might see a dance the club was holding. "He'll tell the truth," he said into the telephone, and the Old Gentleman, or *Alter Herr*, as the financial and spiritual fathers of such groups are called, presumably sighed in relief and consented to my coming.

"Just who'll be there?" I asked, newly arrived in Germany.

"Only the *Burschenschaftler* and their girls; the dances are all closed affairs and you couldn't see a duel because they're still illegal here. In actuality, everyone blinks an eye. We've been around so long — since 1815, you know — that everyone misses us; and although Bonn doesn't like us to wear our uniforms as yet out in the streets, occasionally we wear our caps and ribbons. When the people see us they're happy. 'We have our students back again,' they say. They really do."

At eight that night I met my friend in front of a beer garden which, inexplicably, was called The Chinese Tower. We passed into the hall and all glanced most suspiciously at me. I was clearly an object of distrust.

A number of the Old Gentlemen stood at the door, forming a reception line with their wives — bosomy, dowdy creatures in 1935 dresses. My friend went through the line first, pumping hands vigorously with everyone and exchanging his name in the German fashion, something like roll call or attendance checks. My turn came next. I was stared at coldly by an *Alter Herr* of thirty, but

after I had barked my name at him and after he had snapped back "Krauss!" or whatever he was called, and after we had bowed sharply, my scar-faced friend whispered something in Herr Krauss's ear and he looked up then with a sickly smile and said, "Ach so — oh yes, of course, you're the . . ." His last words were lost in the rush of more name-barking and heel-clicking, and my friend and I moved across the dance floor to the cloakroom.

I dropped my coat and twenty pfennigs on the counter, and my friend took off his jacket and put his black-red-gold club ribbon across his chest. It reached from the right shoulder to the left hip, like a brightly colored Sam Browne belt. He put his jacket back on and pulled his cap out of his pocket. He put that on before a mirror, settling the little bellboy's hat with the tiny visor all the way down on the right side of his head.

"They don't like it if we walk about the streets too much with caps and ribbons on," he said by way of explanation. "But it's all right here where we're among friends."

A number of young men who had queued up behind my friend now faced the mirror and went through the same ritual. The girls stood by in silence until their escorts were sufficiently arrayed. Besides myself, the girls were the only persons in the hall without a nick or scratch or scar to call their own.

We took a table near the dance floor and I looked around. The vista of organizational hats recalled to my mind a Shriners' convention.

"How often do you meet?" I asked.

Not more than once a month, my friend told me, though smaller get-togethers were arranged whenever an innkeeper did not prove averse to caps and ribbons. "Actually, as I've mentioned, the public is very glad to have us back," he said with emphasis, all the while looking about for a waiter. "But they outlawed us after World War II, and only now,

when restrictions are lessening, can we meet in the open once again. *Herr Ober!*" he shouted, and a nervous little man in an apron spun about like a top and headed towards our table. "The gentlemen wish?" the waiter said, emptying the butts from a partly filled ash tray into a little silver snuffbox and carefully placing it in his pocket. My friend disdained to turn towards him. "Two dark," he said over his shoulder; and as the waiter scurried off, "Outlawing us was stupid, of course, for Hitler himself disbanded us in '36 and made us join his student groups." He smiled and laughed a toothy laugh and inhaled deeply from his cigarette. "You might even call us victims of Nazism," he said.

2

THE waiter brought the steins of dark beer, rich and strong enough to chew upon, and we took long and healing draughts. The music hadn't started yet, and the members were still finding seats, chatting with friends and bowing and clicking heels to acquaintances, much as they had done since 1815, I presumed. Herr Krauss came over to our table, and my friend rose a little from his chair and bowed, and Krauss stood next to us and smiled a little. "I'm certain you'll enjoy yourself," he said; then, losing his smile: "You must only try real hard. Well, we hope you will return real soon again." I should get to know more about the fraternities, he added.

"Tell him!" Herr Krauss snapped at my friend and then moved on to the next table to leer at some young fellow's date. It seemed he had established a forward observation post on my side of the room.

"God, Honor, Country, Freedom! That is the motto of the *Burschenschaften*," said my friend, launching enthusiastically into his account and leaning forward with a confidential air. A clap of thunder from the drums stopped him dead in his tracks. Herr Krauss moved to the center of the floor amid restrained applause.

He said again that he hoped everybody would have fun. One of the features of German students' life, he reassured the doubters in the audience, was having fun, and he was sure we would have just that if we let ourselves go. Not everything in life is studying, he said; there were other things which interested students as well. That remark had clearly gone over well, for several students chuckled and one or two professorial alumni good-naturedly harrumphed.

When it was evident that everyone was once again attentive, Herr Krauss referred once or twice to higher things which he declined to list by name, and spoke briefly of the world-wide comradeship of students. Comradeship, of course, was best personified in the *Burschenschaften*, where fraternity life had reached full flower and where today, as

was the case a hundred years ago, the ties of friendship were cemented with the ties of blood. There was hearty applause, and the student band accompanied Herr Krauss off the floor with a roll of drums. A ragtime tune was struck and the floor filled. I stayed at my table, nursing a liter of bock. A young man sitting to my left saw me looking at his cap, different from the others.

"I'm Germania," he said, "from Hamburg. A guest here. These others are members of the Arminia fraternity." Possibly afraid of being a bad guest, he added hurriedly, "Wonderful group! Arminia has a very noble tradition indeed. All the way back to the first days of the *Burschenschaften*, in 1815, when Germany longed for unity." He paused and took a sip of beer. "And democracy, of course. You're an American, aren't you? The Americans are very keen on democracy, eh?" he asked, and when I nodded, feeling that perhaps I should have apologized for our national weakness, he added, "These are no rich men's clubs, as some of your fraternities are reputed to be. And though we wear uniforms, we're not at all militaristic. Though no one can say we can't fight," he added with a quiet little smile of satisfaction. "Twenty per cent of us were killed in World War I," he added proudly, "and in the battle of Langemarek in 1914, we marched into the French machine guns — in close formation and singing our national anthem.

"We lost the battle," he said, shaking his head and taking another sip of beer. "But right now," he added, picking up enthusiasm again, "we concentrate on character building. We've helped to mold the German character since Bismarck's day. Before that we concentrated on national unity; but after the Kaiser was installed, we concentrated on men. There are a lot of students here today who are in bad need of the social graces. We give them that," he said, rising to bow sharply at Herr Krauss, who had passed by again.

"Look at Herr Krauss there," he said, indicating the peripatetic observer. "Krauss is a good example of the type of gentleman the *Burschenschaftler* produce. They tell me he's a scholar, real saber man, and a real *Alter Herr* on top. He takes care of the boys after they graduate, sees to it that they get good jobs with other *Alte Herren*. He's a democrat, *of course*," the student said, "though that doesn't mean he can't fight. Got the Iron Cross, first class, last war and never was a Party member — that goes without saying. There was some fuss about him in '46, they tell me; they claimed — ridiculous, I know — that he looted some art museums.

"Well, I ask you," the student said, raising his shoulders in exasperation. "Krauss is a numismatist and, oh, you know — well, they can get carried away. When Krauss was in Paris . . ."

"Was he an art expert for the Army?" I asked.

"Oh, he fought, of course. Every German fights," he said with firmness. "But he also collected some art. You know — something here, a little something there. Not much. Goering took much more. And anyway, they got it all back. After the war, when the Allied officers came to confiscate it and send it back, Krauss insisted on returning it. It was a point of honor with him."

3

MY FRIEND had caught Herr Krauss's eye and smiled at him. Krauss disengaged himself from his chair and moved towards us. His lips wiggled a little in the suggestion of a smile and he kept his eyes on me. I offered him a cigarette. "Real *Ami*-blend, eh?" Krauss said, loosening a little. "You people really know how to make cigarettes — and cars. Though our poor little Mercedes isn't so bad either — eh, Germania?" he asked, and the two of them chuckled for a moment while Krauss lit his *Ami*-blend and took a puff.

"I've learned a lot about the *Burschenschaften* tonight, Herr Krauss," I said, and Krauss glanced nervously at the lad from Hamburg and then turned to smile at me again. "But I should like to know something about your duels."

"Duels?" Krauss said. "The *Mensur* is not a duel; it was established to stop the duels. It's just fencing."

"Well," I asked, "isn't it just a little different?"

"Three minor changes," Krauss assured me. "The saber is razor sharp, we don't wear masks, and the target is the face. But no one can get badly hurt; there are doctors in attendance nowadays. They take good care of the boys."

"That's right, that's right," Germania blurted out; "and if you'll pardon my interruption, Herr Krauss, may I just say that I myself have had to wait two hours to start a match while doctors patched a student who had fought before me."

"You see?" Krauss said.

"He had a bad cut on his forehead and I recall he bled a lot," Germania continued. "But the doctors were there and they had him shipshape soon enough," he added with a deprecating laugh.

"It builds character," Krauss said. "We feel that if you don't flinch when you see that saber edge coming at your face, you won't flinch in later life."

"You're not allowed to flinch?" I asked.

"Can't anyway," Germania said. "The leather neckpiece is a vise that holds the head in one position."

"But if you *do* flinch, you're disqualified," Krauss added, then paused and grew serious. He leaned forward. "There is no danger whatsoever that someone might get killed," he said. "I want to emphasize that point because there have been a lot of lies about us lately. Before you go into the match you're goggled to protect the eyes, you

wear a leather neckpiece to protect the throat, and the very nature of the saber slash, coming as it does from above, makes it impossible for someone to get mortally hurt."

"If you'll pardon me," Germania said to Krauss, rising and bowing a little again, "if you'll pardon me, I'd like to add that even a blow on the top of the head wouldn't be bad." He parted his hair for me, to illustrate his point. Krauss and I got up and peered at his scalp and saw a reddish scar. "See?" Krauss said with a sudden laugh. "You can't split the skull. You can only slash it. It's a sport, just like boxing. You *must* understand — we are a very real social good. We seek to elevate German youth to courageousness and gentlemanliness."

"We produce the cream of German society," Krauss said. "For over a century, all our officers were *Burschenschaftler*. All our learned men. Do you wish to take notes on this?" he asked.

"No, that's all right. I have a good memory."

"I meant it just for accuracy's sake. But as I said, they all were *Burschenschaftler*. The scar on the cheeks of the German shows you right off who belongs and who does not. And yet, of course, anyone can join, although most of us come from families which had been members too. We haven't changed a bit since 1815," he said, leaning back in his chair.

My friend who had brought me to the dance came back from the dance floor and, after bowing to Germania and Krauss, seated himself beside me. "My host," I told Herr Krauss, "said Hitler outlawed you."

"That's right," Krauss said enthusiastically and smiled at my young friend. "That's absolutely right! In 1935 he demanded we adopt the Nazi *Weltanschauung*, and they forbade the members of the Hitler Youth to join our fraternities."

"You might have expected it," my young friend said. "The *HJ* leader, Baldur von Schirach, held a grudge against us and was seeking his revenge. He had been expelled from Munich's Bavaria Korps."

"*Cum infamia*, no less," said Krauss with satisfaction. "Oh yes, we saw through them right away."

"When they made things too tough for us in 1936," Germania chimed in, "we fooled them by disbanding. They couldn't force us to agree with them if we no longer existed. They took over our buildings in '37 and made us join the Nazi Students' Bund."

"Isn't that what Hitler wanted anyway?" I asked.

Herr Krauss seemed most annoyed. "If you wish to be technical, yes. If you wish to be technical, he succeeded. But you must understand the subtlety of the move we made. We saved honor."

"We have a great sense of honor, you know,"

my young friend interjected. "You know, before Hitler — he was, unfortunately, not very interested in honor — a German officer who contracted a gambling debt was expected to pay it back within twenty-four or forty-eight hours. If he didn't, he was handed a pistol and he would blow his brains out. Why? Because he had a very real, a very dynamic, a very German sense of honor."

"And if I may say so," added Herr Krauss, "he had a *Burschenschaftler* sense of honor." He leaned back and took a deep drag from his cigarette.

The dancers had returned by now and a very *gemütlich* atmosphere set in, induced by the deceptively strong German beer. Herr Krauss got up and left the table to rejoin the other *Alte Herren* near the entrance of the hall, and the seats filled with other couples. We talked of America for a while. All the students were immensely interested. Had I ever belonged to an American fraternity?

"If you can call it that. We had a house and kept the fraternity name, but the chapter had been expelled by the national association years before."

Everybody laughed and someone said that this was typical of that wonderful spirit of "Who cares?" that marks America. We all sat around and drank more beer, and the band kept playing those ragtime tunes they thought were jazz, and all the dancers hopped about, up and down like marionettes, in what the Germans think of as jitterbugging.

Towards the end of the evening, the irrepressible Herr Krauss moved to the dance floor once again and led everyone in a spirited community sing. "*Gaudeamus igitur*" was included.

At about two in the morning, all went to the cloakroom to get their coats. The young men, their scarred faces intent upon the mirrors, removed their caps and ribbons, folded them carefully, and put them in their pockets for the way home.

At the door I met Herr Krauss again. "*Auf Wiedersehen!*" I said, and he smiled and glanced apprehensively at the fountain pen in my breast pocket. "You had a good time, did you?" he asked, and I assured him that the evening had been fun and interesting. "Ah, so?" he asked. "I hope you learned a lot. Today, when anyone can print whatever he likes, one must be careful," he said to me and laughed. "You know. People tend to misunderstand. Although we are a social good — and *very* democratic. We believe in a little discipline, certainly," he said, "but we agree absolutely that democracy is fine. What it needs, of course, is a strong man to run it." He said good-by very urbanely now, and I left the hall.

My friend and I met the young student from Hamburg on the street. The two young Germans stopped and bowed and clicked their heels. "Arminia!" the boy from Hamburg shouted in salute. To which my friend bowed sharply and barked "Germania!" in return.

ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

FOR nine years the *Atlantic* has held out a special incentive to short-story writers. In January, 1946, we began to publish what we called *Atlantic* "Firsts" — short stories by unestablished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We announced that these stories would be paid for at our top fee, and that prizes would be awarded to those two which, in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors, were of special distinction.

1954 PRIZE WINNERS

First Prize of \$750 awarded to

RICHARD T. GILL

for "*The Secret*" in the
April issue

Second Prize of \$250 awarded to

BENJAMIN DE MOTT

for "*Planting Pheasants*" in the
January issue

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

A FRIEND of mine, a sculptor, had his studio in uptown New York, and his next-door neighbor in the same building was a painter who had made a commercial success of his pictures of skiing, which he painted from photographs, deftly but — shall we say? — somewhat repetitively. On the day I have in mind, my friend had been called on by Jerry, a shabby little vendor of artists' supplies. The sculptor made his purchase — everyone felt sorry for Jerry, who had known better days — and his door was still ajar when Jerry buzzed his way into the next studio. "No, no, Jerry!" stormed the painter of winter sports. "Nothing today! Can't you see I'm busy?" Jerry withdrew, but hesitated for an instant before he closed the door. "You don't even want a cookie tin?" he asked.

Cookie tins have played no inconsiderable part in American art. We can all think of architects, authors, and artists who have turned out Cape Cod cottages, novels about the Cape, and paintings of the same with almost as much variation as a cookie tin allows; and what is more, they have sold. This country still puts too great a premium on the repetition of success; it pays too high a price to the artist who, having found his formula, never deviates. This came back to me during the happy hours I spent recently in Walt Disney's studio. His empire of the imagination in Burbank is highly organized, and it would have taken far less venture, in thought and capital, had Walt contented himself with the sovereignty of animated cartoons and never tried for more. But the drive of his genius never could be restricted: he had to keep branching out and enlarging his scope, continually doing things with the camera and with sound which no one had tried before. He follows no predictable lead. A film was projected about Alaska and its people, and when one of his camera scouts in the North sent back some superb shots of seals in a

sanctuary the plans were changed: the people drop out, the seals are cast, and what you get is *Seal Island*. This in time leads to *The Living Desert*, then *The Vanishing Prairie*, and then, as the curiosity about what is minute and hidden becomes more daring, to the classic color film, *The Insect World*, which is now in progress.

Meantime, of course, on the same lot, Disneyland is being constructed; a weekly television show produced; a new series on *People and Places* is being assembled from the far corners of the earth, and much else that I can't describe. A huge tinted calendar beside Walt's desk tells of his forethought, and I hooted when I saw it. It covers the six years 1953–1958; 1953 is crossed out, but in each of the other five, release dates have been circled, and arrows leading off to the margin explain the title of the project and, to the knowing, the expense. "I gave it to my brother Roy last Christmas. That's why '53 is crossed out," Walt explains. "Thought it might shock him." "Did it?" I asked. "A little."

The boy from the Border

Hesketh Pearson's biography, *Sir Walter Scott* (Harper, \$4.00), is one of the pleasantest books I have read in years. Mr. Pearson is an experienced and skillful delineator; he has written the best books we have had thus far on Whistler, Disraeli, Oscar Wilde, Sydney Smith, and Bernard Shaw — to mention five of his seventeen biographies; and in this new volume he is working with a subject whose buoyant and attractive personality pervades every page. Walter Scott — "Wattie," as his mother used to call him — was the son of a respectable Edinburgh lawyer, and he was only eighteen months old when he was struck and crippled by infantile paralysis. The infant was given the usual treatment of the time, and the blistering naturally had little effect on his crippled leg; he was sent to his grandfather's farm at Sandyknowe in the Border Country, and there the fresh air, his rugged constitution, and his grandfather's infinite patience pulled him through.

Mr. Pearson rightly stresses the aftereffects of this illness: how the boy was thrown on his own resources and neglected by his older brothers, who had no patience with his limp; how he filled his mind with the action and violence of Border affrays and found his consolation in the local history where "every mountain had its fable, every valley its legend, every stream its song, every castle

its story." On fair days Wattie would be carried out and laid beside the shepherd minding his flock; later, as he grew older, he was given a Shetland pony to navigate with; he read early and fearlessly — Pope's translation of Homer and Milton's *Paradise Lost* at the age of six, Shakespeare at seven — and was an avid listener whenever there were Scottish veterans or seafarers to be heard. Thus out of his physical limitation came the seeding and impetus for his writing.

"All men who have turned out worth anything have had the chief hand in their own education," he once wrote, and this was certainly true of Walter Scott. When Walter entered Edinburgh University in 1783, a professor of Greek, at the end of the first term, informed him that he was a dunce and would never be anything else. This did not deter him from his omnifarious reading, and now what he craved was books of poetry and chivalry, Shakespeare, Spenser, and the old ballads. The classroom bored him; so did the law courts for which his father insisted that he be prepared. It was the Highlands that claimed him; and although he walked with a stick, he was indefatigable on the climbs and even more so on a horse. So it was that in rebellion against the law and in pursuit of his boyhood dreams he began to collect the ballads and minstrelsy which were to establish him, first as an editor and collector, and then, with his publication of *Marmion*, as a national poet.

It might be said that Scott sidled into literature. Edinburgh had long rated him a good-natured failure at law before it woke up to the fact that he could write. He had been collecting ballads for years before it ever occurred to him to publish them between covers; when his own poetry became popular, he was as surprised as anyone, and his first novel he published anonymously. Then fame and royalties descended upon him, his life became more spacious, and the claims on his time multiplied. He moved to his beloved manor at Abbotsford, and here came friends, dukes, dogs, impecunious poets, charlatans, clansmen, servants, and the Prince of Wales. Mr. Pearson, who is much at ease in the nineteenth century, has brought out Scott's generosity, his intrepidity, his deep sentiment for his clan and his country (but not necessarily for women or great persons), his tolerance of his rascally publishers, and his kindness toward anyone who wrote. "Life," Scott once wrote, "is too short for the indulgence of animosity." And he could not bear to criticize his contemporaries even when reason must occasionally have told him that what they wrote was rubbish. Zestful, a prodigious worker, and greatly beloved, he stands straight and true in this admirable book.

Scott's books, uneven because they were often hastily written, receive at Mr. Pearson's hands a long-needed and persuasive re-evaluation which sets *Rob Roy* at the head of the list, *The Betrothed*

at the bottom; which finds dullness in *Ivanhoe* and much pure gold in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Marmion*.

The morning of a poet

Poets have thin pickings — even as good a one as **Dylan Thomas**; and to eke out the royalties from his books Mr. Thomas was obliged to give readings, to lecture, and to broadcast. Those who have heard him will never forget the magnetism which radiated from his performance. The talks he delivered over BBC from 1946 to the year of his death were essays to be spoken, and now, stripped of studio directions, they comprise a scintillating and enriching volume, *Quite Early One Morning* (New Directions, \$3.50). This is the closest we shall come to the autobiography of one of the finest lyric poets of our time and I must say I find it delightful.

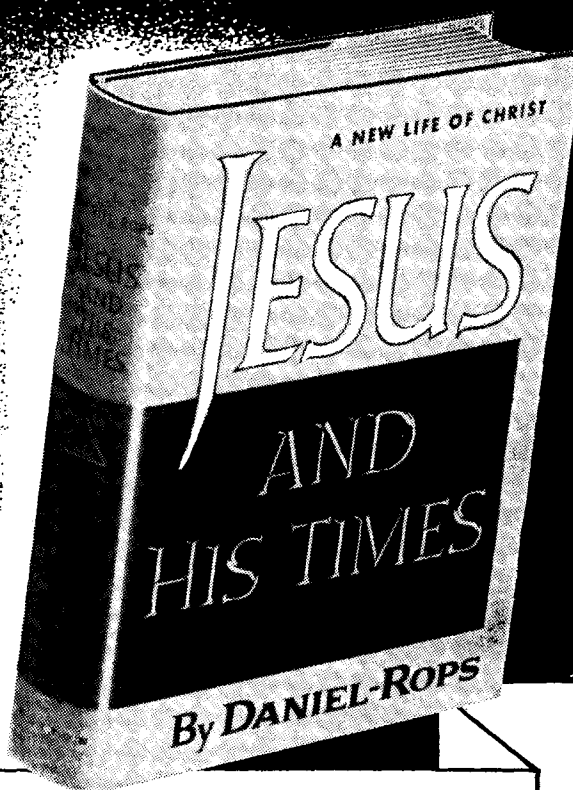
In Part I we have those fresh, sensuous pieces reminiscent of his boyhood in Wales, and in Part II we have his taste, the poets he admired, the history he loved; we have his satire, as in that hilarious essay, "How to Be a Poet," and at the very close that scathing, laughable account, "A Visit to America," incomparably the best description of a lecturing junket ever written. Dylan Thomas was a master of prose, a pelting, graphic, fine-edged prose. The characteristics that he carried over from poetry are easily spotted — the compression, the selection of material details which convey emotional and symbolic meanings without any literal explanation, the phrases whose shape and sound irresistibly suggest other phrases with quite different meanings (enchancing, miraculous puns, in fact), the juxtaposition of two unexpected words which supply two paragraphs of meaning. These tricks were part of Thomas's poetic style because his mind and ear worked in this particular way. One flash will suffice to show you what I mean: "And there, too, in the sticky thick of lecturers moving across the continent black with clubs, go the foreign poets, catarrhal troubadours, lyrical one-night-standers, dollar-mad nightingales, remittance-bards from at home, myself among them booming with the worst."

The poetry in Thomas's prose is the delight in sound, the determination to make every word do its utmost, the dazzling ingenuity with which words are compelled to do not merely their utmost but more than any words ever did before. Thomas is only now, after his death, beginning to have an effect upon the young writers who worship him, but I think it will be a far-reaching one both in verse and in prose.

He loved the champs

For fifty years **Grantland Rice** was about as good a sports writer as this country can produce. He pulled phrases like "The Four Horsemen" of Notre Dame out of his typewriter and they stuck. He could describe Bobby Jones hitting a long iron

"Great" ...
"Inspiring" ...
"Reverent" ...
"For all Christians"



"A moving and reverent life of Christ."—DANIEL A. POLING, *Christian Herald*

"Will bring you closer to Christ . . . In Europe this book has gone through more than 400 printings and been translated into 15 languages; in America it may well be expected to duplicate or surpass the success of Papini's *Life of Christ*."

—EDWARD WAGENKNECHT, *Chicago Tribune*

"A very great book." —BISHOP IVAN LEE HOLT, *World Methodist Council*

"This work can be of great assistance to the layman particularly in his desire to know and thus to love the central figure of all history, Christ Our Lord."

—MSGR. MATTHEW P. STAPLETON, *The Pilot*

"A most helpful, indeed inspiring book."

—RT. REV. HENRY K. SHERRILL, *Protestant Episcopal Church*

"The most reverent, readable life of Christ of modern times — for all Christians."

—DR. PAUL A. WOLFE, *Brick Presbyterian Church*

615 pages, \$5.00

The true, inside story

Son of Oscar Wilde

BY VYVYAN HOLLAND



At all bookstores

E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC., New York 10

ANTHONY WEST,
in the *New Yorker*, says:

"Vyvyan Holland's account of his childhood and youth, is a story of intense unhappiness wantonly inflicted and of great courage and steadfastness . . .

The horrid core of the Wilde story is that Oscar Wilde never did anything in his life as wicked as the things that were done ostensibly to shield his children from the consequences of the exposure of his private affairs . . .

The fascination of the Wilde case — to the literature of which Vyvyan Holland's book is a most important addition — is that it demonstrates the absurdity of the literary convention which identifies evil with sexual irregularity." \$3.75

almost as dramatically as the Telepix. He made friends of the college stars and professional champs he watched, and had a mine of stories about them; the sentiment in him flowed full and deep and overflowed in affectionate verse when he was stirred. He was the best company in the world and must have been told a thousand times that he ought to write a book. So toward the close he began to set down the pleasure and conclusions of his experiences in a volume entitled *The Tumult and the Shouting* (Barnes, \$5.00).

The book is warm, intimate, and anecdotal, and to those who knew Granny well, his way of saying things and his laugh will sound on many a page and that will be enough. In his eyes sport reached its apogee in the golden, stadium-packed days of the 1920s, and when his mind harks back to the All-Americans and the record-breakers of that decade — Dempsey, Tunney, Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, Rockne, Babe Ruth, Bill Tilden — his reminiscence is of uncritical adulation. He is aware that professionalism is on the rampage, but it doesn't seem to trouble him. He prefers the overemphasis on football to the present attempt at underemphasis. He says nothing about the enormous multiplication of horse and dog tracks and what gambling means to the American communities which support them. He is disgusted with crookedness in the prize ring but has only a single short paragraph about what he calls the basketball "scandal," although the muddy details had already smirched a dozen campuses. He knew better than most how often the gamblers and the pros go hand in hand, and though he had the capacity to hit hard in his column, he has moderately little criticism and indignation in his text, and I think the book is weaker without them.

He comes through the text essentially a gentle person. Golf was his favorite game and hunting came next, and then he confides: "While sport has been a big part of my life, I must admit that verse has meant even more. . . . I was around 12 when I first discovered Shakespeare. Two years later I found the brilliantly lighted domains of Keats, Shelley and Carlyle. I was about 20 when I had full contact with Homer and Rudyard Kipling." It was Kipling who served as his model.

Jalna revisited

Jalna and the *Atlantic* have been happily affiliated ever since 1927 when Mazo de la Roche won our first *Atlantic* contest. In the years between, her family chronicle of the Whiteoaks has become an American institution and a bond in common for many readers here and abroad. The latest in this series, *Variable Winds at Jalna* (Atlantic Little, Brown, \$3.95), is one of the most tempestuous, for the story pivots on whether or not young Adeline's fiancé will stand the family test. These people have irresistible vitality even to the third generation — so says a partisan editor.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Salt Water

THE BOOK OF THE SEA edited by A. C. Spectorsky. (Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$10.00.) A positive treasure-trove of an anthology, the selections running from Homer and the Norse sagas to Columbus and Hakluyt and on to Conrad, Monsarrat, and Rachel Carson, and all calculated to make a land-based reader green with envy. Excellent illustrations.

THE BLUE CONTINENT by Folco Quilici. (Rinehart, \$5.00.) A good-humored, casual report on the adventures of an Italian diving expedition in the Red Sea, by a photographer who is more interested in action than in ichthyology. Mr. Quilici provides some striking color pictures.

LONELY VOYAGERS by Jean Merrien. (Putnam, \$4.00.) An astounding number of people have willfully made long ocean voyages alone in small boats, and Mr. Merrien tells their stories with gusto and a nice touch of irreverence.

Adventures

THE BAFUT BEAGLES by Gerald M. Durrell. (Viking, \$3.75.) Bafut is a district in West Africa, full of pretty animals and beguiling locals, and ruled by an enchanting old boy called the Fon, who dotes on alcohol and visitors. Mr. Durrell, a naturalist, had a great time there and so will his readers.

TALES OF THE AFRICAN FRONTIER by J. A. Hunter and Daniel P. Mannix. (Harper, \$4.00.) Tales of Kenya in the wild and woolly days when the arrival of white strangers enlivened native proceedings which had been lively enough before.

JOURNEY WITHOUT RETURN by Raymond Maufrais. (Crowell, \$3.50.) The recovered diary of an amateur explorer lost on the borders of French Guiana reveals a fairly predictable set of difficulties but a most unusual set of notions. Interesting for the author's strange and fatal cast of mind.

Various Arts

AFRICAN ART by Werner Schmalenbach. (Macmillan, \$12.50.) Lovely photographs, 16 in color, of African sculpture, emphasizing its remarkable design and alien but unquestionable power. Sporadically foggy, the text is nevertheless sympathetic and intelligent.

THE PASSPORT by Saul Steinberg. (Harper, \$5.00.) Give him a few dots and squiggles and Mr. Steinberg can represent anything from an old forged check to an epic tragedy. Witty, expressive cartoons, quite unlike anything else on earth.

MAX by Giovannetti. (Macmillan, \$2.95.) Max has four feet and a tail, but he is engaged, indomitably, in the old human game of jacking reality up to the level of his dreams, and Max's dream is a vision of himself as a universal genius. Captionless line drawings, almost too funny to bear.

OCEANIC ART by Friedrich Hewicker and Herbert Tischner. (Pantheon, \$8.50.) A brief account of South Sea geography and customs introduces fine photographs of masks, statues, and ritual objects.

LEARN TO WRITE BY THE FAMOUS WRITERS' METHOD

The Magazine Institute, an organization of successful writers and editors, offers serious students a chance to learn to write by *writing* under the personal guidance of a professional. Regular assignments are offered to help develop the writing habit and to supply the discipline so necessary in the developing of *any* talent. The student also has the opportunity to submit original manuscripts, of any length, for professional appraisal and criticism.

Weak spots are carefully noted and specific, practical advice is given on making best use of *your own* material. You ask all the questions you like. Every manuscript you submit is returned with full correction and comment. Best of all, you may do this work in spare time, at your own pace, paying as you go.

“ OUR STUDENTS SAY*
I sold the Saturday Evening Post another piece.”

“... Esquire has accepted my story, one I sent you for criticism.”

“I sold another story, my sixth . . .”

“... reporting the sale of another story, submitted as an assignment last July. The market was recommended in your criticism.”

“... my first sale, after I had completed only four lessons.”

“... I've just sold my first fiction piece, based on a characterization I did for the course.”

“I sold an article to American Weekly.”

“I have made some progress selling to numerous magazines from Coronet down and I'm only about one-third through the course.”

**{Letters on file}*

”

The advice you receive is down-to-earth and authoritative because the Magazine Institute is entirely staffed by men and women who are active today in writing and editing for magazines and book publishers. Next to writing, these men and women enjoy teaching others to write.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

TODAY Write for the FREE catalog describing the Magazine Institute plan and providing other information of value to beginning writers. Inquirers also receive the **BEST JOB IN THE WORLD**, which lists unsolicited testimonials from successful Magazine Institute students. Fill out the coupon and mail it NOW.

OUR STAFF INCLUDES:



ROBERT SMITH

Novelist, lecturer, newspaper columnist, part-time editor for leading book publisher, author of *Writing Fiction; Modern Writing; One Winter in Boston; The Human Image; Baseball, a Historical Narrative; Hotel on the Lake; Heroes of Baseball*; two juvenile novels; many short stories and radio scripts.



ROBERT ARTHUR

Author, editor and teacher; former writer-producer Mutual Broadcasting System; former editor *Detective Fiction*, and other magazines for Fawcett, Street and Smith, and Dell Publishing Company; short stories for *Argosy, Blue Book, Collier's*, and many other magazines; member Mystery Writers of America.



JACK WOODFORD

Publisher, novelist, motion picture writer; author of more than 40 novels and 2000 short stories; author of *Writer's Cramp, Trial and Error*, and other books on writing; former script writer M.G.M., Warner's, Universal, and Columbia; vice-president of Signature Press. And other successful writers and editors.

The MAGAZINE INSTITUTE

Rockefeller Center

50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

(Licensed by the State of New York)

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, INC.

Dept. 11-H

50 Rockefeller Plaza, Rockefeller Center
New York 20, N. Y.

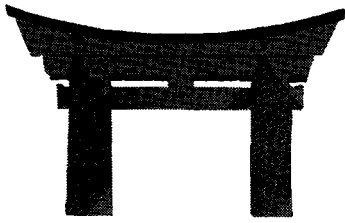
Please send, without obligation, your current catalog to:

Name

Street Address

City..... Zone..... State.....

(Inquiries Confidential • No Salesman Will Call)



*A remarkable novel that
will be enjoyed by anyone
interested in Japan today*

HOME- COMING

by JIRO OSARAGI

The first novel to be translated from the Japanese and published here in many years. It offers a fresh, rich, and different reading experience as, colorfully contrasting the old and the new, it portrays what postwar Japan looked and felt like to a Japanese who thought his world and life were finished.

• "A remarkable novel . . . (that) moves from evocation to evocation of human mood until the whole scene is infused with life."
—PEARL BUCK

• "A fascinating glimpse into the soul of postwar Japan . . . a true and revealing picture... skillfully translated." —EDWIN O. REISCHAUER

• "*Homecoming*, by one of Japan's best-known contemporary writers . . . is universal in appeal and should strike a responsive chord the world over."
—DOUGLAS OVERTON, *Executive Director, The Japan Society*

• "An invitation to Japanese homes and to the lives inside them that we are rarely fortunate enough to know in person."
—FAUBION BOWERS

• "Conveys exactly the many curious states of the Japanese mind which no occidental writer could hope to catch." —JAMES MICHENER

\$3.75 at all bookstores

To be published January 17

ALFRED A. KNOFF, *Publisher*

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



TO START off with, here are some notes on the literary scene in 1954. The state of the novel: dismal — the thinnest pickings in five years or more. It is ironic that Faulkner, whose best books didn't sell too well, should have hit the Book-of-the-Month Club and best-seller lists with the most unreadable novel he has ever written — five hundred pages of high-minded delirium. Moral: never underestimate the selling power of the Nobel Prize. Business note: the slump in sales of hard-cover fiction has deepened — nonfiction is now outselling fiction in bookstores by three to one. However, many serious novels which flopped saleswise in hard covers are passing the 50,000 mark in paperback editions, indicating that the U.S. does not lack discriminating readers, but many discriminating readers lack three dollars.

The year's showing in nonfiction: excellent — an abundance of rewarding books in all fields. The most striking feature was the phenomenal output of autobiographies — by literary folk, politicians, entertainers, miscellaneous celebrities, ex's (an ex-king, ex-alcoholic, ex-convict, ex-Communists), and extraordinary ladies (a bullfighter, Luftwaffe pilot, under-sea photographer). Some trends in nonfiction: 1) A strong, telling counterattack against McCarthyism, spearheaded by Elmer Davis's big best-seller. 2) Darkest Africa suddenly in the limelight — more books from and about it than in the whole of the previous decade. 3) The market for high adventure showed well-distributed strength. Some insiders are now bearish about mountains, but top-flight publishers are still backing new issues. Tibet again revealed the capacity to yield handsome capital gains. Hunting and ocean-crossings were widely favored in the portfolios of leading houses. The sea-below-us paid adequate dividends, but didn't match the performance of the sea-around-us. While jungles (Amazonian) staged a comeback, arctic issues achieved only moderate support. Abominable snowmen remained highly speculative.

Among my favorites out of the books reviewed here were: *The Reason Why* by Cecil Woodham-Smith, *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud* by Ernest Jones, *The Invisible Writing* by Arthur Koestler, *Company Manners* by Louis Kronenberger, *The Conquest of Everest* by Sir John Hunt, *The Confidential Clerk* by T. S. Eliot, *The Go-Between* by L. P. Hartley, *The Tunnel of Love* by Peter de Vries.

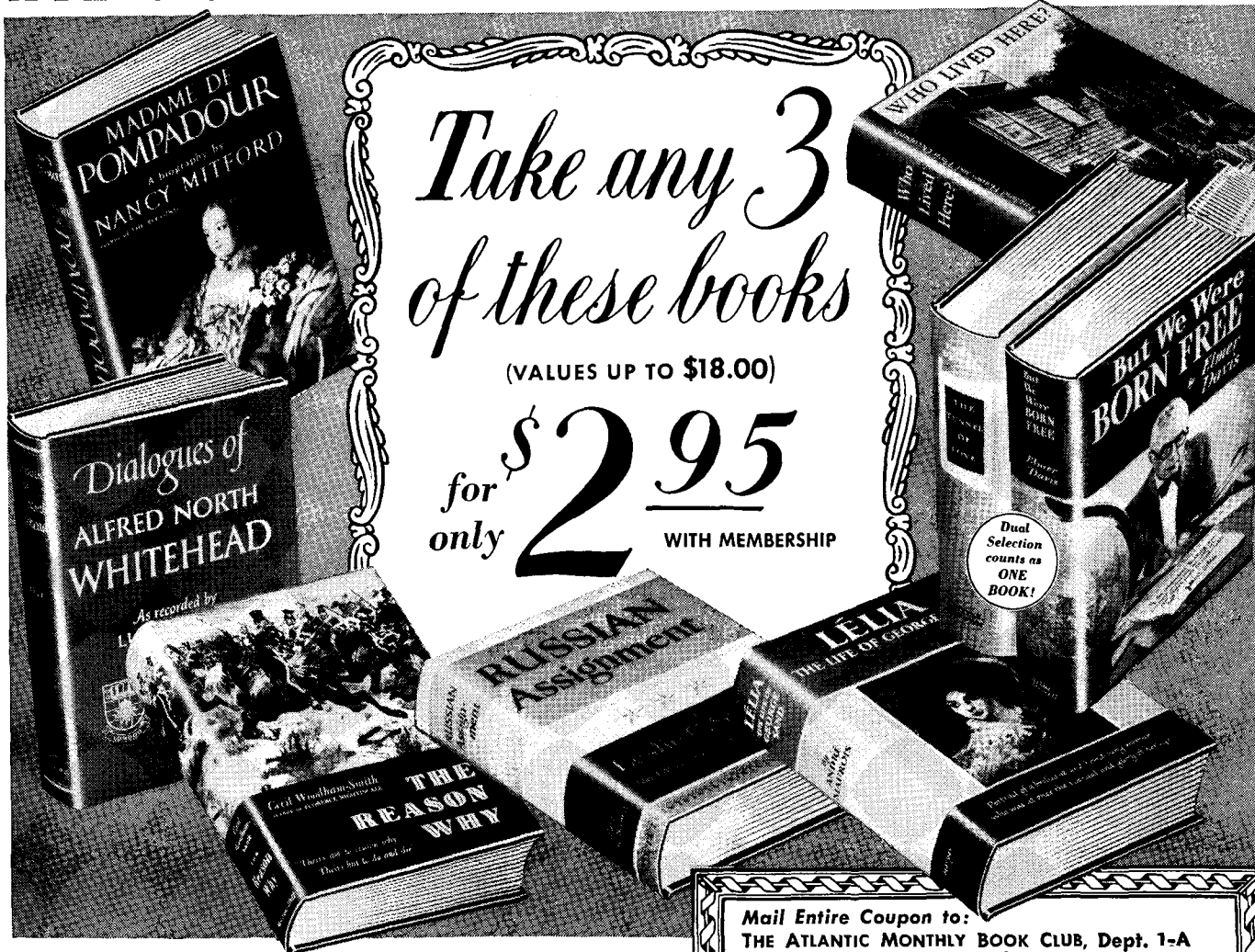
Personal histories

The Woman Within (Harcourt, Brace, \$5.00) — the autobiography which Ellen Glasgow completed shortly before her death in 1945 and which she instructed her literary executors to publish when they saw fit — is the tragically ironic story of a gifted woman who in public made the best of life and inwardly made the worst of it. To the world, she presented a tenaciously cultivated façade of poise and gaiety; and there were many who considered her remarkably fortunate. She came of a distinguished Southern family. Her books in due course brought her considerable honor and affluence. Both at home and in Europe her gracious and spirited personality won her many friends among the elite of her time.

But Ellen Glasgow, we now discover, suffered all her life from an excruciating, almost unrelenting unhappiness. Her father was a cold, unbending Calvinist, dutiful but unloving. Her mother, whom she adored, was separated from her by a "nervous illness" and died young. Her earliest memory was of seeing in the sunset "a face without a body staring at me"; and the horror of this vision remained forever embedded in her consciousness. She grew up harassed by sickness and "nerves"; tormented by an ever-present awareness of cruelty and by "the harshness of health and happiness to the weak"; and isolated from an environment in which her pursuit of knowledge and her literary ambitions were highly unorthodox. Her favorite brother committed suicide; her favorite sister died. And at twenty, she began to be afflicted with incurable deafness.

Certainly life gave Ellen Glasgow much cause for suffering. But it is also clear from her self-portrait that she was a profoundly neurotic person who unconsciously embraced unhappiness; who invested all of her pride in seeing herself as the chosen victim of a malevolent fate — a heroic contender against inescapable misery.

A DEMONSTRATION OFFER to Readers of Taste and Intelligence



*Take any 3
of these books*

(VALUES UP TO \$18.00)

for only **\$2.95**
WITH MEMBERSHIP

Dual Selection counts as ONE BOOK!

A Genuine Bargain Offer to introduce you to the Atlantic Monthly Book Club

LOOK at the books pictured above and you will know instantly why the Atlantic Monthly Book Club has attracted so many readers of taste and intelligence.

Now this Club makes you an extraordinary offer—choose any THREE of these excellent books for yourself, and receive them at once for ONLY \$2.95 with membership! The books you can get through this unusual offer are worth up to \$18.00 in publishers' retail editions.

Is this the book club you have been waiting for?

Many people with a cultivated taste in reading have hesitated to join book clubs which choose their selections for the "mass market." It was to serve these discriminating people that this new club—sponsored by the Atlantic Monthly Magazine—was organized. It chooses its selections solely for readers of genuine taste and intelligence.

Through the Atlantic Monthly Book Club you can now get outstanding new books at special Member's Prices. You save as much as 40% or more, including the value of your bonus books.

You take only those books you want; as few as four a year if you wish. You may receive and examine them *before* you pay for them. And each book is described to you well IN ADVANCE by the Club's distinguished Board of Editors—Edward Weeks, Charles Morton and Charles Rolo.

Valuable Bonus Books, Too!

With every fourth selection you purchase, you receive a handsome and valuable Bonus Gift Book from your Club. Thus you save money in *two ways*, while you are building a really worthwhile library. (Last year members saved an average of about \$2.35 on each selection, including the value of their bonus books!)

Right now is an excellent time to become a trial member of the Atlantic Monthly Book Club, with the privilege of resigning any time after you accept four selections. If you act now, you may pick any three books from this page. They are yours for only \$2.95 (plus few cents for shipping) as a special demonstration to new members!

Mail coupon now to ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK CLUB, Dept. 9-A, 251 Fourth Ave., New York 10.

Mail Entire Coupon to:

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK CLUB, Dept. 1-A
251 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Send me at once the THREE titles I have checked below, two as my enrollment gifts and one as my first selection, and bill me only \$2.95, plus a few cents for shipping. Forthcoming selections will be described to me IN ADVANCE, and I may decline any book simply by returning a printed form. You will send me a valuable FREE BONUS BOOK each time I

purchase four additional selections or alternates. My only obligation is to accept four selections or alternates in the first year I am a member, and I may resign at any time after accepting four such books.

Guarantee: If not completely satisfied, I may return my first shipment within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.

CHECK YOUR 3 BOOKS HERE:

- ☐ **LELIA: The Life of George Sand** by Andre Maurois. Full length portrait of the extraordinary being that was George Sand—unconventional queen of 19th century French letters. Illustrated. List price: \$5.00.
- ☐ **RUSSIAN ASSIGNMENT** by Adm. Leslie C. Stevens. "Perceptive and absorbing personal record of more than two crowded years in Russia." — N. Y. Times Book Review. List price: \$5.75.
- ☐ **WHO LIVED HERE: Historic New England Houses and Their Occupants** by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Handsome, large-format treasury of famous old homes, with photographs by Samuel Chamberlain. List price: \$6.00.
- ☐ **MADAME DE POMPADOUR** by Nancy Mitford. An intimate picture of life, love and politics at the court of Louis XV—and of the brilliant and bewitching woman who became Louis' mistress. Illustrated. List price: \$4.75.

☐ **THE REASON WHY** by Cecil Woodham-Smith. Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan were brothers-in-law, but bitter rivals in military life. Their enmity flared into climax on the battlefield—sending their own men to a scandalous defeat. List price: \$4.00.

☐ **DIALOGUES OF ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD** recorded by Lucien Price. This book has had tremendous impact on thinking people. A gentle, erudite philosopher gives you new insight into philosophy, religion, science, literature and life. List price: \$5.00.

☐ **Dual Selection: BUT WE WERE BORN FREE** by Elmer Davis. Unmasks the propaganda, thought-control and scare tactics that threaten us from within. List price: \$2.75.

AND

THE TUNNEL OF LOVE by Peter DeVries. Mr. and Mrs. Augie Poole decide to adopt a baby. But when wife learns that the baby is no stranger to hubby after all—things happen that shouldn't even occur to Augie! List price: \$3.50.

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

By W. W. ROSTOW
and a group of Far East experts

The first book to

- draw a realistic balance sheet of Red China's strength and weakness
- appraise the first 5 years of Communist rule
- offer hard facts on Chinese Communist methods, policies, and goals

Will Communist China's surge toward power succeed or fail? Read this book for the most penetrating analysis of this vital question to date. A Technology Press book, M.I.T.

At your bookstore \$5.00

JOHN WILEY & SONS, Inc., New York

To keep yourself and your friends
in the best of animal spirits...

The Contemporary Mouse

A FABLE FOR ART LOVERS

By PATRICIA BARNARD. An eager, curious, self-made mouse (alive and, hence, *contemporary*) pursues culture at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. 20 photographs of animal sculpture from the Museum and pen sketches by Constance Jean Dowling. \$2.50

The Family Book of Dogs

By MARGUERITE LESLIE. With 120 drawings by Lumen Martin Winter. Over 60 varieties of dogs, from the Afghan Hound to the Zwerg-schnauzer, beautifully illustrated and described in a book guaranteed to become dog-eared from delighted use by readers and lookers of all ages. 8¼ x 11. \$3.50

At all bookstores

COWARD-McCANN, Inc.

210 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16

At seven, she "knew" for sure that all happiness was behind her. "I cannot recall a time," she writes, "when . . . the scheme of things in general had not seemed to me false and even malignant." Why do people always do things which break one's heart? How is an oversensitive nature to endure the unendurable? This is the relentless motif of Miss Glasgow's autobiography.

But in spite of its self-pity and accumulation of anguish, *The Woman Within* manages to be an engrossing and a moving book. For Miss Glasgow (though her "rebellious" novels now appear rather tame deviations from the genteel tradition) took pains to become a literary artist; and she has laid bare her torment and her struggles with precision, vividness, and poignancy. She writes admirably, too, about her friendship with James Branch Cabell and her meetings with Hardy, Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, Henry James; about her deep love for a married man, which brought her periods of great happiness; and about a subsequent curious relationship of twenty-one years with a pompous, bustling fame-seeker, who let himself become fatuously bedazzled by Queen Marie of Rumania.

Even though the Furies which assailed Miss Glasgow were in part the product of her own neurasthenia, there is something stirring about the way in which she refused to be defeated by them; accomplished the work she wished to accomplish; and finally arrived at a measure of acceptance — "the steadfast accord without surrender of the unreconciled heart."

Sunset and Evening Star (Macmillan, \$4.75) — the sixth and presumably concluding volume in Sean O'Casey's autobiography, one of the greatest autobiographies of this century — covers the period reaching back to the days when England was hearing "the cocksparrow chirrup of Chamberlain charming away war." On the appearance of each title in this series, reviewers have so abundantly celebrated O'Casey's qualities as a virtuoso of rhetoric that there is no need to elaborate on the enchantment of the writing in the current volume. Aside from its language, *Sunset and Evening Star* impressed me somewhat less than its predecessors.

In the volumes which chronicled O'Casey's youth in the slums and the embattled early years of his adult life, the author's blazing combativeness

was exhilarating; his naïve proletarian ideology and his idealization of Soviet Russia were readily understandable; and there was something very stirring about his burning championship of the underdog. But in the present context, O'Casey's unchanged prejudices and obsessions sometimes make him sound, for all his glorious gift of the gab, a peevish and cantankerous "injustice collector," and sometimes a considerable fool. Foolishness is certainly the most charitable epithet applicable to O'Casey's savage attack on the late George Orwell, whom he pictures as a decadent and reactionary warmonger. But for the style, this rubbish might have come from the typewriter of Ilya Ehrenburg.

To keep things in their proper perspective, I should like to stress that *Sunset and Evening Star* has much superb stuff in it. The best passages are those describing the O'Caseys' friendship with Bernard Shaw and his wife. Old Lady Gregory and her entrancing lisp put in an entertaining appearance. There are some moving pages about the O'Caseys' family life and the coming of a new child. And there is a wickedly amusing commentary on Chesterton, who would, I suspect, have been tickled by O'Casey's sublime description of him, had he known what it suggested — "The hopalong cassidy of the Roman Catholic Church."

Speaking of Chesterton, it is worth reporting that the *Autobiography of G. K. Chesterton* (Sheed & Ward, \$3.75), first published in 1936 and for some time out of print, has recently been reissued. Though "dated" in certain respects, it is still a very spirited and very witty book which has a quality that has been growing increasingly rare — the strongly felt imprint of a robust and original personality. Offhand, I can't think of a more exquisitely teasing and telling reminiscence of Henry James than Chesterton's. Of James's conversation he writes: "Henry James always spoke with an air which I can only call gracefully groping: that is, not so much groping in the dark in blindness as groping in the light in bewilderment, through seeing too many avenues and obstacles." Chesterton's summation of the Russians also strikes me as an analysis which can't be improved on within the boundaries of a sentence — a nation "which appears to have every human talent except common sense."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE!

WHAT IS HI-FI?

A journey behind the scenes with Kurt List, Westminster's musical director, describes high fidelity and the making of high fidelity records. Informative, interesting, of permanent value to every record buyer. For your free copy, send a card to:

**WESTMINSTER RECORDS
DEPT. A**

275 Seventh Ave., New York 1, N. Y.



WROUGHT IRON RECORD RACK

Holds 200 LP's. Black finish with rubber tips. Size 19 1/2" high, 25" long, 9 1/2" deep. Sturdy construction. Ten separate sections allow for ideal storage of music by style, composer, artist. Several racks may be placed side by side to form a complete library of records. Please remit with order. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Shipped Express Collect.

\$9.95

LESLIE CREATIONS, 2116 Robbins St., Dept. 218 Phila. 49, Pa.

OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS

supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices. (We also supply all current books at retail store prices — postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*.)

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. A, New York 36, N. Y.
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines. Please list.

MAKE MONEY WRITING

.. short paragraphs!

You don't have to be a trained author to make money writing. Hundreds now making money every day on short paragraphs. I tell you what to write, where and how to sell; and supply big list of editors who buy from beginners. Lots of small checks in a hurry bring cash that adds up quickly. No tedious study. Write to sell, right away. Send for free facts. **BENSON BARRETT, 1751 Morse Ave., Dept. 135-A, Chicago 26, Ill.**

STUDENTS—PARENTS GUIDANCE DIRECTORS

Our 1954-1955 School and Camp Guide has just been published. For information on many of the better schools and camps—also tips on Home Study—write for your free directory.

**SCHOOL AND CAMP DEPARTMENT
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY**

The Dark Child (Noonday Press, \$2.75) by Camara Laye unfolds the unusual personal history of a young Negro from the hinterland of French Guinea, who has now found his way to Paris. The color problem did not enter into the author's life: his problems were those of a gifted boy born into a community still bound to age-old tribal traditions but in contact with the modern world. There was a railroad not far from the cluster of mud huts of which his father, a goldsmith, was headman; and his town was equipped with a hospital and schools. But though his people were Moslems, they still believed in spirits and magic. He himself appears to believe that his mother had supernatural powers, among them immunity to crocodiles and the ability to foretell the future. When he went off to school, she gave him a potion which would fortify his brain; and sure enough, he showed an exceptional aptitude for study.

Camara Laye has much to learn as a writer, but his warm memoir of childhood is notable for its freshness and charm. It brings to us a singular picture of a primitive society on which the values of the Western world are beginning to impinge.

Trade not aid

A Foreign Economic Policy for the United States (University of Chicago Press, \$1.95) by **Clarence B. Randall**—Chairman of the Board of Inland Steel and Special Consultant to the President on Foreign Economic Policy—is a first-class statement of the need for freer trade among nations, and a telling assessment of the damage which the United States is doing to itself and the free world by its high tariffs and other restrictive policies (more numerous than the general public is aware of). The arguments for free trade are, of course, familiar to anyone with a grasp of elementary economics. But, as Mr. Randall shows in this lucid, hard-hitting little book, they have acquired a critical urgency in the contemporary situation.

Unless this country is willing "forever to put the world on our dole," it must close the dollar gap in the international balance of payments either by drastically reducing exports, a policy which would have sinister repercussions on the domestic economy, or by increasing the intake of goods and services from other nations—and that calls for a reduction of pres-

You Hear Strange Things About Catholics

- That Catholics oppose public schools
- That Catholics are forbidden to read the Bible
- That Catholics have "changed" the Bible
- That Catholics worship statues
- That the Catholic Church is against democracy
- That Catholics believe the Pope can do no wrong
- That Catholics must pay their priests for forgiveness of sins

Not one of these things is true. Yet many Americans of good will believe them—as well as many other accusations against Catholics and their Church—not out of prejudice but because of misinformation.

Have you been fooled?

A distinguished American writer, Virgil A. Kelly, has written a book that sets the record straight on what Catholics believe, and why so many of the stories circulated about them are false. Here is what Catholics believe about the Pope, and what they do not believe about him . . . why Catholics do not consider the Bible the only rule of faith . . . why Latin, bells, incense, and candles are used in Catholic ceremonies . . . what the Catholic Church really teaches about the Virgin Mary and the Saints . . . the true meaning and purpose of the Mass and Confession.

Is the Catholic Church "Un-American"?

Here, explained so that every reader can judge for himself, is why Catholics oppose the so-called "modern" approach to birth control and divorce . . . why Catholics prefer to send their children to parochial schools . . . why Catholics recognize the right of their Church to censor books and motion pictures. Here is how and why Catholics support the American separation of Church and State . . . why there is no conflict between loyalty to America and loyalty to the Church . . . why it is a mistake to call the Catholic Church "totalitarian".

About the author

Virgil A. Kelly is the creator of the magnificent series of advertisements, sponsored by the Knights of Columbus, which have won the acclaim of Catholics and non-Catholics alike. He has received more than one and a half million letters from people who have been inspired by his message. In this book he answers their requests for a full and clear explanation of Catholicism. Just published, \$2.75

Examine this book at our risk!

You risk nothing. Order from THE DIAL PRESS, Dept. A4, 461 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16. Pay postman only \$2.75 plus few cents postage. Examine this book in your own home for 10 days. If you decide you don't want to keep it, simply return it for immediate refund. Save postage charges by remitting \$2.75 now.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CATHOLICS

By VIRGIL A. KELLY

Acclaim for an
exciting new voice
in poetry!

HY SOBILOFF

"A remarkable book... Mr. Sobilloff translates his abstractions so naturally and vividly into urban, quotidian, homely, even humorous terms, as to produce the effect of the quietest lyric immediacy... This is the real thing."—CONRAD AIKEN

"A book by a talented poet. Everywhere one finds lines and phrases which delight and astonish."

—OSCAR WILLIAMS \$2.50

DINOSAURS and VIOLINS

FARRAR, STRAUS & YOUNG

*The definitive biography of
D. H. Lawrence, based on newly
discovered material—a fresh
and authoritative picture of the
man and his works.*

THE INTELLIGENT
HEART By HARRY T. MOORE

Illustrated \$6.50

101 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 3

TWO top correspondents look
at Japan today—not a comfortable
place... not a safe place... but a
fascinating place

TOKYO AND POINTS EAST

Keyes Beech Introduction by
James A. Michener. A Pulitzer
Prize-winning Chicago Daily News
correspondent reflects on some
stories that were too hot to print.
An arresting wide-screen picture of
the Far East with some startling
Japanese closeups: a flesh-pot
owner and recent convert to de-
mocracy... MacArthur the Mag-
nificent... and certain curious
products of the shotgun wedding
between East and West. \$3.75

THERE IS NO ASIA

Dwight Cooke "If we go on as we
have been doing, we will lose Asia
to Communism," warns this na-
tionally-known correspondent and
CBS commentator. "And the whys
and wherefores of our danger swing
around the fact that there is no
single entity in the Far East called
'Asia.'" Mr. Cooke analyzes the
problems of Asia's vastly different
peoples, pointing up the suicidal
folly of our notion that one blan-
ket foreign policy will cover them
all. \$4

At all booksellers • DOUBLEDAY

ent restrictions. The lobbyists for
tariffs and subsidies have falsified the
issues with their seductive talk of
protecting the high standard of living
of the American worker. What they
have really been seeking is govern-
ment intervention that will discrimi-
nate against certain sections of the
American community in favor of
others. When, for example, we ex-
cluded Danish blue cheese, the Danes
had to buy Polish instead of American
coal—Wisconsin's gain was West
Virginia's loss. Unfortunately, the
public hears much about unemploy-
ment resulting from foreign competi-
tion and little about unemployment
resulting from the loss of export
markets.

Mr. Randall clarifies the various
ways in which our protectionist poli-
cies have worked counter to the goals
of the expensive foreign aid program.
He reminds us that the "Buy Ameri-
can" laws are imposing a heavy bur-
den on the American taxpayer. He
shows how severe and far-reaching
are the problems created by the price
support program for farm products.
He stresses the need for overhauling
our confusing and outdated customs
regulations. Perhaps the most inter-
esting part of his book is his clear-
eyed and courageous assessment of the
advantages of limited trade with the
Communist bloc countries. Through-
out his discussion he points up a fact
which the protectionists take pains
to obscure: namely, that any and
every protectionist device runs flatly
counter to the philosophy of private
initiative and free competition.

Art books

The past few months have pro-
duced an unusually rich crop of fine
art books. Some of these have been
mentioned in "Books the Editors
Like." Here are some others which
I found outstanding:—

New York's Museum of Modern
Art has commemorated its twenty-
fifth anniversary with a handsome
volume containing 358 illustrations,
77 in full color: *Masters of Modern
Art* (Museum of Modern Art—Sim-
on & Schuster, \$15.00) edited by
Alfred H. Barr, Jr. Mr. Barr has
written a commentary on the paint-
ings, drawings, and sculpture which
seems to me a model of its kind, and
which makes excellent use of quota-
tions from the artists themselves.
This is the main body of the book
and it constitutes a lively panorama
of the Modern movement. In addi-

tion, Edward Steichen contributes an
essay on the twenty-five photographs
he has chosen to represent the Mu-
seum's collection. There is a review
of the Museum's Film Library, illus-
trated with stills from some sixty
early movies. And there is a discus-
sion—also appropriately illustrated
—of the Museum's influence on ar-
chitecture and design.

*Art Treasures of the Prado Mu-
seum* (Abrams, \$12.50) brings to us
a large and carefully reproduced se-
lection from one of the world's great-
est collections of paintings. There
are 167 plates of generous dimensions,
71 of them in full color. A good many
of the masterpieces displayed here
have never been reproduced in color
before. Included in this exciting vol-
ume are a number of the greatest
canvases of Velasquez and of Goya;
eleven El Grecos (whose qualities are
rather muted by discolored varnish);
works by Ribera, who is seldom seen
outside of Spain, by Murillo, and by
Zurbarán, whom Somerset Maugham
considers a genius not yet sufficiently
appreciated. But the Spaniards are
only half of the story in the Prado.
The greatest art of Flanders and of
Italy is richly represented. There is
an unforgettable Adam and Eve by
Dürer. And no museum has a more
arresting collection of the *diableries*
of Hieronymus Bosch, to which twelve
plates are devoted in *Art Treasures of
the Prado Museum*.

Another very impressive item is the
second volume in UNESCO's world
art series, *Egypt: Paintings from
Tombs and Temples* (New York
Graphic Society, \$15.00), which car-
ries a useful introduction by Jacques
Vandier, chief of the Louvre's De-
partment of Egyptian Antiquities.
The 32 full-page color reproductions
are stunning works of art and stun-
ning examples of the art of reproduc-
tion. Most of these paintings are on
the walls of the necropolis of Thebes,
situated where Luxor and Karnak
now stand; and they belong to the
XVIIIth and XIXth dynasties (1580
B.C. to 1200 B.C.). Their object was
to ensure a happy afterlife either
through imitative magic—that is,
by representing the pleasures of life
on this earth in the hope of beguil-
ing fate into perpetuating them; or
through the display of piety—by de-
picting the performance of religious
rites and strict obedience to divine
decree. In both ways, they furnish
arresting glimpses of the life of the
ancient Egyptians.



Only a few weeks left!

THE *Atlantic*
\$5,000 NOVEL CONTEST
for 1955

Conducted by
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
in association with
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY

Closing date—January 15, 1955

There are no restrictions whatsoever as to author or subject. The sole purpose of this Contest, as in previous years, is to secure a novel that is both distinctive and interesting, and to make it one of the outstanding books of its year.

Two weeks leeway may be given to those novelists whose books are on the verge of completion.

For circular giving complete details, address

ATLANTIC NOVEL CONTEST for 1955

8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 16, MASS., U. S. A.

ACCENT ON LIVING



It is 8.15 a.m. as Whitney van Gould steps into the helicopter atop his Fifth Avenue apartment house. Two hours later he is signing an important contract at his desk in London. He lunches in Arequipa, plays two sets of tennis in Honolulu, and is back in his apartment in time for a short nap before dinner.

*Fantastic, you say?
Not at all.*

THE foregoing, with geography reshuffled to suit, is the standard lead for the World of the Future article, Transportation Division. We never do learn just what kind of business keeps Whitney van Gould on such a far-flung tear, but the velocity of his travels is what counts, not the reason for them.

Any author in search of a good meal-ticket subject, dependable stuff that he can market again and again, year after year, would be well advised to settle down with the World of the Future. As a field of inquiry, the future has plenty of room; it is likely to go on for quite a while, and if the author finds that the year 2000

is wearing a bit thin or becoming old hat, he has merely to raise his sights by a few decades and go to work on 2055.

He will be better off, on the whole, if he keeps within the next hundred years or so. Most of the ventures into the year 3000, the real long-pull projection, have a way of getting out of hand and drifting into the metaphysical, and the reader is usually satisfied by a prospect that he can envision for his grandchildren — much of it quite like the world of today in such familiar details as food and drink, sports, recreation, the arts, Republicans and Democrats, etc. It means nothing to a reader who is fond of bourbon whiskey to be told that he can get the same effect, a century hence, from an inexpensive pill, and that all citizens of the World State will vote the straight Hyperion ticket.

There are other showy fields — genetics, nutrition, plastics, weather

control — to name but a few — in which an author might let himself go, but none of these has as much allure for the American reader as the perennial old stand-by: transportation. The World of the Future, in other words, won't be alarmingly different but it certainly will be faster — much faster.

The strength in transportation as a subject is rooted in the reader's desire to be in several places at once, or at least in some other place, and the quicker his transport the better. Authors have been peering into the future of transportation for a long time now, and I realize that I have never yet had a chance to ride in that monorail train which the writers of 1910 told us would be spanning the continent at 100 m.p.h. by around 1930. The attractive thing about the monorail train was its gyroscope, a new device which kept it from tipping over, and I still read from time to time about these wonderful trains and the great speeds they have attained in "tests conducted by German scientists" — convincing proof, it seems to me, of the durability of the subject.

Only the most elementary arith-

metic need be used in this kind of article. The distances between the principal cities of the world are listed in the *World Almanac*, so that all the author needs to do is to decide on the speed his planes will make: New York to London, 3500 miles, would take 3½ hours at 1000 m.p.h., 1¾ hours at 2000 m.p.h., 1 hour at 3500 m.p.h., and so forth.

At the present time one gets the impression that 2000 m.p.h. is the going rate for around 1980, but that this will have been boosted sharply to 4000-8000 m.p.h. by the year 2000. The first half of the article will be given over to laying out various combinations of these distances and speeds and in showing what they will mean not only to Whitney van Gould but also to everyone else. Just think, the author urges us, of how this will affect our own vacation plans, our weekends, where we live, and how we get there.

The commuter will board the Wall Street plane at Miami of a winter morning as casually as today's suburbanite takes the Grand Central express at Scarsdale . . .

But even the most enthusiastic reader wants to be given some idea of what still needs to be done before it all comes true. What scientific hurdles remain? What is lacking? The latter half of the article must deal with these questions, and this part is even easier than the arithmetic. I read one of these articles only recently — "Europe in Two Hours" — and I was fascinated by the ease with which the author solved the series of supposedly baffling engineering problems. They boiled down somewhat like this: —

We shall need a greatly improved design of the plane itself. Don't worry. It's all being taken care of.

Propulsion? The power plants will be ever so much more powerful than those of today. No comparison, really.

Fuel? That's another important thing. The fuels of 1980 will be much more efficient.

Most of the two-hour flights to Europe, I learned, would be at 4000 m.p.h., and the extra hour was allowed to smooth out the acceleration and deceleration for the passengers.

(No use making the passengers uncomfortable just to save an extra hour . . .) The one really tough problem was how to keep the air friction, at such high speed, from making the plane too hot — somewhere around 500 degrees, or 1000, as I recall it — in which case one of the passengers would be bound to remark sooner or later, "Isn't it getting awfully warm in here?" Not even that one stumped the author. He simply raised the altitude of the flight to 100,000 feet, where the atmosphere is thinner — much thinner — and this, he estimated, would bring the surface heat down to a mere 200 degrees or so. And if that weren't sufficient, he suggested that helium could be made to flow over the wings and fuselage, and he seemed to feel that we all know what a little helium will do in cooling an overheated surface.

Meanwhile, I wish one of these authors would find a way of cooling off the roomettes and bedrooms of the ordinary 1955 Pullman car. The little knobs and handles accomplish nothing of that sort for me.

CHARLES W. MORTON

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL

ALEX HALEY

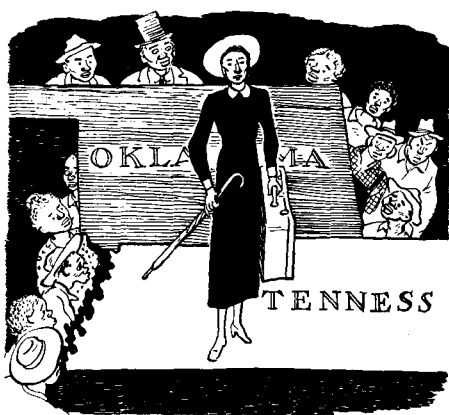
ALEX HALEY, after two years of college, enlisted in the U.S. Coast Guard in 1939 as a mess attendant. He served throughout the War in the Pacific, and in 1950 he was named by the Coast Guard as its first Chief Journalist. He is now stationed in San Francisco. His story of Aunt Liz comes from summers spent with his grandparents in Henning, Tennessee.

MY GREAT-AUNT Elizabeth B. Murray wrote that she was going to retire from teaching and come to live with us, and the rumor got around that she was rich. "Out there in all them oil lands all these years —" people reasoned, "'cose she got money!"

Such talk was interesting to all hands in a town the size of Henning, Tennessee. An uncommon lot of people saw the train come in that Friday.

A porter set down one of those little metal footstools and Aunt Liz appeared in the doorway. She reached nearly to the top. She wore a black dress, with a whitish blouse and beads, and a round straw hat on the

top of her head. In one hand she carried gray gloves and a suitcase, and in the other an umbrella wrapped so tightly that it resembled Grandpa's walking stick. The expression on her face and her descent of the steps were



the same — proud; then Grandma was upon her, and Aunt Plus, who had come all the way from Dyersburg.

Saturday, ranging in the neighborhood, I heard much such small talk as that the beads were real, expensive pearls. And there was one truly big

thing: that my Aunt Liz's high cheekbones, copperish hue, raven braids, and long tenure in Oklahoma, collectively, clearly indicated some Indian blood!

I was certain that this was Grandma's full sister, and I knew Grandma had a paper tracing her family back to a freed slave; still, it was such a delightfully fascinating grownups' speculation, who was a small boy to deny it?

"You see now?" anybody who was skeptical would hear. "I reckon he ought to know!"

Sunday was just as uncommon at the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church. The school principal made a short speech about how good it was to have old friends back in our midst again (although Aunt Liz left Henning before he was born), and both the Senior and Junior Choirs sang with inspiration. Then the preacher gave the devil such a beating round the stump that Brother Dandridge's wooden leg was going fortissimo in general bedlam, Sister Scrap Scott shrieked three times in high C and

fainted right in the choir stand, and Brother Rich Harrell leaped clear over the rostrum railing to kiss the preacher's hand.

I guess everybody forgot all about Aunt Liz, who just sat there watching everything, like an exclamation point. She sat just as still during collection, but nobody paid any attention to it.

It was three or four Sundays later that I heard Miss Scrap saying to the preacher's wife, ". . . no such of a thing. People that's got money don't like to give in dribs and drabs. Take my boss lady — ever' Christmas she make out a big check to whoever she give to."

This perspective filtered about, and before the week was over the preacher visited Grandpa, who was a power in the church, to see about starting the New Church Drive a little earlier that year. Grandpa said he thought people paid more attention to short Drives than to long-drawn-out ones, but it couldn't do any harm to see.

The announcement was made the next Sunday. I heard guesses as to what Aunt Liz would give range clear up to an incomprehensible thousand dollars.

To cut a long Drive short, Aunt Liz gave as much as you did, and the little over a hundred dollars which was raised went to replace windows broken since the last Drive, to buy a new rope for the church bell, and to patch leaks in the roof and a thinning spot in the floor under Brother Dandridge's seat.

People started talking until, finally, it got to Grandma. She waited for the next meeting of the Stewardess Board to say that what Aunt Liz did with her money was her own business, and that neither she (Grandma) nor Grandpa intended to have a thing to do with it.

As the Stewardess Board was the eyes and ears and especially the mouth of the church, the stingy talk ceased. Soon the story became that Aunt Liz had planned to match whatever the church raised by itself, but that it turned out to be such a little, it wasn't worth her bother.

But the preacher gave Aunt Liz a run for her money. He called a "pounding," where everybody is supposed to donate a pound of something, like sugar or butter; or a unit, like a jar of preserves or a peck of potatoes. There was no precedent, and none was set, for a pound of dollars; the basket of larder that came from our house was from the family, and no-

body could say anything about that.

For July revival, the preacher invited and got Elder Bell, who was renowned throughout the C.M.E. circuit for the way he preached "Drybones." (Grandpa himself recalled a time Elder Bell rocked a church with it, twice in one day, and raised over four hundred dollars.) "Drybones" got two hundred and some out of Henning C.M.E. But none of it was Aunt Liz's.

Next the preacher remembered that his prey had spent a lifetime teaching. He held a Quartet Contest, to raise money to help that year's honor student through college. The winning quartet (it was from Covington) had a basso profundo that could go down to here, and Aunt Liz paid her admission.

In time, the mantle of personal challenge that the preacher had draped about his shoulders became a noose. The congregation, too, used the teacher angle: an educated woman would like an educated preacher.

"Lawd knows all this one can do is holler," I heard Sister Pinder say.

So, the next year, we had a young man a year out of the theology school in Jackson, and he had a dulcet command of many syllables. But these had no more effect on Aunt Liz than anybody else, and we got another preacher who could holler as loud as the first.

It was this preacher's wife who introduced the hope that lived until 1949, when Aunt Liz died.

"Maybe she's one of them what believes in wills" was what she said.



IUVENES DUM SUMUS

by DONALD HALL

Bowing he asks her the favor,
Blushing she answers she will,
Waltzing they turn through the ballroom,
Swift in their skill.

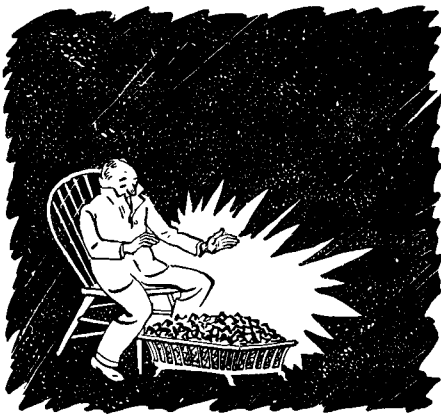
Blinder than buffers of autumn,
Deaf but to music's delight,
They dance like the puppets of music,
All through the night.

Out of the ball they come dancing,
And into the marketing day,
Waltzing through ignorant traffic,
Bound to be gay.

Suddenly now in the city
Her dress is bedraggled and worn,
His suit while he waltzes is ancient,
Ragged and torn.

They slacken and stoop, they are tired,
They walk in the weather of pain.
Now wrinkles dig into their faces,
Sharp as the rain.

They walk by identical houses
And enter the one that they know.
They are old, and their children like houses
Stand in a row.



WARM ENOUGH FOR YOU?

by P. M. HUBBARD

P. M. HUBBARD has written much light verse and many sketches and articles. He is on the staff of Punch.

THE time of year when it may be cold — in England you can never tell, from year to year, whether it will be or not — is always apt to start up the old controversy about the heating of English houses. To the continental, whether from Europe or from the Americas, there is no such thing — they just aren't heated; and in this, as in so many other things, the Englishman seems less sure of himself than he was. In 1953, when we had a fortnight of sharp cold divided between January and February, the usual exchanges occurred, with the English, really cold for once and shot at from both sides, on the defensive. The *Observer*, that most earnest of Sunday papers, had a curiously emphatic paragraph on the subject under the heading "Continental Cold." The English climate, it argued, was of the Atlantic, and consequently milder in winter than that of the Continent. A spell of continental cold of course involved some hardship; but it was rare and short-lived, and it would be foolish and extravagant (and rather un-English) to go to great lengths to meet it. The paragraph ended, "In matters of climate, our Atlantic status is a much more important feature of our situation than a transitional adherence to the community of continental cold."

This ringing declaration, with its suggestion of political and cultural overtones, did not come a moment too soon. Only next day the *Times* published extracts from a House of Representatives subcommittee's report on the use of British air bases

by the USAF. General Wray, Deputy Director of USAF Installations, had said: "The British did not use a heating plant in our sense of the word. They used very ineffective little coal stoves. We found our respiratory rate and our disease rate ran pretty high under that system of heating." To this Mr. Millet Hand (Republican, New Jersey) had added: "They are used to it and we are not."

Both sides, of course, were getting a good deal of satisfaction out of the matter; and both were having, and dismissing, second thoughts. The Americans had the familiar, kindly, philanthropological satisfaction of observing a materially inferior civilization. (Lo, the poor Indian —) They had also had a moment of doubt whether, if the English could survive their little coal stoves, it might not be considered a bit soft to have, under the same conditions, your respiratory rate and disease rate running pretty high. But they had dismissed the doubt by a return to their original satisfaction. We, after all, they had said, are used to something better. The English, I fancy, had taken the same facts in the reverse order and a directly opposite sense. Put as briefly as possible, their three stages would be: a) Central heating is unhealthy and un-English. b) Would it not, perhaps, be nice to be as warm as the Americans? c) Yah, sissies!

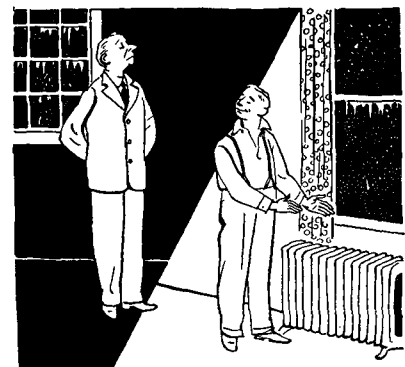
Of the two initial attitudes the American is, beyond any doubt, the more reasonable. To belong to a materially superior civilization is a proper, though limited, matter for pride. I worked thirteen years in India, and I know. The Englishman's dislike of central heating takes more explaining. Basically, of course, the *Observer* was right. To sleep all the year round, as I do, between two open windows is a privilege which only a particular climatic range can bestow. I consider my civilization materially superior to that of the Norwegians, let alone the Eskimos, neither of whom could do anything of the sort. But granted the necessary privilege, it is now also a matter of habit, and hence, by familiar stages, of ineradicable instinct verging on claustrophobia and of conscious but illogical pride.

And there are further complications. The instinct in favor of fresh, including cold, air is not merely English; it is middle-class English. I was taught, as it were at my mother's knee, that to shut the windows when

there is anyone in the room was a mark of foreigners and the lower classes. My pride in not doing so has therefore two elements in it. I cling to it as one clings to all one's foibles; and I am proud of it as a caste mark. It is a manifestation of that middle-class asceticism which, taken too far, can become masochism and *le vice anglais*, but which in moderation I will defend, against all comers and any logical argument, as a source of national greatness.

My son, aged eleven, is now at a private boarding school nearly two hundred miles to the north, where he is required, even with the snowdrifts blocking the roads outside, to have his cold bath every morning (windows wide open, of course). Whether it does him any particular good I don't know: he doesn't have one at home. But it certainly does him no harm; and at that particular school, which is an excellent one and very expensive, the daily cold plunge is *de rigueur* (surely a legitimate expression in the circumstances). The odd thing is that if, say, a miner's son were subjected to the same discipline at a free state school, his parents would go to the courts with a huge weight of public opinion behind them.

With my mind in this state, I am obviously not going to worry if the house does, at times, get a bit on the cold side. I admit it does. Twice last year, after we had taken in the milk, we put two bottles, as usual, in the icebox, but forgot the others and left them in the hall. By evening they were frozen solid. This was, to be sure, a temporary inconvenience, but it makes a good story and has, I am still convinced, something rather



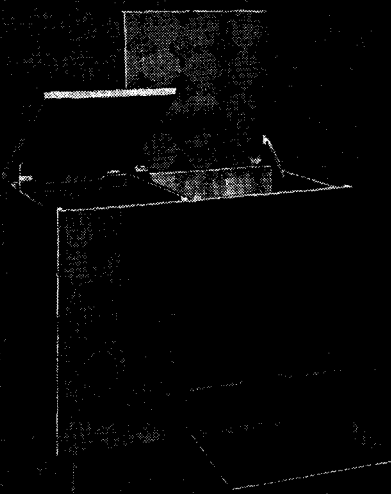
splendid about it, though it would take me rather long to explain why, and I have gone on long enough already. Will you excuse me while I get some warm milk from the icebox and put a little nationalized coal on my very ineffective little coal stove?

NOW...

*Beautiful
Cabinets*

TO HOUSE THE FINEST
QUALITY HI-FI COMPONENTS

*only \$89⁹⁵**



In Mahogany, Cherry,
Blond Oak—same low price!

It matches G-E speaker enclosures



THESE handsome cabinets make hi-fi desired in every home. They're finished on all sides... beautiful from any angle. And, at this low price, your complete ensemble becomes inexpensive to own. Select one that matches your furniture and install the components yourself. Use it as a chairside piece... a room divider... or anywhere else in the home.

Yes, for finest hi-fi performance at realistic prices see General Electric matched components. Ask for a demonstration before deciding on a custom or cabinet installation.

Local dealers in most cities are showing this cabinet. See it soon or write for the name of a nearby store.

General Electric Company, Section R4115,
Radio & TV Dept., Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

*Subject to change without notice. Slightly higher West & South.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



RECORD REVIEWS

by JOHN M. CONLY

Beethoven: Concerto No. 2 in B Flat Major; with Overtures "Coriolan" and "Consecration of the House" (Paul Badura-Skoda, piano; Hermann Scherchen conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster WL 5302: 12" LP). The affinity of the artists for the eighteenth century yields us here a manly yet elegant reading of the first and most Mozartian Beethoven piano concerto. The sound is impressive, which gives the two overtures on the overside, solidly played, a very high ranking among recorded versions.

Beethoven: Concerto No. 4 in G Major (Clifford Curzon, piano; Hans Knappertsbusch conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London LL 1045: 12" LP). Here, conveying a fluent, sensitive performance, nothing dazzling, is some of the best "concert-hall realism" I've heard in a year. To be effective, it must be played on good equipment, and *loud*. When it is, it is positively thrilling.

Beethoven: Sonatas (Beethoven Society Volumes III and IV: Sonatas Nos. 15, 19, 31, and Nos. 2, 14, and 26. Artur Schnabel, piano; RCA Victor LCT 1154 and 1155: two separate 12" LPs). These were recorded in England in 1933 and 1934 — which I can hardly believe, they sound so good. Or perhaps I cannot hear the grooves for the music. This I know: I have never heard Beethoven so articulate as through this pianist, now dead. I would not be without these records.

Berlioz: Te Deum (Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Alexander Young, tenor; Dulwich College Boys' Choir; London Philharmonic Choir; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia ML 4897: 12" LP). Tremendous tonal mass in some parts of this (listen to *Judex crederis*), songful delicacy in others, firm conviction throughout. Beecham knows, loves, and masters the music; the sound, apart from being a little distant and churchly, is fine.

Brahms: Concerto in D Major

(David Oistrakh, violin; Franz Konwitschny conducting Saxon State Orchestra; Decca DL 9754: 12" LP). The orchestra has a workaday sound, and the recording is not the ultimate in fidelity, but at least Oistrakh can really be heard, and he is really something to hear. To the degree that he can make it so, this is the best Brahms violin concerto on records.

Brahms: Violin and Piano Sonatas, Complete (Isaac Stern, violin; Alexander Zakin, piano; Columbia SL 202: two 12" LPs in album). Stern and Zakin have made two of the three Brahms sonatas before; these could be the same performances, in new and improved cuttings, but I think they are new playings. Anyway, here we have in addition not only No. 2, but the Dietrich-Schumann-Brahms sonata in F-A-E (*Frei aber einsam*, motto of the violinist Joachim, to whom it was dedicated). Best performances available, and probably pretty nearly bombproof.

Brahms: Four Serious Songs; Two Songs with Viola Obligato (Nell Rankin, contralto; Carlton Cooley, viola; Coenrad V. Bos, piano; Capitol P 9289: 12" LP). With all due and fond respects to the late Miss Kathleen Ferrier, I think Miss Rankin here does better by Brahms's great "serious" songs, based on Pauline epistles. She hasn't Miss Ferrier's voice, but she has Coenrad Bos, a Brahms authority, as coach and accompanist. The "Full Dimensional Sound" is very fine, too.

Handel: The Messiah (Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting soloists, Huddersfield Choral Society, Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra; Angel 3510C: three 12" LPs with text and notes in album). This is the nineteenth-century *Messiah* in its most splendid dress, almost overpowering in beauty and grandeur, convincing enough to shake my allegiance to the small-scale Scherchen "original version" presentation on Westminster. Even the conventional cuts are made, shortening the presentation by the length of a whole record, with an appropriate reduction in price.

Mozart: Clarinet Concerto, K.622; with Bassoon Concerto, K. 191 (Leopold Wlach, clarinet; Karl Oehlberger, bassoon; Arthur Rodzinski conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster WL 5307: 12" LP). There are some whopping good recordings of the Clarinet Concerto already; now here is another. But with it you get a luscious rendition of the captivating Bassoon Concerto, heretofore available only in a thin, elderly, Toscanini version. For good Mozartians, this should be almost irresistible.

Mozart: Concertos No. 9 and No. 15 for Piano and Orchestra (Wilhelm Kempff, piano; Karl Münchinger conducting Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra and winds of L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; London LL 998: 12" LP). It was an inspiration of London's to bring these two men together: Kempff's exquisite touch; Münchinger's complete understanding of how to make a chamber orchestra sound important, *big*. The result is something which will not soon be surpassed. Mozart is lastingly served, on disks lovingly engineered.

Rimsky-Korsakoff: Scheherazade (Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia ML 4888: 12" LP). There must be an end somewhere ahead to the number of *Scheherazades* the public will absorb, but I'm glad it didn't arrive before this sonically luxuriant, musically unmannered presentation, fresh as the day Rimsky wrote it. If you have not succumbed yet, now's the time to buy.

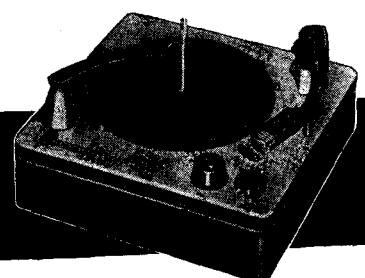
Vaughan Williams: Sinfonia Antartica (Sir Adrian Boult conducting London Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir; Margaret Ritchie, soprano; John Gielgud, narrator; London LL 977: 12" LP). This is chosen arbitrarily, since it has never been heard in America, as an excuse to mention the fact that all seven symphonies of Vaughan Williams now have been released individually by London (they appeared earlier as a "limited edition" at \$55). The "Sea Symphony," No. 1, is on three sides, coupled with music from "The Wasps." The "Pastoral" came out earlier. "Antartica," derived from the score for the film *Scott of the Antarctic*, is the last. I was tempted to add, "and the best," but I don't think it is. I like them all, but I think I like best the Sixth, a score with a universality not usually associated with this extraordinarily gifted por-

ACCENT ON LIVING

True High Fidelity *Pleasure*

with

V-M the Voice of Music

Model 936HF high fidelity Record Changer Attachment

Enjoy *all* the musical beauty of your finest records . . . over and over again. Here is the first automatic 3-speed record changer specifically designed to meet the rigid standards of high fidelity enthusiasts . . . the perfected V-M 936HF!

It reproduces every note with true-to-life fidelity . . . plays and

handles records carefully and gently to protect them and to preserve their tonal beauty for years to come.

The handsome gold and burgundy 936HF plugs into your amplifying system; easy as plugging in a lamp. \$69.95*. Without base pan (Model 935HF) \$59.95*.

V-M

the Voice of Music

*Slightly higher in the West.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORD CHANGERS

V-M Corporation, Benton Harbor 3, Michigan

Please send illustrated folder: "Bring Concert Halls Within Your Walls."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

WHAT'S THE BIG HURRY?

a novel

By JAMES YAFFE

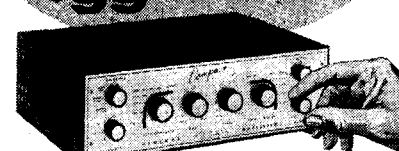
"To Theodore Dreiser's and Sinclair Lewis's portraits of businessmen add 'Mr. Yaffe's Dan Waxman of Chicago... examined without scorn and with a deep measure of love and affection.'" —Saturday Review

\$3.75 at all bookstores

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

HI-FI Complicated? Expensive?
not with
NEWCOMB'S Compact 12
\$99.50 audiophile net



Newcomb simplifies hi-fi by combining in one tiny, beautiful package a quality-engineered 12-watt amplifier, pre-amplifier and control unit. Offers a greater range of sound control. Needs no cabinet. Just plug it in, connect it to a record changer and speaker. Display it with pride — a decorator's delight! Easy to move — ideal for apartments. For years to come your records will give you incomparable music — true high fidelity!

NEWCOMB®
HIGH FIDELITY—SINCE 1937

See the complete Newcomb line, priced \$59.50 to \$297.50

NEW HI-FI GUIDEBOOK
"HI-FI IS FOR EVERYBODY"
Explains the how and why of authentic high fidelity ★ How to buy and install economically ★ Informative and thoroughly illustrated ★ Not a catalog.



NEWCOMB, Dept. A1
6824 LEXINGTON AVE., HOLLYWOOD 38, CALIF.

☐ Here's 25c for new 32-page book, "Hi-Fi is For Everybody."
☐ Please send me free catalog, name of my nearest Newcomb dealer.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____



BRILLIANCE

THE Melodist
BY ALTEC LANSING

In a few short weeks since this sensational high fidelity amplifier-loudspeaker combination first appeared it has won praise from musicians and engineers alike for its truly professional quality. The MELODIST is a brilliant performer, possessing remarkable quality in units so compact. A wide range of control satisfies the most discriminating ear. The MELODIST offers world-famous Altec Lansing quality at surprisingly moderate cost. It is simple to install and as easy to operate as any record player. No technical knowledge is required. And its compact size and tasteful design blend with any decor, make it a gracious addition to any room.

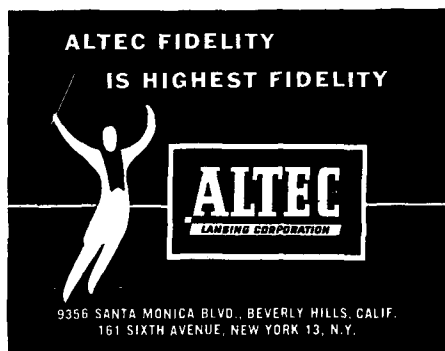
Visit your dealer today. Let the MELODIST introduce you, too, to new worlds of listening pleasure.

IN BLOND OR MAHOGANY

Prices:

The MELODIST \$99
speaker

The MELODIST \$129
matching amplifier



ALTEC FIDELITY
IS HIGHEST FIDELITY

ALTEC
LANSING CORPORATION

9356 SANTA MONICA BLVD., BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.
161 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 13, N.Y.

trayer of what is timely and British. All seven, however, are deeply thoughtful and engaging, and presented here in very high fidelity and absolutely authoritative interpretation, Boult conducting and the composer supervising.

Wagner: *Tristan: Prelude and Liebestod; Götterdämmerung: Prologue, Rhine Journey, Funeral Music; Meistersinger: Preludes to Act I and Act III; Siegfried Idyll; Lohengrin: Preludes to Act I and Act III; Parsifal: Prelude; Good Friday Spell* (Arturo Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM 6020: two 12" LPs in album). Anyone interested by now must have heard Toscanini conduct these excerpts many times for radio broadcast. The recordings were made over the last two years. Their sound is new and vivid, making the most of the Maestro's infinitely detailed tone-coloring. The works, as usual, seem at his hands both operatically dramatic and symphonically self-sufficient. The album includes a Toscanini-Wagner evaluation by the late Lawrence Gilman.

The Art of Roland Hayes: Six Centuries of Song (Roland Hayes, tenor; Reginald Boardman, piano; Vanguard VRS 448-9: two 12" LPs in box). Roland Hayes now is sixty-seven, and the well-remembered gold in his voice is getting a little silvery, but his remarkable perception of the meanings beneath the surface of songs has not flagged. Hopeful songsters especially will want this album, which in seventeen songs covers the years from 1300 to the present. The collection includes some spirituals, which, except for *He Never Said a Mumberlin' Word*, I thought sounded a little tired. Best are the very early ballads and devotional songs from France and Italy.

Song Recital: Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Gerald Moore, piano; Angel 35023: 12" LP with texts). Some critic acquaintances of mine profess to scorn this, but I think they are just trying to show they're tough. From beginning to end, it's about as beautiful as anything human can be, despite occasional rebellious hoots from the microphone. The songs range from Bach to Richard Strauss. Try the former's *Bist du bei mir*, or Mozart's *Der Zauberer*, to test your sales resistance. This is strictly blissful. Don't listen if you don't intend to buy.



NEW HEATHKIT WILLIAMSON TYPE HIGH FIDELITY AMPLIFIER KIT

Complete schematic and specification sheet available upon request.

Here is the famous kit form Williamson type high fidelity amplifier that has deservedly earned highest praise from every strata of Hi-Fi music lovers. Virtually distortionless, clean musical reproduction, full range frequency response and more than adequate power reserve. Three fine output transformers available for your individual selection. Peerless, Acrosound and the new Chicago "super range" transformer. Available in combinations as listed below.

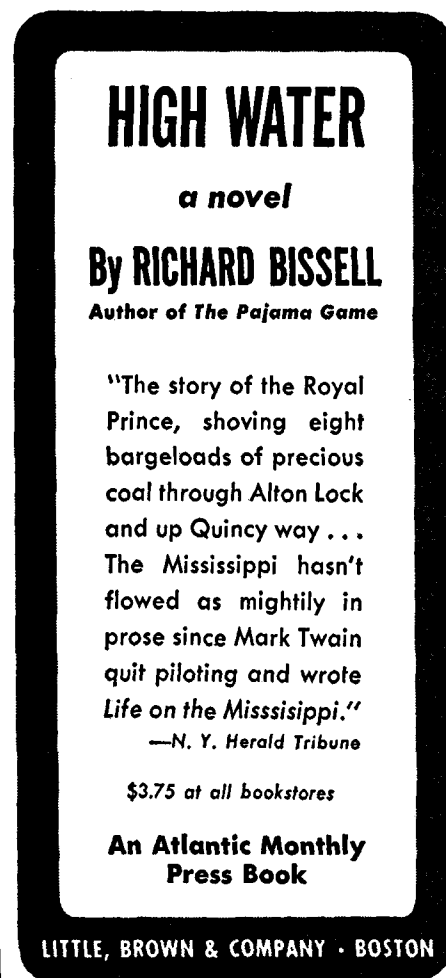
The exciting new WA-P2 preamplifier provides full control through its five individually controlled input circuits — 4 position turnover and roll-off switches — separate bass and treble tone controls. Attractively styled, beautiful appearance, baked gold enamel finish, functional in design.

Combined with brilliant performance of these units is the amazingly modest investment required and the fun of building it yourself. Detailed step-by-step construction manual complete with illustrations and pictorials insures success for even the most non-technical enthusiast.

AVAILABLE ONLY IN THESE KIT COMBINATIONS

W-2 with Peerless transformer or W-3 with Acrosound transformer (be sure to specify) includes Williamson type amplifier, separate power supply and WA-P2 preamplifier kit. Shipping weight 39 pounds. Shipped express only	\$69.50
W-2M with Peerless transformer or W-3M with Acrosound transformer (be sure to specify) includes Williamson type amplifier and separate power supply. Shipping weight 25 pounds. Express only.	\$49.75
W-4 with Chicago "super range" transformer includes single chassis, main amplifier and power supply with WA-P2 preamplifier kit. Shipping weight 39 pounds. Express only.	\$59.50
W-4M with Chicago "super range" transformer. Single chassis, main amplifier and power supply. Shipping weight 29 pounds. Express only.	\$39.75
WA-P2 preamplifier kit only. Shipping weight 8 pounds. Express or parcel post.	\$19.75

HEATH COMPANY BENTON HARBOR 6, MICHIGAN



HIGH WATER
a novel

By RICHARD BISSELL
Author of *The Pajama Game*

"The story of the Royal Prince, shoving eight bargeloads of precious coal through Alton Lock and up Quincy way . . . The Mississippi hasn't flowed as mightily in prose since Mark Twain quit piloting and wrote *Life on the Mississippi*."
—N. Y. Herald Tribune

\$3.75 at all bookstores

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY - BOSTON



How to Heckle Hucksters

by KATHLEEN MUNRO

KATHLEEN MUNRO lives with her husband and three children on a farm in British Columbia. This is her first appearance in the Atlantic.

I AM working on a treatise on Sales Resistance in the Home which ought to be welcomed by odd housewives all over Canada and the United States. I believe that four out of five women who follow my precepts will report more time spent in leisure, extra "found money," and increased Inner-Self-Adequacy.

My formula is simply a reversal of the roles of housewife and salesman. The initial step provides that the housewife consider all salesmen as prospective victims and herself as a sort of super-spider weaving an enticing web. I deal with motivation principles, retrogression impulses, psychological urges, and directive attitudes in a soul-satisfying way, and my chapter "How to Lower the Boom" is devastating. Consider these extracts from it:—

The Salesman — Appliance. Any demonstration offer will be immediately accepted; if not offered, it is to be sought. During the demonstration the housewife will emit squeals of delight at the performance of the appliance, by this flattery prolonging the demonstration to one or more of the following coups: a) a complete vacuuming job, b) preparation of an eight-course meal, c) laundry washed and spun-dry, d) redding of dishes from a company dinner.

Wherever possible the appliance should be retained on a trial basis — particularly in the case of radio and television sets. Such demonstrations may be considered as "found money" and will greatly assist the budget problem. When the salesman persistently presses for cash, the house-

wife will stress payments to be met on the house, furniture, and car. She will not lessen her enthusiasm for the particular appliance, but rather entreat the salesman to let her keep it, with the proviso that payments of \$1.50 a month begin six months hence. He will usually depart proud of his strength in refusing to leave the appliance in an insolvent home.

The Salesman — No Demonstration. The salesman will be cordially welcomed at all times; whenever possible he will be jockeyed into performing odd jobs about the house. A steady stream of appreciation and subtle flattery may keep him working for several hours. When no further work may be squeezed out of him and before he opens his brief case, the housewife will produce one or more of the following salable objects: a) puppies, b) patchwork quilt, c) painting of a sunset, d) hooked rug.

She will quote a stiff price and talk without breathing until she backs the salesman down the front steps. This reversal of roles invariably routs the salesman, since he is unaccustomed to listening and becomes bewildered. The housewife will tally up the man-hours of labor gained from the salesman and work out at current wage rates the amount of "found money" obtained.

The Salesman — General. The housewife will always remember that the Salesman has *something*. If possible she will get it or part of it for nothing. A survey has shown that most salesmen begin their sales talk with "How's crops?" or "How's business?" or just "How're things today?" The housewife may consider this her cue to enlarge on just how appallingly dreadful things are. This play on the heartstrings of the salesman will often produce a quantity of samples or candy for the kids.

The time used by the housewife in salesman guidance may be considered leisure time, and the stimulating mental exercise of the encounters definitely proves beneficial to the Inner-Self.

As my *pièce de résistance* I admit the possibility that a salesman may have something worth buying. In such an eventuality the housewife will again welcome him effusively, cunningly permitting him to perceive her buying readiness by fetching a capacious purse. From this purse she will produce a variety of raffle tickets which she will politely offer on an "I will if you will" basis.

now 
fly the Pacific
as Japan's
"personal
guest"



At last! Real personal attention! Highly-trained bilingual hostesses cater to your individual comfort. Deluxe passengers enjoy complimentary bar service, finest American and Japanese cuisine, fully-reclining lounge chairs. Tourist passengers, too, discover what real "hospitality aloft" can mean.



Advance help and contacts enrich your visit in Japan. JAL provides trade data, shopping and sightseeing guidance, *special introductions* to hotels, shops, businesses. You're truly Japan's "personal guest."

San Francisco-Tokyo via
**JAPAN
AIR LINES**
DC-6B Pacific Courier



Deluxe or Tourist, you span the Pacific aboard Douglas' powerful DC-6Bs ...piloted by *million-miler* American captains. And you travel JAL's clear-weather "holiday" route to Tokyo via romantic Honolulu!

For full information — colorful folders, schedules, fares, tours, etc. — see your travel agent or write **Japan Air Lines:**
• 590 Fifth Ave., New York — JU 6-7400
• 45 Grant, San Francisco — YU 2-6677



OTHER WOMEN

by MARJORIE RIDDELL

MARJORIE RIDDELL is the author of many light articles. She recently gave up her work in an advertising agency in order to devote full time to her writing.

MEN who don't understand women don't always get along very well with men who say they do, but both parties are agreed that women do understand women and can't get along with each other. Women, they say, have no conception of the true meaning of friendship and are incapable of making genuine friends of other women.

In fact, of course, we women are continually forming genuine friendships with other women, and this, considering other women, is firm evidence that we comprehend the meaning of friendship actually *more* clearly than do men. The basis of true friendship is tolerance.

Men's friendships would be far from enduring if they were governed by the same circumstances as are those of women. The whole situation is quite different. Other women are, for one thing, usually more easily understood than dealt with, and thus our friendships with them have to embody faith and optimism to a degree quite unattainable by men.

Other women are often not even easy to like. They tend, on the whole, to be either much more attractive than we are, or — a smaller group — less attractive than we but brainier. Neither of these qualities is fundamentally lovable. When other women are less attractive than we are they don't know it, or won't admit it, and behave as though they are not, and get away with it.

Other women who are more attractive than we are wear either less

make-up or more make-up than we do. Those who wear more make-up do it better and less obviously and everyone believes them, while those who wear less make-up stand around saying what is that we are putting on our eyes and how glad they are they don't have to do it. This isn't lovable either. Other women who are less attractive than we are but wear more make-up often turn out to be more attractive than we are, while those who are less attractive and wear less make-up and stand around saying why are we doing that to our eyes and how glad they are they don't have to are just plain hated.

Yet they are our friends. Those who are not our friends are those who tell men that they are not as attractive as we are and get it denied.

Other women who are brainier than we are make friends among themselves.

But whether we like or dislike, we rise above it; indeed, so pale in significance is all this, and so petty, that we can dislike our best friend and be rather fond of a woman we've always loathed and make all sorts of new friends who don't like us at all. Sometimes we are not even on speaking terms with our best friend but it doesn't affect our friendship.

Men say we never like other women who are more attractive than we are, but this is highly debatable. After all, this type of other woman sometimes has less success with men, which is gratifying, if infrequent, and causes amiability all round. Unless, of course, it turns out to be mere cunning.

Very attractive other women sometimes get written about anonymously to newspapers by men who say they

are afraid of them, but most of us discount this as a form of inverted conceit. It would be nice, though.

Conversely, of course, men also say we only like women who are less attractive than we are, and this is nonsense. Everybody knows that it's the least attractive woman who acts like a magnet to the most attractive men. Sometimes she does it without actually doing anything — and this, particularly, is almost unforgivable.

But for real cunning you've got to hand it to brainy women. For years they've managed to get themselves more or less overlooked by putting it about that men don't like them. This deserves to be regarded with deep suspicion. Too often, after finding ourselves on a party when the other woman turns out to be a somethingologist, has our optimism been rudely jarred when it suddenly develops that we are talking about Einstein. This is very demoralizing, and compensated only by the fact that brainy women stand a good chance of mothering brainy children.

The basic cause of confusion in the ideas men cherish regarding our liking attractive or unattractive women lies, of course, in their strangely distorted conception of what constitutes attractiveness. This has the damndest results.

With all this at least, in maintaining our friendships, do we have to contend. Would men be able to form a true friendship under any of these circumstances? Never. Indeed, if men had to face half as many difficulties they would all be hermits. Even as things are one hears of more men hermits than women hermits.



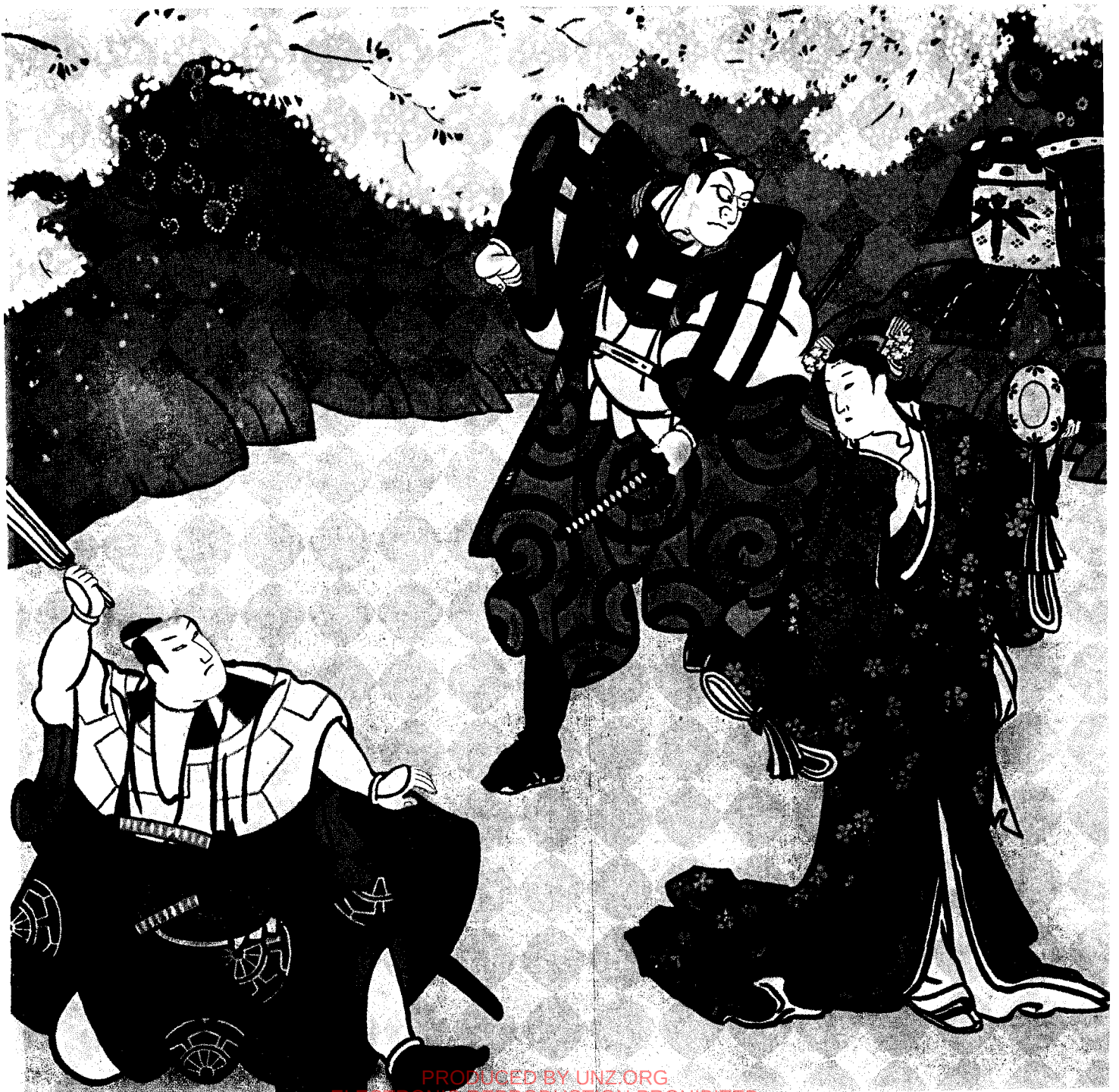
ON HAVING MEANT WELL

by GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

My clumsy hand
Fumbles to catch the spider in the sink
And lift her out to drier safer land.
But she, poor soul, must think
It's doom incarnate. Desperate and nimble,
She eludes my fingers in a dizzy chase in
The slippery basin,
Then . . . does her wild heart weigh the awful gamble? . . .
Leaps headlong down the drain
To drown, quite likely . . . while I stand and grumble
That all my good intentions were in vain.

PERSPECTIVE OF JAPAN

AN *Atlantic* SUPPLEMENT



A GATEWAY TO JAPAN

This supplement is the third in a series which is being published at intervals by *The Atlantic Monthly* to bring to readers in the United States a representative sampling of the literary and artistic achievements of other cultures and other countries. The two collections which preceded this one were *Perspective of India* and *Perspective of Holland and Belgium*. Supplements devoted to the Arab Countries, Greece, Indonesia, and Brazil are in preparation and will appear in the *Atlantic* in the months to come.



Unichi Hiratsuka

These supplements have been assembled, in coöperation with the *Atlantic* editorial staff, by Intercultural Publications Inc., a nonprofit corporation established by The Ford Foundation in 1952. They represent one aspect of the Foundation's extensive international program which seeks, through support of a variety of projects, to increase mutual understanding among the free nations and thus to strengthen the bases of world peace.

In this effort Intercultural Publications Inc. concentrates on the exchange of ideas and of literary and artistic materials through publications. Its major vehicle is *Perspectives USA*, a quarterly magazine of work by American writers and artists which is produced in four languages and distributed in over sixty countries. Intercultural Publications has also prepared a series of anthologies in translation for distribution by foreign publishers.

Perspective of India, *Perspective of Holland and Belgium* and the current *Perspective of Japan* reverse the flow of *Perspectives USA*, bringing a selection of foreign work to the attention of American readers. The editors of *The Atlantic* and the directors of Intercultural Publications hope that these exchanges will encourage greater awareness and deeper understanding of the countries and cultures for which the contributors to our pages are such compelling spokesmen.

The Atlantic Monthly

PERSPECTIVE OF JAPAN

AN *Atlantic* SUPPLEMENT

Japan Speaks to America	NOEL BUSCH	100
Japan's Place in Asia	SHIGERU YOSHIDA	101
A New Japan?	SHIGETO TSURU	103
The Izu Dancer. <i>A Story</i>	YASUNARI KAWABATA	108
The Japanese Theater	TSURUO ANDO	115
Traditional Dances of Japan	<i>Drawings by</i> SACHIO TAKAHASHI	118
The Religions of Japan	IICHI OGUCHI	122
Two Samurai Tales	SAIKAKU IBARA	126
Contemporary Japanese Art	C. F. YAMADA and J. LAUGHLIN	129
Reproductions of Japanese Art	CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS	131
In Praise of Shadows	JÚNICHIRO TANIZAKI	141
Of Women. <i>A Story</i>	OSAMU DAZAI	145
Popular Entertainments of Japan	KOJI OZAKI	148
Japanese Architecture. <i>Illustrated</i>	MOSUKE MORITA	152
Beauty in Japanese Architecture	YOSHIRO TANIGUCHI	153
The Surplus Bride. <i>A Story</i>	KAN EGUCHI	160
Modern Japanese Literature		
<i>The Main Stream</i>	KENZO NAKAJIMA	165
<i>The Conservative Tradition</i>	EDWARD SEIDENSTICKER	168
Forms of Japanese Poetry	EARL ROY MINER	166
Japan's "Cultural Democracy"	NYOZEKAN HASEGAWA	170
POETRY		
Two Poems	DAIGAKU HORIGUCHI	107
An Imperial Tanka	H.M. THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN	121
The New Road of Koide	SAKUTARO HAGIWARA	140
Two Poems	AKIKO YOSANO	147
Poetry Going Out	KATUE KITASONO	151
Two Poems	SOSEKI NATSUME	164
A Chronology of Japanese History		174
A Glossary of Japanese Words		174

Cover drawing by Tadamasu Torii

INTERCULTURAL PUBLICATIONS INC. (477 Madison Avenue, New York City 22). *Directors:* William J. Casey, Charles Garside, Joseph Hambuechen, H. J. Heinz II, Alfred A. Knopf, James Laughlin, Richard Weil, Jr. *Publisher:* James Laughlin. *Associate Publisher:* Ronald Frelander.

EDITORS for this collection: Faubion Bowers, James Laughlin, Eleanor Peters, Edward Seidensticker, and Kenneth Yasuda.

NOTE: The opinions expressed in the material in this supplement are those of the authors themselves and do not necessarily represent the policy of *The Atlantic Monthly*, the policy of The Ford Foundation or the views of its personnel. Copyright 1954, by The Atlantic Monthly Company.

JAPAN SPEAKS TO AMERICA

A Foreword by Noel Busch

FOR Westerners in general, and for Americans in particular, learning about Japan presents certain special problems. For this, at least three reasons come readily to mind.

The best way to learn about a country is, of course, to go there. However, when an American travels in Europe, he is, in a sense, not only exploring but also going home. England, France, Germany and Italy offer the excitement of recognition as well as that of discovery, the pleasure of looking through a window combined with the fascination of looking into a mirror. Japan provides no such parental or narcissistic inducements. Samuel Johnson never strolled along the Ginza; and Hiroshige's prints of the palanquin stations between Tokyo and Kyoto awaken no vicarious memories of coaching days with Mr. Pickwick.

A second reason why the West still knows so little of Japan is, of course, the formidable language barrier. Literary Japanese is so difficult to translate that only one of its great classics, *The Tale of Genji*, is even fairly well-known among American readers.

The third and most important reason of all may be that the Japanese, perhaps precisely because they are such diligent students, have always been reluctant, from an excess of scholarly modesty, to assume the opposite, and to them greatly exalted, role of teacher. Rather than teach the West, indeed, the Japanese are even prepared to accept from it standards which are often inferior to their own. Thus, in a nation where many schoolboys acquire a degree of dexterity with the brush rarely matched by adult European professionals, many contemporary artists have, by copying Western styles, compounded a banality which they might better have corrected.

That the difficulties which confront Westerners in learning about Japan are readily apparent should not suggest that they are insurmountable. On the contrary, the reasons, rooted in history and geography, why Westerners may wish to make a try are compelling and the moment is propitious.

Like the British Isles, those of Japan form a commodious catchall off a busy continent. Like Britain, too, Japan absorbed successive population waves of continental immigrants who, having been spry enough to get there, were barred by the seas from going any further and so obliged to merge their talents and accomplishments. Where the Japanese differed most from their Occidental counterparts was that, instead of scattering their accumulation of qualities around the world, they did precisely the reverse, nourishing their insularity during the two centuries in which the British built

their empire, by intense and conscious introversion.

Explosive Japanese expansionism in the twentieth century — of which the cause perhaps lay in the long period of intense compression that preceded it — effectively defeated its own purpose, if that was to stimulate Western assimilation of Japanese ideas. By the same token, however, the Allied Occupation in which the expansionism finally resulted, took the form of an intensified cram course given to the Japanese by their conquerors. While this charmed and astonished the eager students, it was not designed effectively to ventilate the ignorance on some subjects of their tutors. It is only now, in short, that a real response on the part of the ultimate projection of Western civilization to the ultimate projection of the Orient, has become possible. It is also one of the few heartening coincidences of current history that the opportunity meets with the need.

It is a truism that, when Perry finally got there, Japan was a locked chest of intellectual and aesthetic treasures. What may be less generally realized is that, by the time of the Perry Centennial, which was celebrated last year, the value of the treasure, far from diminishing, had greatly increased. Buddhism, Confucianism, all the richest stores of Asian art and thought have been preserved in Japan through the decades of modernization just as carefully as they had been nurtured through the centuries of isolation. They survive there still, sometimes in a purer form than they ever attained in their lands of origin (such as China and India), where now they are often decadent or despised. Some knowledge of Japan is thus precious now not only for itself but also because it gives us what we so sorely need — a means of understanding all of Asia, of which Japan is, in a way, the essence.

It would, of course, be presumptuous to suggest that the "perspective" in the following pages amounts to more than a keyhole vista of the writing, still to be viewed by the West, in a nation where everyone reads and where ten thousand books are published every year; let alone that it will enable the reader to "know" Japan. To know Japan — with its narrow village streets bright in the evening after rain, its tiny, steep, green mountains wrapped in their sudden mists, and its charming, tireless, brilliant and erratic people — it is necessary to go there. However, the prose pieces and poems that follow are representative of modern Japanese writing. It is fair to hope that some of the grace and sparkle of Japan may be found reflected in them, just as the glitter of Tokyo fireworks shines up from the Sumida River into the midsummer night.

JAPAN'S PLACE IN ASIA

by SHIGERU YOSHIDA

Postwar Prime Minister of Japan

1

THE shooting wars in Korea and Indo-China are at a blessed end. Asia — at the moment — enjoys a welcome but uneasy peace. Yesterday's Communist bullets have given way to Communist blandishments. But be it conquest or courtship, there still remain only two sides and only two choices: freedom or slavery.

I am sometimes asked if Asia's current surcease from a shooting war is not an indication of Communist good intentions. I answer that there is peace in Asia today only because of the Communists' assumption that the area will fall to them without their having to resort to military force. Their confidence strikes me as a rather terrifying measure of Asia's vulnerability — and of the gigantic challenge the Asian struggle imposes on the forces of freedom.

What are the ingredients in this situation? Why is Asia vulnerable? I answered these questions recently before a group of distinguished American newspapermen with these words:

"We have in Asia a vast population which is engaged in a titanic effort to break with the misery and poverty of the past. We also have a Communist China, a bleak fact of life in Asia that occupies our minds constantly. And we have a number of new, underdeveloped nations trying to

make their way against the gravitational pull of Communist China, trying to establish stable, democratic conditions and to raise living standards.

"In the political field, these new nations are attempting to build democracy in the face of the strong but specious appeal that Communism has for the poverty-stricken and the politically immature. On the economic side, their effort to raise living standards is hampered by a lack of capital with which to expand the means of production and a lack of skills with which to produce more."

These are the elements the Communists have weighed in arriving at their cold-blooded decision that Asia will be theirs after a suitable period of "ripening" — a period during which, presumably, the new democracies are expected to fail economically, and thus politically and nationally.

Such failure would mean the death of certain aspirations shared by all the nations of Free Asia, including Japan. We all want a higher standard of living for our people. We all want to be truly independent and self-supporting, to have security and stability, to live in peace and freedom.

And we also share the belief that the Communists, as they have done so many times in the past, are underestimating the peoples' will to freedom and the Free World's ultimate solidarity. The new democracies of Asia *will* win out, but they will need help.

In the great task of helping the Asian countries to stand on their own feet in economic freedom, Japan has an important role to play. She is the only highly industrialized nation in Asia. She possesses industrial technology, managerial experience, and an abundance of technical experts and skilled manpower. She has experience in adapting Western technology to Asian conditions.

His Excellency SHIGERU YOSHIDA, Postwar Prime Minister of Japan, was born in 1878 and studied political science at Tokyo Imperial University. He entered the Diplomatic Service and held important posts in many countries, serving finally as Ambassador to Great Britain. During World War II he was imprisoned by the Japanese military clique as "a liberal and a pacifist." In 1945 Mr. Yoshida was appointed Foreign Minister. As leader of the Liberal Party, he became Prime Minister in 1948.

Although human nature and human needs are basically the same everywhere, contact with a given people is best made with a knowledge of their psychology, historical background, and local conditions. Japan, being Asiatic and having had experience that fits the Asian pattern of development, can be an effective intermediary between the West and Asia. (It is basic, of course, that any help be undertaken in a manner which fully respects the national independence and aspirations of the countries concerned, scrupulously avoiding interference in local affairs and political life.)

If Japanese technical abilities could thus be put fully to work, they could contribute much to the economic development of the countries of Asia. If Japanese skills and Western material resources were integrated with the development plans of the Asian countries, progress would be speedy. The urgency of the proposition here set forth should be fully recognized. The urgency applies equally to Japan and to the rest of the Free World.

2

In prewar years, Japan's exports to China, Korea, and Formosa averaged almost half her total annual exports. This trade is now insignificant. On the other hand, during the past several years, exports to Southeast Asia have been double the prewar ratio. It is obvious that development of the Japanese economy to a level of self-support depends in large measure on the extent to which our trade with Southeast Asia may be developed.

Politically, Japan would find it impossible to stand alone if the greater part of Southeast Asia were to fall under Communist domination. Japan's own existence, therefore, depends on the economic development of, and the maintenance of stability in, the Southeast Asian countries.

As the situation stands, the political future of Southeast Asia is dependent on early attainment of economic viability. If China makes rapid economic progress under Communist control, leaving the Southeast Asian countries far behind, there will develop such a margin between economic standards in the Communist and non-Communist areas of Asia that Communist China might be able, indeed without a struggle, to place all of Southeast Asia under its influence.

Economists know that the scale of investment is often the decisive factor in the rate of economic development. In this important field, Communist China is already far ahead, developing its productivity at a per capita rate at least twice that of current capital investment in Southeast Asia. If this present wide difference continues, the prosperity of China, now about the same as that of Southeast Asia, will become appreciably higher as the years go by. Conversely, if more dynamic economic progress could be achieved in Southeast

Asia, the magnetic pull could operate in the opposite direction, thus serving to draw the Chinese masses out of the shadow into the sunshine of the Free World.

It should be evident that the advanced nations of the Free World must accord all possible assistance, both economic and technical, to Southeast Asia in order that the area may at least keep abreast of Communist China in its economic development. Otherwise the struggle for freedom will be lost.

The balance between risk and profit opportunity that is required to attract private investment — or even investment by existing international organizations — does not now exist in Southeast Asia. At this stage, the real need is for substantial capital outlays in the basic fields of hygiene, education, transportation, irrigation, power, and heavy industry. Programs and projects like these have little or no appeal to private investors because of the long-term nature of the investment, even in those fields where a profit is possible.

As a field for investment in peace, security, and the progress of mankind, however, Southeast Asia offers a prime opportunity. And now is the time for action. The longer conditions are permitted to deteriorate, the more expensive the ultimate expenditure will have to be. Nor can it be said that this type of investment is untested and therefore too risky. Thanks in large part to a similar program, Europe stands politically and economically solvent — and the Free World is incomparably stronger. The Organization for European Economic Co-operation provides us with a superb pattern for Southeast Asia. An organization of Asian states co-operating in the allocation of outside investment would build unity and supply a foundation for the integrated development of the entire area. As basic investment proceeded, private investors would begin to find the kind of climate they require and would add their force to economic growth.

In order to define Japan's place in Asia, it has been necessary for me first to define the kind of Asia there must be if there is to be a Japan — a free Japan. As I see it, the course of Southeast Asia must be along these or similar lines. There can be no stagnation, no slipping backward for the people of this important area with their new hopes and new horizons. We of Japan are not alone in recognizing this.

The future of Japan is tied to the progress of Southeast Asia. However slowly or swiftly economic development takes place in these countries, Japan will have a function as interpreter of Western techniques, fabricator of Western materials for the East and of Asian materials for the West, supplier and customer. This is our national talent, just as the American talent is for bold thinking and decisive action.

A NEW JAPAN?

Political, Economic, and Social Aspects of Postwar Japan

by SHIGETO TSURU

1

DEFEAT in a major war usually results in a basic transformation of a society. Such was to be expected for the Japan of 1945, the more so since her participation in the last war, a war which she was bound to lose, was the culmination of reckless attempts to solve her internal problems by resort to increasingly ambitious aggression abroad. Her defeat did not remove the internal strains in Japanese society; but at least it cleared the stage for a moment and gave us an opportunity to rebuild a new Japan.

The occupying authorities, dominated by the United States, were apparently aware of the close connection which existed between Japan's militaristic adventures and the underlying social and economic tensions which kept mounting, especially after the Great Depression of 1929. Thus, although the war crimes trial, at which a few scores of prewar and wartime leaders were indicted, seemed to have its own independent philosophy and logic, the over-all policy of the Occupation stood clearly on the premise of the necessity of reforming the structure and patterns of our society in order that Japan might never again become a menace in the community of nations. The energy and steadfastness with which such reforms were planned and initiated are certainly noteworthy, and here it may suffice to recall several of the more important steps in this direction.

PROFESSOR SHIGETO TSURU, who took his doctorate at Harvard in 1935, is Director of the Economic Research Institute at Hitotsubashi University in Tokyo. Author of many books on economics and politics, Dr. Tsuru is a leading publicist for the neutralist view of world affairs which is strongly supported by labor unions and the left wing of the split Japanese Socialist Party.

A New Constitution Renouncing War: The new Constitution, drafted under the guidance of the occupying authorities and inaugurated on May 3, 1947, contained, *inter alia*, the unique Article IX:

"Aspiring sincerely to an international peace based on justice and order, the Japanese people forever renounce war as a sovereign right of the nation and the threat or use of force as means of settling international disputes.

"In order to accomplish the aim of the preceding paragraph, land, sea, and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained. The right of belligerency of the state will not be recognized."

Deconcentration: On the assumption that the *Zaibatsu*, monopoly organizations peculiar to Japan, played, willy-nilly, a role of accomplice in military aggression, the occupying authorities directed the Japanese government to carry out measures of thoroughgoing deconcentration of economic power. The enabling act was passed in December, 1947.

Land Reform: Common throughout Asia has been the challenge of land reform. In prewar Japan the extreme poverty of landless peasants formed the economic basis for various internal strains within the society; this had the effect of channeling the nation's energy into external adventures. Thus a fairly drastic land reform had high priority on the agenda of the Occupation directives and became a law in October, 1946.

Democratic Development of Trade Unions and Improvement in the Conditions of Workers: Before the war Japan was not without a fairly large trade union movement and some advance had been made in the direction of improving the conditions of workers. But America brought with her the mature experience of the New Deal period in her own

country and guided Japan to enact a number of progressive labor laws, such as the Labor Relations Act of 1946 and the Labor Standards Act of 1947.

Democratization of the Police System: Prewar Japan was notorious for her oppressive police system. And the point was duly noted in the Potsdam Declaration, defining terms for Japanese surrender, that "the Japanese Government shall remove all obstacles to the revival and strengthening of democratic tendencies among the Japanese people." One of the first acts of the occupying authorities was to abolish the Peace Preservation Law, the National Security Law, the bureau of special police in charge of thought control, and to release political prisoners. In time an entirely new, decentralized police system was set up.

Purges of Wartime Leaders and Disbanding of Ultra-nationalistic Organizations: Men are often products of circumstances; but it was wisely recognized by the occupying authorities that the lingering of old faces at the top of Japan's web-like society would stifle the unfledged forces of democracy which needed encouragement. Purges of leaders in various activities related to warmaking were, on the whole, carried out successfully and prepared the ground for a younger generation to follow up the democratic reforms initiated by the occupying authorities.

As a country in defeat, Japan had its share of destitution and hunger, intensified by vicious inflation which, within a few years after the war, diminished the purchasing power of our currency to less than one one-hundredth of what it had been. During that period the special aid from the United States, which flowed into Japan mainly in the form of foodstuffs, was a godsend. It enabled the nation to survive the worst period of rehabilitation and to move toward recovery. When the inflationary spiral was arrested around 1948-49, and the exchange rate was stabilized (at 360 yen to a dollar) in April, 1949, industrial production began to pick up at an accelerated rate. Its over-all index went above the prewar (1934-36 average) level in the autumn of 1950, and it has since been growing at an average rate of 20 per cent each year. Gross national production in real terms, a better index for the total economic activities of the nation, has also kept pace. Its annual rate of growth has been 10 per cent or higher each year since 1949. In 1953, per capita income went above the fairly prosperous prewar average of 1934-36.

Capital investment for production has nearly doubled in the past four years — a record perhaps unequaled in the history of industrial nations. The over-all productivity of labor has risen *pari passu* with this investment. Taking the level of 1949 as 100, the index of labor productivity was 125 in 1950, 165 in 1951, 186 in 1952, and 225 in 1953 — an increase which has astounded economic

analysts. A foreign traveler who had visited Japan in 1946 and then returned in 1954 could easily verify these statistics. The construction of big buildings which seems to be going on everywhere, the marked improvement in the clothing of people in the street, the abundance of food and household goods which fill the shops — these outward signs are unmistakable. Queues are now seldom seen except in front of theaters and ball parks, and a city like Tokyo is filled with sight-seeing buses loaded with visitors from the country who seem to have more money and leisure than ever before. Certainly few people expected that Japan could recover so quickly. It might seem that Japan has nothing to worry about, that the basis has been firmly laid for the healthy development of the country and for the gradual ironing out of the strains and stresses consequent to catastrophic defeat in war.

2

ON closer examination, however, what *appears* to be a remarkable success proves to rest on extremely precarious ground. Worse still, many of the most significant legislative reforms of the Occupation period have already been swept away. How this came about is a long story which has to be told in the context of changes in American policy and the lack of integrity of Japanese political leaders. But one by one, the reform measures, which although initiated by Americans did inspire the democratic zeal of younger Japanese, have either been strangled directly or nullified by counter-measures. And by the summer of 1954 there was little left of the scaffolding erected to help build a new Japan.

To begin with, the unique clause in the new Constitution which renounced war — universally acclaimed at the time on both sides of the Pacific — is now a dead letter. Japan's rearmament started in July, 1950, within two weeks after the Korean war broke out, in the form of a "Police Reserve," 75,000 strong. This force was apparently intended by the occupying authorities to fill the gap vacated by American soldiers who had to be sent from Japan to Korea. Once given birth, the "Police Reserve" started on its independent career. Its name was changed to the "National Security Force" and it was equipped with tanks (though, officially, they were called "special cars"), trench mortars, and other instruments of war. It became quite patent that such a creature, so clearly an army except in name, could not be consistent with Article IX of the Constitution which said that "land, sea, and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained."

The Japanese government, however, refused to face the issue, fearing, no doubt, almost certain defeat in a referendum if they were to propose a

revision of Article IX. Finally, on May 1, 1954, the nomenclature was again changed to "Defense Force" and, symbolically enough, the emblem on the uniform underwent a metamorphosis from dove to eagle. Now there are three services of "defense": land, sea and air; and it is no longer denied that Japan possesses "armed forces." But government spokesmen still resort to childish sophistry, insisting that the "Defense Force" is not a "war potential" in the sense meant in the Constitution because it is not intended for aggressive purposes and is not equipped with jet planes and atomic weapons. Apart from the question of whether an independent Japan should have its own defense forces or not, the manner in which rearmament has been carried out was anything but democratic. It is quite natural, therefore, that the present "Defense Force," no matter how well equipped it may be with weapons leased from America, tends to be regarded by many Japanese with distrust. In their eyes, the substitution of eagle for dove cannot be passed over as accidental.

And many of the other reform measures did not survive this period of reaction. The most dramatic about-face was on the question of the purges. The original purge order which was intended, according to the Potsdam Declaration, to "eliminate for all time the authority and influence of those who have deceived and misled the people of Japan into embarking on world conquest" covered a large number of people and no doubt caused some inequities here and there. But within a few years personal appeals for exoneration mounted, and one by one the specific purge orders were lifted and many old-timers were again permitted to hold public office. On the other hand, a new type of purge was initiated by the occupying authorities after the Korean war started, the so-called "Red purge" which forced the separation of many workers and intellectuals from employment with practically no means of redress. It was a kind of mass ostracism which was not known even at the height of prewar police oppression. Paradoxically enough, one effect of this "Red purge" was to solidify the core of Communist influence in Japan.

The clock has also been turned back in the police system. The postwar innovation of a decentralized police system has been scrapped and an organizational setup quite similar to the prewar pattern is being restored. Legislative instruments which smack of thought control have also been railroaded through the Diet. The word "railroaded" is here used advisedly, for in both cases, "The Prevention of Subversive Activities Bill" (1952) and the so-called "Educational Civil Service Bill" (1954) were passed in the face of almost unanimous editorial opposition by major metropolitan newspapers and over nationwide protests from most of the democratic organizations.

Deconcentration of economic powers, or the

breaking up of monopolies, which in 1947 was so inflexibly imposed upon Japan by a Far Eastern Commission directive, is also almost a dead letter now. Old *Zaibatsu* names such as Mitsui, Mitsubishi, and Sumitomo have been resuscitated, and horizontal and vertical integrations of various kinds are reappearing in big business. The legislative framework for improving the position of employed workers, which functioned effectively in the early years of the Occupation, has also been placed on the defensive in the past few years. Certain laws have been revised in the direction of restricting, even prohibiting in some cases, the right to strike or the right to picket, giving precedence to the nebulous concept of "public welfare" over the constitutional guarantee of "the right of workers to organize and to bargain and act collectively." The strict observance of the Labor Standards Act has also become secondary to the philosophy of economic necessity which, it is claimed, is essential to maintaining the competitive position of Japanese industries abroad.

The Land Reform, another major contribution of the Occupation "New Deal," undoubtedly brought a measure of success in the transfer of land to the landless and the decrease in land rent to a fraction of what it was before the war. But a large concentration of forest land in the hands of a few has still been left untouched; and the cruel logic of economics has again deprived many subsistence farmers of their land. In any case, the failure to solve the employment problem in the country as a whole has crowded about 20 per cent more of the population into rural areas than before the war, and as a consequence, the average size of areas under cultivation has become smaller by the equivalent percentage. It has become evident that Japan's farm problem cannot be solved independently of the general framework of economic policy as a whole.

3

As we look back upon such vicissitudes of reform and counter-reform in the short span of nine post-war years in Japan, we cannot help commenting on one characteristic feature which could be a lesson for other countries as well: reform measures which are not executed with the initiative of the people concerned do not endure. In the immediate post-war period, when people in general lived in dazed confusion, there was a chance of channeling the energy and resourcefulness of those Japanese who had opposed or doubted the war policy into an indigenous social force for building a new Japan. The original purge order, though negative in character, was, in this sense, a step in the right direction. But the crucial point was whether or not the execution of necessary reforms could be delegated to the Japanese themselves. Apparently the occupying authorities felt it could not. The Katayama

Socialist government volunteered to assume responsibility in planning and carrying out economic deconcentration, backed by the sustaining will of the people, but General MacArthur replied that "your government's offer to assume full responsibility for enforcement of one of the major objectives of the Occupation is commendable as a gesture of support, but again the current policy provides specifically otherwise." In other words, MacArthur did not trust even a Socialist government to be able to plan an effective program for reforming monopoly capitalism in Japan.

The fate of those reforms in which the Japanese were not permitted to do the job themselves is now patent. But such failure was clearly foreseen by many of us at the time and warnings were repeatedly given. In any case, it is no use "counting the age of a dead child." We must now face up to the hard fact that this first effort to remake our society has not succeeded; we must re-examine our problems and get on with the task in full awareness of its difficulties.

In the task of reconstruction which remains to be done the problem of economic stability is, of course, central. I suggested earlier that Japan's phenomenal postwar recovery might perhaps be more apparent than real. Let us now look more closely at the nature of this recovery. There is, first of all, no mistaking the intimate connection between the Korean war and Japan's economic boom. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. But the implication of this connection for Japan is not all on the propitious side. For one thing, the extraordinary expansion in demand for Japanese products subsequent to the outbreak of conflict in Korea was along the line of war and semi-war goods; that is, precisely that category of goods to which Japan should have given little, if any, priority in the process of sound recovery. True, this extraordinary demand was a windfall in a number of ways: it gave employment to scores of thousands of people and unexpectedly brought in a large volume of dollar income. The very fact, however, that it caused prosperity and appeared to solve the problem of dollar shortage made the economy greedy, so to speak, stimulating the growth of those branches of production which supplied the temporary needs of the Korean war. This was only natural under the capitalist form of production; where there is profit, more capital flows in. As a consequence, before the Japanese economy had achieved balance after the disasters of war, it was forced into a deformed expansion. Now that the temporary stimulus of the Korean war is gone, it will be necessary but difficult to reverse the process and convert many plants from war production to consumer goods suitable for export.

The windfall of dollar income from Korean war procurement appeared to solve for a few years the problem of balance of payments inherent in the

Japanese economy. It enabled Japan to accumulate foreign exchange totaling a billion dollars in little more than two years, and this in spite of the fact that normal current transactions were running at an annual deficit of around half a billion dollars. At the same time, however, it helped conceal the urgent need for measures which might solve the long-term balance of payments problem, while rendering the solution of that problem still more difficult by concurrently raising the general standard of living. This meant a greater demand for imported goods. Thus in the fiscal year of 1953 the deficit in ordinary current transactions shot up to one billion dollars and could not be offset even by the large (760 million) dollar income due to the Korean aftermath.

4

THE lack of balance in normal transactions in recent years may be partially explained in terms of the temporary dislocation of trade routes geographically natural to the country. But basically it is a necessary consequence of the paucity of Japan's natural resources in relation to her population and her industrial structure. It is not generally known and appreciated, for example, that Japan depends at present on other countries for 87 per cent of her essential industrial raw materials, such as: coking coal, iron ore, crude oil, raw cotton, wool, crude rubber, zinc ore, industrial salt, phosphate rock, soya beans, bauxite, etc. Unfortunately, there seems little prospect of making this dependence less in the future. As for food, Japan can now supply only 80 per cent of her own needs, and it is doubtful if her annual increment in food production will cover the additional needs arising out of the increase in population each year. This inflexible need for imports, estimated at the minimum, amounts at present to approximately 1.3 billion dollars, for which the foreign exchange has to be earned. In order to balance her trade, Japan's exports will have to be increased by a minimum of 40 per cent. This is a formidable task in the face of the increasingly severe competition which Japanese exports are encountering in markets abroad.

If the problem had been squarely faced several years ago while the general standard of living was much lower than it is today, the solution would have been easier. The execution of any economic policy is smoother when the standard of living is rising than when it is going down. And the inertia of the last nine years, during which Japan never lacked either the sizable support of American aid or the stimulus of defense procurement, is so strong that the present Japanese government appears tempted to rely less on the necessary reorientation of the internal program than on the hope of increased external aid.

It is likely that Japan's viability in the near future

can be attained only through an austerity program which would minimize essential import needs. Needless to say, everything possible should be done to lift the political restrictions on trade under which Japan now suffers. And no effort should be spared in finding ways for more rational utilization of indigenous resources. These goals, in themselves, are not easy to achieve under the present regime which has, on the one hand, signed a treaty with the United States to restrict trade with "the countries which threaten the peace of the world," and, on the other, refuses to countenance even a mild degree of planning after the pattern of America's TVA to harness the water resources of Japan. But even these barriers seem easier to overcome than the probable reluctance of the toiling masses to accept a program of austerity for the sake of economic viability. The crucial problem, in other words, reduces itself to this question: Can a government commanding the confidence of the people emerge in time to lift the Japanese economy by its bootstraps?

The economic health of a country can be diagnosed more or less in quantitative terms, but the political health is difficult to gauge; there are too many imponderables. Besides, in times like these, it is almost impossible to make a political appraisal without oneself taking some sort of a political position. Regardless of partisanship, however, one could select in the day-to-day happenings of the past year in Japan many symptoms of the poor health of the body politic.

When a government, on the strength of a parliamentary majority, tries to rush through the Diet an important measure restricting freedom of thought, or strengthens the police system against the unanimous editorial opposition of major metropolitan newspapers, is that not already a sign of essential weakness in that government? The last six months, in particular, have witnessed a series of mutually related events which cannot be dismissed as mere eccentricities of the political game. A storm broke out when the so-called "shipping scandal," was bared early this year. And the unprecedented violence which took place on the floor of the Diet at the close of the last session,

whatever its immediate motivation, was another warning of troubles to come.¹ If such situations are typical of what we must expect in the future of the democracy which Japan is supposed to have developed under America's tutelage, there is clearly no justification for optimism. Political disillusionment is a dangerous thing, especially when the expectation which preceded it was high. It has been proved more than once in prewar Japan that radicalism, of right or left, thrives on that kind of disillusionment.

It is not that Japan does not require any radical changes today. She needs them in many spheres. But they are of a constructive nature and can only be accomplished through orderly democratic processes. What is feared is that the degenerating atmosphere of the present political situation may become a breeding ground for the kind of extremism which once before upset the slow parliamentary progress of Japan in the 1920's. I believe I am not indulging in chauvinistic pride when I say that the Japanese are a diligent people who desire nothing more strongly than to pursue a peaceful life, even if poor, in a social and political atmosphere in which they can be certain that they are the masters. We stand at the crossroads. Much of real value was accomplished in the first years of reform that followed the war, especially in terms of political education of the masses. Millions of Japanese who had never played a part in their own government were shown the vision of what their role might be in a democracy. It is now the task of our leaders to give them the kind of leadership which will enlist their unreserved participation in the work and sacrifice necessary to achieve economic viability. Domestic problems must be solved before our country can make its full contribution to the common ideal of enduring peace and the progress of mankind. Until then we cannot say that a new Japan has really been born.

¹ *Editors' note:* A riot in the House of Representatives in the early part of June, engineered by the two wings of the split Japanese Socialist Party in an attempt to prevent passage of the police reform bill. Many Japanese observers would consider the tactics used a threat to the parliamentary system as serious as the passage of the conservative measures which Dr. Tsuru criticizes.

TWO POEMS

by *Daigaku Horiguchi*

A rain-like costume
Supports the body
Though the dancing girl
Tries to fall.

I do not see myself
Reflected in the mirror;
My self, reflected in the mirror,
Sees me.

Translated by Joseph K. Yamagiwa

THE IZU DANCER

A Story

by YASUNARI KAWABATA

1

A SHOWER swept toward me from the foot of the mountain, touching the cedar forests white, as the road began to wind up into the pass. I was nineteen and traveling alone through the Izu Peninsula. My clothes were of the sort students wear, dark kimono, high wooden sandals, a school cap, a book sack over my shoulder. I had spent three nights at hot springs near the center of the peninsula, and now, my fourth day out of Tokyo, I was climbing toward Amagi Pass and South Izu. The autumn scenery was pleasant enough, mountains rising one on another, open forests, deep valleys, but I was excited less by the scenery than by a certain hope. Large drops of rain began to fall. I ran on up the road, now steep and winding, and at the mouth of the pass I came to a tea-house. I stopped short in the doorway. It was almost too lucky: the dancers were resting inside.

The little dancing girl turned over the cushion she had been sitting on and pushed it politely toward me.

"Yes," I murmured stupidly, and sat down. Surprised and out of breath, I could think of nothing more appropriate to say.

She sat near me, we were facing each other. I fumbled for tobacco and she handed me the ash tray in front of one of the other women. Still I said nothing.

She was perhaps sixteen. Her hair was swept

up in mounds after an old style I hardly know what to call. Her solemn, oval face was dwarfed under it, and yet the face and the hair went well together, rather as in the pictures one sees of ancient beauties with their exaggerated rolls of hair. Two other young women were with her, and a man of twenty-four or twenty-five. A stern-looking woman of about forty presided over the group.

I had seen the little dancer twice before. Once I passed her and the other two young women on a long bridge half way down the peninsula. She was carrying a big drum. I looked back and looked back again, congratulating myself that here finally I had the flavor of travel. And then my third night at the inn I saw her dance. She danced just inside the entrance, and I sat on the stairs enraptured. On the bridge then, here tonight, I had said to myself: tomorrow over the pass to Yugano, and surely somewhere along those fifteen miles I will meet them — that was the hope that had sent me hurrying up the mountain road. But the meeting at the tea-house was too sudden. I was taken quite off balance.

A few minutes later the old woman who kept the tea-house led me to another room, one apparently not much used. It was open to a valley so deep that the bottom was out of sight. My teeth were chattering and my arms were covered with goose flesh. I was a little cold, I said to the old woman when she came back with tea.

"But you're soaked. Come in here and dry yourself." She led me to her living room.

The heat from the open fire struck me as she opened the door. I went inside and sat back behind the fire. Steam rose from my kimono, and the fire was so warm that my head began to ache.

The old woman went out to talk to the dancers.

YASUNARI KAWABATA, born in 1899, is one of the foremost living Japanese novelists, president of the Japan P. E. N. Club and a member of the Japan Academy. His work has a delicate, lyrical quality which places it in sharp contrast to the prevailing realism of the social novelists. The Izu Dancer, first published in 1925, is the masterpiece of his early period. It has been somewhat abridged here.

"Well, now. So this is the little girl you had with you before, so big already. Why, she's practically a grown woman. Isn't that nice. And so pretty, too. Girls do grow up in a hurry, don't they?"

Perhaps an hour later I heard them getting ready to leave. My heart pounded and my chest was tight, and yet I could not find the courage to get up and go off with them. I fretted on beside the fire. But they were women, after all; granted that they were used to walking, I ought to have no trouble overtaking them even if I fell a half mile or a mile behind. My mind danced off after them as though their departure had given it license.

"Where will they stay tonight?" I asked the woman when she came back.

"People like that, how can you tell where they'll stay? If they find someone who will pay them, that's where it will be. Do you think they know ahead of time?"

Her open contempt excited me. If she is right, I said to myself, then the dancing girl will stay in my room tonight.

The rain quieted to a sprinkle, the sky over the pass cleared. I felt I could wait no longer, though the woman assured me that the sun would be out in another ten minutes.

"Young man, young man." The woman ran up the road after me. "This is too much. I really can't take it." She clutched at my book sack and held me back, trying to return the money I had given her, and when I refused it she hobbled along after me. She must at least see me off up the road, she insisted. "It's really too much. I did nothing for you — but I'll remember, and I'll have something for you when you come this way again. You will come again, won't you? I won't forget."

So much gratitude for one fifty-sen piece was rather touching. I was in a fever to overtake the little dancer, however, and her hobbling only held me back. When we came to the tunnel I finally shook her off.

2

LINED on one side by a white fence, the road twisted down from the mouth of the tunnel like a streak of lightning. Near the bottom of the jagged figure were the dancer and her companions. Another half mile and I had overtaken them. Since it hardly seemed graceful to slow down at once to their pace, however, I moved on past the women with a show of coolness. The man, walking some ten yards ahead of them, turned as he heard me come up.

"You're quite a walker. . . . Isn't it lucky the rain has stopped?"

Rescued, I walked on beside him. He began asking questions, and the women, seeing that we had struck up a conversation, came tripping up behind us. The man had a large wicker trunk strapped to his back. The older woman held a puppy in her arms, the two young women carried bundles,

and the girl had her drum and its frame. The older woman presently joined in the conversation.

"He's a highschool boy," one of the young women whispered to the little dancer, giggling as I glanced back.

"Really, even I know that much," the girl retorted. "Students come to the island often."

They were from Oshima in the Izu Islands, the man told me. In the spring they left to wander over the peninsula, but now it was getting cold and they had no winter clothes with them. After ten days or so at Shimoda in the south they would sail back to the islands. I glanced again at those rich mounds of hair, at the little figure all the more romantic now for being from Oshima. I questioned them about the islands.

"Students come to Oshima to swim, you know," the girl remarked to the young woman beside her.

"In the summer, I suppose." I looked back.

She was flustered. "In the winter too," she answered in an almost inaudible little voice.

"Even in the winter?"

She looked at the other women and laughed uncertainly.

"Do they swim even in the winter?" I asked again.

She flushed and nodded very slightly, a serious expression on her face.

"The child is crazy," the older woman laughed.

From six or seven miles above Yugano the road followed a river. The mountains had taken on the look of the South from the moment we descended the pass. The man and I became firm friends, and as the thatched roofs of Yugano came in sight below us I announced that I would like to go on to Shimoda with them. He seemed delighted.

In front of a shabby old inn the older woman glanced tentatively at me as if to take her leave. "But this gentleman would like to go on with us," the man said.

"Oh, would he?" she answered with simple warmth. "'On the road a companion, in life sympathy,' they say. I suppose even poor things like us can live up a trip. Do come in — we'll have a cup of tea and rest ourselves."

We went up to the second floor and laid down our baggage. The straw carpeting and the doors were worn and dirty. The little dancer brought up tea from below. As she came to me the teacup clattered in its saucer. She set it down sharply in an effort to save herself, but she succeeded only in spilling it. I was hardly prepared for confusion so extreme.

"Dear me. The child's come to a dangerous age," the older woman said, arching her eyebrows as she tossed over a cloth. The girl wiped tensely at the tea.

The remark somehow startled me. I felt the excitement aroused by the old woman at the tea-house begin to mount.

An hour or so later the man took me to another inn. I had thought till then that I was to stay with them. We climbed down over rocks and stone steps a hundred yards or so from the road. There was a public hot spring in the river bed, and just beyond it a bridge led to the garden of the inn.

We went together for a bath. He was twenty-three, he told me, and his wife had had two miscarriages. He seemed not unintelligent. I had assumed that he had come along for the walk—perhaps like me to be near the dancer.

A heavy rain began to fall about sunset. The mountains, gray and white, flattened to two dimensions, and the river grew yellower and muddier by the minute. I felt sure that the dancers would not be out on a night like this, and yet I could not sit still. Two and three times I went down to the bath, and came restlessly back to my room again.

Then, distant in the rain, I heard the slow beating of a drum. I tore open the shutters as if to wrench them from their grooves and leaned out the window. The drum beat seemed to be coming nearer. The rain, driven by a strong wind, lashed at my head. I closed my eyes and tried to concentrate on the drum, on where it might be, whether it could be coming this way. Presently I heard a *samisen*, and now and then a woman's voice calling to someone, a loud burst of laughter. The dancers had been called to a party in the restaurant across from their inn, it seemed. I could distinguish two or three women's voices and three or four men's voices. Soon they will be finished there, I told myself, and they will come here. The party seemed to go beyond the harmlessly gay and to approach the rowdy. A shrill woman's voice came across the darkness like the crack of a whip. I sat rigid, more and more on edge, staring out through the open shutters. At each drum beat I felt a surge of relief. "Ah, she's still there. Still there and playing the drum." And each time the beating stopped the silence seemed intolerable. It was as though I were being borne under by the driving rain.

For a time there was a confusion of footsteps—were they playing tag, were they dancing? And then complete silence. I glared into the darkness. What would she be doing, who would be with her the rest of the night?

I closed the shutters and got into bed. My chest was painfully tight. I went down to the bath again and splashed about violently. The rain stopped, the moon came out; the autumn sky, washed by the rain, shone crystalline into the distance. I thought for a moment of running out barefoot to look for her. It was after two.

3

THE man came by my inn at nine the next morning. I had just gotten up, and I invited him along for a bath. Below the bath-house the river, high from the

rain, flowed warm in the South Izu autumn sun. My anguish of last night no longer seemed very real. I wanted even so to hear what had happened.

"That was a lively party you had last night."

"You could hear us?"

"I certainly could."

"Natives. They make a lot of noise, but there's not much to them really."

He seemed to consider the event quite routine, and I said no more.

"Look. They've come for a bath, over there across the river. Damned if they haven't seen us. Look at them laugh." He pointed over at the public bath, where six or seven naked figures showed through the steam.

One small figure ran out into the sunlight and stood for a moment at the edge of the platform calling something to us, arms raised as though for a plunge into the river. It was the little dancer. I looked at her, at the young legs, at the sculptured white body, and suddenly a draught of fresh water seemed to wash over my heart. I laughed happily. She was a child, a mere child, a child who could run out naked into the sun and stand there on her tip-toes in her delight at seeing a friend. I laughed on, a soft, happy laugh. It was as though a layer of dust had been cleared from my head. And I laughed on and on. It was because of her too-rich hair that she had seemed older, and because she was dressed like a girl of fifteen or sixteen. I had made an extraordinary mistake indeed.

We were back in my room when the older of the two young women came to look at the flowers in the garden. The little dancer followed her halfway across the bridge. The old woman came out of the bath frowning. The dancer shrugged her shoulders and ran back, laughing as if to say that she would be scolded if she came any nearer. The older young woman came up to the bridge.

"Come on over," she called to me.

"Come on over," the younger woman echoed, and the two of them turned back toward their inn.

The man stayed on in my room till evening.

I was playing chess with a traveling salesman that night when I heard the drum in the garden. I started to go out to the veranda.

"How about another?" asked the salesman.

"Let's have another game." But I laughed evasively and after a time he gave up and left the room.

Soon the younger women and the man came in.

"Do you have somewhere else to go tonight?" I asked.

"We couldn't find any customers if we tried."

They stayed on till past midnight, playing away at checkers.

I felt clear-headed and alive when they had gone. I would not be able to sleep, I knew. From the hall I called in to the salesman.

"Fine, fine." He hurried out ready for battle.

"It's an all-night match tonight. We'll play all night." I felt invincible.

We were to leave Yugano at eight the next morning. I poked my school cap into my book sack, put on a hunting cap I had bought in a shop not far from the public bath, and went up to the inn by the highway. I walked confidently upstairs — the shutters on the second floor were open — but I stopped short in the hall. They were still in bed.

The dancing girl lay almost at my feet, beside the youngest of the women. She flushed deeply and pressed her hands to her face with a quick flutter. Traces of make-up were left from the evening before, rouge on her lips and dots of rouge at the corners of her eyes. A thoroughly appealing little figure. I felt a bright surge of happiness as I looked down at her. Abruptly, still hiding her face, she rolled over, slipped out of bed, and bowed low before me in the hall. I stood dumbly wondering what to do.

The man and the older of the young women were sleeping together. They must be married — I had not thought of it before.

"You will have to forgive us," the older woman said, sitting up in bed. "We meant to leave today, but it seems there is to be a party tonight, and we thought we'd see what could be done with it. If you really must go, perhaps you can meet us in Shimoda. We always stay at the Koshuya Inn — you should have no trouble finding it."

I felt deserted.

"Or maybe you could wait till tomorrow," the man suggested. "She says we have to stay today. . . . But it's good to have someone to talk to on the road. Let's go together tomorrow."

"A splendid idea," the woman agreed. "It seems a shame, now that we've gotten to know you . . . and tomorrow we start out no matter what happens. Day after tomorrow it will be forty-nine days since the baby died. We've meant all along to have a service in Shimoda to show that we at least remember, and we've been hurrying to get there in time. It would really be very kind of you. . . . I can't help thinking there's a reason for it all, our getting to be friends this way."

I agreed to wait another day, and went back down to my inn. I sat in the dirty little office talking to the manager while I waited for them to dress. Presently the man came by and we walked out to a pleasant bridge not far from town. He leaned against the railing and talked about himself. He had for a long time belonged to a theater company in Tokyo. Even now he sometimes acted in plays on Oshima, while at parties on the road he could do imitations of actors if called upon to. The strange, leglike bulge in one of the bundles was a stage sword, he explained, and the wicker trunk held both household goods and costumes.

"I made a mistake and ruined myself. My brother has taken over for the family in Kofu and I'm really not much use there."

"I thought you came from the inn at Nagaoka."

"I'm afraid not. That's my wife, the older of the two women. She's a year younger than you. She lost her second baby on the road this summer — it only lived a week — and she isn't really well yet. The old woman is her mother, and the girl is my sister."

"You said you had a sister thirteen?"

"That's the one. I've tried to think of ways of keeping her out of this business, but there were all sorts of reasons why it couldn't be helped."

He said his own name was Eikichi, his wife was Chiyoko, the dancer, his sister, was Kaoru. The other girl, Yuriko, was a sort of maid. She was sixteen, and the only one among them who was really from Oshima. Eikichi became very sentimental. He gazed down at the river, and for a time I thought he was about to weep.

4

ON THE way back, just off the road, we saw the little dancer petting a dog. She had washed away her make-up.

"Come on over to the inn," I called as we passed.

"I couldn't very well by myself."

"Bring your brother."

"Thank you. I'll be right over."

A short time later Eikichi appeared.

"Where are the others?"

"They couldn't get away from mother."

But the three of them came clattering across the bridge and up the stairs while we were playing checkers. After elaborate bows they waited hesitantly in the hall.

Chiyoko came in first. "Please, please," she called gaily to the others. "You needn't stand on formality in *my* room."

An hour or so later they all went down for a bath. I must come along, they insisted; but the idea of a bath with three young women was somewhat overwhelming, and I said I would go in later. In a moment the little dancer came back upstairs.

"Chiyoko says she'll wash your back for you if you come down now."

Instead she stayed with me, and the two of us played checkers. She was surprisingly good at it. I am better than most and had little trouble with Eikichi and the others, but she came very near beating me. It was a relief not to have to play a deliberately bad game. A model of propriety at first, sitting bolt upright and stretching out her hand to make a play, she soon forgot herself and was leaning intently over the board. Her hair, so rich it seemed unreal, almost brushed against my chest. Suddenly she flushed crimson.

"Excuse me. I'll be scolded for this," she exclaimed, and ran out with the game half finished. The older woman was standing beside the public bath across the river. Chiyoko and Yuriko clattered

out of the bath downstairs at almost the same moment and retreated across the bridge without bothering to say good-by.

Eikichi spent the day at my inn again, though the manager's wife, a solicitous sort of woman, had pointed out that it was a waste of good food to invite such people in for meals.

The dancer was practicing the *samisen* when I went up to the inn by the highway that evening. She put it down when she saw me, but at the older woman's order, took it up again.

Eikichi seemed to be reciting something on the second floor of the restaurant across the street, where we could see a party in progress.

"What in the world is that?"

"That? He's reading a *Noh* play."

"An odd sort of thing to be doing."

"He has as many wares as a dime store. You can never guess what he'll do next."

The girl shyly asked me to read her a piece from a storyteller's collection. I took up the book happily, a certain hope in my mind. Her head was almost at my shoulder as I started to read, and she looked up at me with a serious, intent expression, her eyes bright and unblinking. Her large eyes, almost black, were easily her best feature. The lines of the heavy lids were indescribably graceful. And her laugh was like a flower's laugh. A flower's laugh — the expression does not seem strained when I think of her.

I had read only a few minutes when the maid from the restaurant across the street came for her. "I'll be right back," she said as she smoothed out her clothes. "Don't go away. I want to hear the rest."

She knelt in the hall to take her leave formally.

We could see the girl as though in the next room. She knelt beside the drum, her back toward us. The slow rhythm filled me with a clean excitement.

"A party always picks up speed when the drum begins," the woman said.

Chiyoko and Yuriko went over to the restaurant a little later, and in an hour or so the four of them came back.

"This is all they gave us." The dancer casually dropped fifty sen from her clenched fist into the older woman's hand. I read more of the story, and they talked of the baby that had died.

I was not held to them by curiosity, and I felt no condescension toward them. Indeed I was no longer conscious that they belonged to that low order, traveling performers. They seemed to know it and to be moved by it. Before long they decided that I must visit them on Oshima.

"We can put him in the old man's house." They planned everything out. "That should be big enough, and if we move the old man out it will be quiet enough for him to study as long as he can stay."

"We have two little houses, and the one on the mountain we can give to you."

It was decided, too, that I should help with a play they would give on Oshima for the New Year.

I came to see that the life of the traveling performer was not the forbidding one I had imagined. Rather it was easy-going, relaxed, carrying with it the scent of meadows and mountains. Then too this troupe was held together by close family affection. Only Yuriko, the hired girl — perhaps she was at a shy age — seemed uncomfortable before me.

It was after midnight when I left their inn. The girls saw me to the door, and the little dancer turned my sandals so that I could step into them without twisting. She leaned out and gazed up at the clear sky. "Ah, the moon is up. And tomorrow we'll be in Shimoda. I love Shimoda. We'll say prayers for the baby, and mother will buy me the comb she promised, and there are all sorts of things we can do after that. Will you take me to a movie?"

Something about Shimoda seems to have made it a home along the road for performers who wander the region of the Izu and Sagami hot springs.

5

THE baggage was distributed as on the day we came over Amagi Pass. The puppy, cool as a seasoned traveler, lay with its forepaws on the older woman's arms. From Yugano we entered the mountains again. We looked out over the sea at the morning sun, warming our mountain valley. At the mouth of the river a beach opened wide and white.

"That's Oshima."

"So big! You really will come, won't you?" the dancer said.

For some reason — was it the clearness of the autumn sky that made it seem so? — the sea where the sun rose over it was veiled in a springlike mist. It was some ten miles to Shimoda. For a time the mountains hid the sea. Chiyoko hummed a song, softly, lazily.

The road forked. One way was a little steep, but it was more than a mile shorter than the other. Would I have the short, steep way, or the long, easy way? I took the short way.

The road wound up through a forest, so steep now that climbing it was like climbing hand-over-hand up a wall. Dead leaves laid it over with a slippery coating. As my breathing became more painful I felt a perverse recklessness, and I pushed on faster and faster, pressing my knee down with my fist at each step. The others fell behind, until presently I could only hear their voices through the trees; but the dancer, skirts tucked high, came after me with tiny little steps. She stayed always a couple of yards behind, neither trying to come nearer nor letting herself fall farther back. Sometimes I would speak to her, and she would stop and answer with a startled little smile. And when she spoke I would pause, hoping that she would come up even with me, but always she waited until I had started out again, and

followed the same two yards behind. The road grew steeper and more twisted. I pushed myself on faster, and on she came, two yards behind, climbing earnestly and intently. The mountains were quiet. I could no longer hear the voices of the others.

"Where do you live in Tokyo?"

"In a dormitory. I don't really live in Tokyo."

"I've been in Tokyo. I went there once to dance, when the cherries were in bloom. I was very little, though, and I don't remember anything about it."

"Are your parents living?" she would take up again, or, "Have you ever been to Kofu?" She talked of the movies in Shimoda, of the dead baby.

We came to the summit. Laying her drum on a bench among the dead autumn weeds, she wiped her face with a handkerchief. After that she turned her attention to her feet, then changed her mind and bent down instead to dust off the skirt of my kimono. I drew back surprised, and she fell to one knee. When she had brushed me off front and back, bent low before me, she stood up to lower her skirts — they were still tucked up for walking. I was breathing heavily. She invited me to sit down.

A flock of small birds flew up beside the bench. The dead leaves rustled as they landed, so quiet was the air. I tapped the drum a couple of times with my finger, and the birds started up in alarm.

"I'm thirsty."

"Shall I see if I can find you some water?" But a few minutes later she came back empty-handed through the yellowing trees.

"What do you do with yourself on Oshima?"

She mentioned two or three girls' names that meant nothing to me, and rambled on with a string of reminiscences. She was talking not of Oshima but of Kofu, apparently, of a grammar school she had been in for the first and second grades. She talked artlessly on as the memories of her friends came back to her.

The two younger women and Eikichi came up about ten minutes later, and the older woman ten minutes later still. On the way down I purposely stayed behind talking to Eikichi, but after two hundred yards or so the little dancer came running back up. "There's a spring below. They're waiting for you to drink first."

I ran down with her. The water bubbled clear and clean from shady rocks. The women were standing around it. "Have a drink. We waited for you. We didn't think you would want to drink after we had stirred it up."

I drank from my cupped hands. The women were slow to leave. They wet their handkerchiefs and washed the perspiration from their faces.

At the foot of the slope we came out on the Shimoda highway. Down the highway, sending up columns of smoke here and there, were the fires of the charcoal-makers. We stopped to rest on a pile of wood. The dancing girl began to curry the puppy's shaggy coat with a pinkish comb.

"You'll break the teeth," the older woman warned.

"That's all right. I'm getting a new one in Shimoda."

It was the comb she wore in her hair, and even back in Yugano I had planned to ask for it when we got to Shimoda. I was a little upset to find her combing the dog with it.

Eikichi and I walked on ten or fifteen yards ahead of them.

"But all he would have to do would be to get a gold tooth. Then you'd never notice," the dancer's voice came to me suddenly. I looked back.

They were obviously talking about my crooked teeth. Chiyoko must have brought the matter up, and the little dancer suggested a gold tooth for me. I felt no resentment at being talked about and no particular need to hear more. The conversation was subdued for a time.

"He's nice, isn't he," the girl's voice came again.

"He seems to be very nice."

"He really is nice. I like having someone so nice."

She had an open way of speaking, a youthful, honest way of saying exactly what came to her, that made it possible for me to think of myself as, frankly, "nice." I looked up anew at the mountains, so bright that they made my eyes ache a little. I had come at nineteen to think of myself as a misanthrope, a lonely misfit, and it was my depression at the thought that had driven me to this Izu trip. And now I was able to look upon myself as "a nice person" in the everyday sense of the expression. I find no way to describe what this meant to me. The mountains grew brighter — we were getting near Shimoda and the sea.

Now and then, on the outskirts of a village, we would see a sign: "Vagrant performers keep out."

The Koshuya was a cheap inn at the northern edge of Shimoda. I went up behind the rest to an atticlike room on the second floor. There was no ceiling, and the roof sloped down so sharply that at the window overlooking the street one could not sit comfortably upright.

"Your shoulder isn't stiff?" The older woman was fussing over the girl. "Your hands aren't sore?"

The girl went through the graceful motions of beating a drum. "They're not sore. I won't have any trouble. They're not sore at all."

"Good. I was worried."

I lifted the drum. "Heavy!"

"It's heavier than you'd think," she laughed. "It's heavier than that pack of yours."

They exchanged greetings with the other guests. The hotel was full of peddlers and wandering performers — Shimoda seemed to be a migrants' nest. The dancer handed out pennies to the inn children, who darted in and out. When I started to leave she ran to arrange my sandals for me in the doorway.

"You will take me to a movie, won't you?" she whispered, almost to herself.

Eikichi and I, guided part way by a rather disreputable-looking man from the Koshuya, went on to an inn said to belong to an ex-mayor. We had a bath together and lunch, fish new from the sea.

I handed him a little money as he left. "Buy some flowers for the services tomorrow," I said. I had explained that I would have to go back to Tokyo on the morning boat. I was, as a matter of fact, out of money, but I told them I had to be back in school.

"Well, we'll see you this winter in any case," the older woman said. "We'll all come down to the boat to meet you. You must let us know when you're coming. You're to stay with us—we couldn't think of letting you go to a hotel. We're expecting you, remember, and we'll all be down at the boat."

When the others had left the room I asked Chiyoko and Yuriko to go to a movie with me. Chiyoko, pale and tired, lay with her hands pressed to her abdomen. "I couldn't, thank you. I'm simply not up to so much walking."

Yuriko stared stiffly at the floor.

The little dancer was downstairs playing with the inn children. When she saw me come down she ran off and began wheedling the older woman for permission to go to the movies. She came back looking distant and crestfallen.

"I don't see anything wrong. Why can't she go with him by herself?" Eikichi argued. I found it hard to understand myself, but the woman was unbending. The dancer sat out in the hall petting a dog when I left the inn. I could not bring myself to speak to her, so chilling was this new formality, and she seemed not to have the strength to look up.

I went to the movies alone. A woman read the dialogue by a small flashlight. I left almost immediately and went back to my inn. For a long time I sat looking out, my elbows on the window sill. The town was dark. I thought I could hear a drum in the distance. For no very good reason I found myself weeping.

6

EIKICHI called up from the street while I was eating breakfast at seven the next morning. He had on a formal kimono, in my honor it seemed. The women were not with him. I was suddenly lonesome.

"They all wanted to see you off," he explained when he came up to my room, "but we were out so late last night that they couldn't get themselves out of bed. They said to apologize and tell you they'd be waiting for you this winter."

An autumn wind blew cold through the town. On the way to the ship he bought me fruit and tobacco and a bottle of a cologne called "Kaoru." "Because her name's Kaoru," he smiled. "Oranges are bad on a ship, but persimmons you can eat. They help seasickness."

"Why don't I give you this?" I put my hunting cap on his head, pulled my school cap out of my

pack, and tried to smooth away a few of the wrinkles. We both laughed.

As we came to the pier I saw with a quick jump of the heart that the little dancer was sitting at the water's edge. She did not move as we came up, only nodded a silent greeting. On her face were the traces of make-up I found so engaging, and the rather angry red at the corners of her eyes seemed to give her a fresh young dignity.

"Are the others coming?" Eikichi asked.

She shook her head.

"They're still in bed?"

She nodded.

Eikichi went to buy ship and lighter tickets. I tried to make conversation, but she only stared silently at the point where the canal ran into the harbor. Now and then she would nod a quick little nod, always before I had finished speaking.

The lighter pitched violently. The dancer stared fixedly ahead, her lips pressed tight together. As I started up the rope ladder to the ship I looked back. I wanted to say good-by, but I only nodded again. The lighter pulled off. Eikichi waved the hunting cap, and as the town retreated into the distance the girl began to wave something white.

I leaned against the railing and gazed out at Oshima until the southern tip of the Izu Peninsula was out of sight. It seemed a long while before that I had said good-by to the little dancer. I went inside and on to my stateroom. The sea was so rough that it was hard even to sit up. A crewman came around to pass out metal basins for the seasick. I lay down with my book sack for a pillow, my mind clear and empty. I was no longer conscious of the passage of time. I wept silently, and when my cheek began to feel chilly I turned my book sack over. A young boy lay beside me. He was the son of an Izu factory owner, he explained, and he was going to Tokyo to get ready for highschool entrance examinations. My school cap had attracted him.

"Is something wrong?" he asked after a time.

"No. I've just said good-by to someone." I saw no need to disguise the truth, and I was quite unashamed of my tears. I thought of nothing. It was as though I were slumbering in a sort of quiet fulfillment. I did not know when evening came, but there were lights on when we passed Atami. I was hungry and a little chilly. The boy opened his lunch and I ate as though it were mine. Afterwards I covered myself with part of his cape. I floated in a beautiful emptiness, and it seemed natural that I should take advantage of his kindness. Everything sank into an enfolding harmony.

The lights went out, the smell of the sea and of the fish in the hold grew stronger. In the darkness, warmed by the boy beside me, I gave myself up to my tears. It was as though my head had turned to clear water, it was falling pleasantly away drop by drop; soon nothing would remain.

Translated by Edward Seidensticker

THE JAPANESE THEATER

A Rich Tradition of Drama and Dance

by TSURUO ANDO

1

FROM the busiest intersection of Tokyo's main street, the Ginza, it is only a few steps to the *Kabuki-Za*, the principal theater dedicated to the presentation of Japan's most colorful form of drama, *Kabuki*. American GI's in Tokyo on leave from the Korean front may well have wandered past this massive building and mistaken it for a great temple. Even a Japanese, seeing the theater for the first time, could easily be led by the curved tile roof, the golden decorations, the red-lacquered columns, and the great paper lanterns hanging on either side of the main entrance, to make the same error; the structure is as imposing as that.

The present *Kabuki-Za* was completed four years ago at a cost, in yen, of over \$780,000. Although the foundation is made of reinforced concrete, the body of the edifice follows traditional architectural lines, reminding one of the splendid temples and castles of ancient Japan. The building was financed by a sale of stock scraped up at thirteen cents the share from an impoverished nation. If you contrast its splendor with the disrepair of Tokyo's streets from which, in rainy weather, every passing car sends a spray of mud, you might be inclined to regard this large expenditure on entertainment as frivolous and extravagant. However, there is no doubt that rising from the ashes of war the magnificent new *Kabuki-Za* restored a certain measure of peace to the Japanese mind. It was a special comfort to know that *Kabuki*, certainly the nation's most popular form of drama, was again to be performed on a grand scale by famous

and competent actors. After the years of prewar theatrical restrictions and the dark period during the war when theaters were closed, after the performances in shabby postwar theaters, the new *Kabuki-Za* represented a confident symbol of a better future.

As you enter the *Kabuki-Za*, you will probably be startled by the great stage that stretches 91 feet in width beneath a proscenium arch that is only 21 feet high — certainly a bizarre shape for one accustomed to the high square stages of America and Europe. You will also notice on the left another narrow stage which runs like a straight passageway through the auditorium from the main stage to the rear of the theater. This extension, about 45 feet in length, is the *hanamichi* (literally, flower-way), a unique and necessary element of the *Kabuki* stage. The actors who perform the principal parts in a *Kabuki* play enter and exit by way of the *hanamichi*. Important moments of drama are performed here, surprise entrances and disappearances through the trap door occur on the *hanamichi*, and there actors pause to lend emphasis to their entry into the progress of the play proper. It is a special *Kabuki* arrangement that allows the actor to bring his character into greater intimacy with the audience.

From 11:30 in the morning until 9:30 at night, for twenty-five days of the month, for almost eleven months of the year, 3,000 people a day can see their favorite dances and dramas at the *Kabuki-Za*. They can pay as much as five dollars to spend the whole day in the best seats, or as little as twenty-five cents to stand at the top of the second balcony.

Like the classical *Noh* dramas or the *Bunraku* puppet theater, *Kabuki* belongs to the oldest

TSURUO ANDO is a well-known Tokyo journalist and theater critic. He is on the staff of the Yomiuri Shimbun newspaper but also writes on theater, music and films for a number of magazines.

theatrical tradition of Japan. It is supposed to have been originated three hundred and fifty years ago by women of pleasure who arrived at the form by combining singing, dancing, and pantomime. The government of that period in a strait-laced moment forbade the performance of *Kabuki* by women, with the result that from then on it was produced and perfected by men exclusively. The tradition persists and even today there are no women players in *Kabuki*. All feminine roles are taken by men, who are called *onnagata* (literally, in the form of a woman). The better *onnagata* are credited with being able to express the feelings and the beauty of the Japanese women of old more vividly than actual actresses, and the institution of the *onnagata* has become one of the most charming and valued features of *Kabuki*. With few exceptions the actors who play feminine roles never appear on the stage as men, and have indeed created an artistic tradition and manner entirely their own.

All genuine *Kabuki* plays deal with fairly early history, but are classified as "contemporary" if their stories are set in the Japanese life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, or as "period" pieces if they deal with times then already legendary. The life of our ancestors is abundantly recorded in books and the bright color prints of the old days, but we are given a more vivid view of history from the living characters of the *Kabuki* stage.

2

WHILE its historical aspect is absorbing, the true value of *Kabuki* lies in its beauty of form, as developed by the artistry of the actors. The greatest possible fire and concentration infuse a stage personification, eliminating every nonessential, stripping the role to its essence of emotional content and impact. The writers of *Kabuki* plays were in all cases subservient to the actors. Their scripts were written with the sole aim of producing a vehicle for superior acting. In fact, the playwright frequently changed his text to suit the desires of the principal actors.

The audiences, of course, were concerned with whether the plot was interesting or dull, but chiefly they demanded memorable performances. For example, *Chushingura*, generally accepted as Japan's most popular play, draws crowds only if the actors are well known. People go to the theater because they want to see a particular actor in a particular role.

This emphasis on acting is taken with intense seriousness by performers and audience alike. A *Kabuki* actor's technique is acquired only after long years of rigorous training. It is a hereditary art and indeed, if an actor has no son of his own, he will adopt one to continue the tradition of his acting name. The children begin their onstage

Kabuki experience from the age of five but by that time they are already playing with grease paint and stage properties instead of toys. Normally, the perfection and full-blown maturity of a *Kabuki* actor's art does not come until his late middle age or even his old age.

Kabuki actors must attain not only great control of the voice, for their parts are spoken in a "high" recitative style which employs many nuances of tone and inflection, but also perfection of graceful movement since dance is an integral part of the play, used to heighten dramatic effect and underscore emotion. Thus in the scene from *Yoshitsune and the Ten Thousand Cherry Trees* which is sketched by our artist as an example of *Kabuki* dance and in the cover illustration for this collection which is from an actual *Kabuki-Za* poster for the same play, we see the Lady Shizuka miming in dance the story of her love for Lord Yoshitsune. This dance is called a "travel dance" because Shizuka is fleeing from the enemies of her beloved. Yoshitsune is in hiding, but he has given Shizuka a magical drum, telling her to play on it if she needs help. When she does so, the faithful retainer Tadanobu suddenly appears. Take note of the make-up of Tadanobu's face: he is in reality a fox who can change himself into a man! Transformations such as these are common in "period" *Kabuki* and the Japanese audience finds nothing ludicrous in the intrusion of the supernatural in a historical play.

In fact, if we analyze *Kabuki* in psychological terms we find that much of its aesthetic appeal resides in the interplay of fantasy and narrative. In "period" *Kabuki* everything is stylized, nothing too realistic. Musical accompaniment is rendered by *samisen* players who sit either at the back of the stage or on a platform beside it and "side-singers" chant parts of the story as it unfolds. This is poetic drama and its values are akin to those of ritual. *Kabuki* is not religious but it exploits the emotional appeal of legend and myth.

As with all Japanese theater at the present time, *Kabuki* players work as companies rather than as individuals, with occasional exchanges of actors among them. All the companies, the theaters in which they play in various cities, and consequently all *Kabuki*, is a monopoly entertainment owned by a corporation called Shochiku. Even though Shochiku is the most successful theatrical organization here, and last year paid the highest income tax of any Japanese corporation, theatrical or otherwise, the future of *Kabuki* is for some reason always discussed with gloom. According to certain whimsical calculations, every seventh year brings rumors that *Kabuki* is on the verge of collapse. However, it shows no real signs of fading away, and I doubt that it will. Despite the jealousy of performers in other types of drama, *Kabuki* continues to form the mainstream of the Japanese theater, playing

in the most ambitious houses, and its precedence is still unchallenged.

Since Tokyo's *Kabuki-Za* was first built, it has once been burnt to the ground, it has once been destroyed by earthquake, and most recently it was again gutted by the bombs of the last war. It has invariably been rebuilt on the same site. When the building was reconstructed, after the last war, I felt very deeply that *Kabuki* is indeed immortal — it is the phoenix of the Japanese theater. As long as the Japanese are Japanese, this immortal bird will spread its wings in flight. If you wonder why, I think the answer would be because *Kabuki* represents now and always the nostalgia of the Japanese people for their past, for their traditions, for their indestructible sense of beauty.

3

COMPARED with the enormous popularity of *Kabuki*, the other components of Japan's classical theater are more limited as art forms and restricted in their appeal. *Noh*, which is the oldest dramatic achievement of the Japanese, originated with the *Samurai* class and through its five hundred years of history up to the present has been loved by a special type of theatergoer. Such a spectator will be interested not only in the great poetic and literary content of the texts but in the fine points of the remarkable conventions that dictate the measured serenity of the subtlest movement. *Noh* action is a form of dance, stricter and much more restrained than *Kabuki* dancing. The connoisseur will recognize immediately such conventional gestures as the touching of both hands to the mask to indicate the highest grief; he will know that a simple kimono lying on the floor of the stage represents an ailing woman and that stabbing at a hat is symbolic of a long awaited revenge.

This action is accompanied by narrative choruses and the music of an orchestra of small and large drums and a flute. The instrumentalists, as well as the chorus, use their voices, producing a sound effect which an American friend once described to me as "a high-pitched wailing punctuated with sharp snorts." A strange kind of music no doubt when one first hears it, but most Western listeners soon become accustomed to it and find it appropriate to the themes of *Noh*, in which tales of ghosts and demons predominate.

There are few new compositions for the *Noh* theater and its repertoire relies heavily on the great masterpieces of the writers Kan'ami and Zeami of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. And even modern productions aim at being faithful reproductions of the antique drama. The shape of the *Noh* stage, square, open on three sides and with a passageway connecting to a side dressing room, remains unchanged although performances are now indoors rather than outdoors. The stage is roofed

over so that it gives rather the impression of a templelike little house built inside the theater. Whereas *Kabuki* has very elaborate stage sets and scenic devices, *Noh* is invariably performed on a bare stage with only a gnarled, moss-patched pine tree painted on the back wall as a permanent decoration.

During the performances, there are entr'actes known as *Kyogen*, which in contrast to the solemn principal plays with their stately music, preserve for us the clear, bright laughter of ancient Japan. Many of these comic masterpieces are based on themes comparable to those of Molière and other European satirists — unfaithful husbands discovered under ludicrous conditions by their wives, servants who outwit their masters, and even hilarious situations in a slapstick vein. Certain devotees of *Noh* argue that these "farces," to a greater extent than the principal plays, have the imperishable human quality of great theater about them. *Noh* plays are very short and several are given together, interspersed with *Kyogen* scenes, but they contain some of the finest poetic passages in all Japanese literature — happily available, in part at least, to American readers in the remarkable adaptations made by Ezra Pound from the notes of Ernest Fenollosa.

The slow and stately dancing of *Noh* shows clearly the influence of one of the oldest Japanese art forms, *Bugaku* dance (also shown in our sketches), which came originally from India, China and Korea about a thousand years ago, yet is still preserved in a pure state by the private troupe supported by the Imperial Family. The music for *Bugaku* is both harmonic and contrapuntal, played on enormous, deep-booming drums, shrill flutes and a miniature pipe organ of several reeds. The dances, performed on a square elevated platform, are symmetrical and repeat each movement in the four directions. Some of the dances are masked. Their themes are often so abstractly treated, or of such obscure origin, as to be almost devoid of symbolic meaning. Dance of this type is also performed at ceremonials in the great Shinto Shrines such as Itsukushima.

Last summer in response to an invitation from the International Theatrical Institute of UNESCO, a *Noh* company participated in the Venice Drama Festival. Earlier last year the dancer Tokuhō Azuma toured America under the auspices of S. Hurok, with a show called "Azuma Kabuki" which apparently impressed people abroad as being the real *Kabuki*. While this show might be described as something like *Kabuki*, it is certainly not *Kabuki*. In contrast, the *Noh* group had called on some of the most talented and genuine *Noh* performers in the country.

The scene from *Noh* among our sketches shows two members of the orchestra which accompanies the action and two characteristic role-types, a

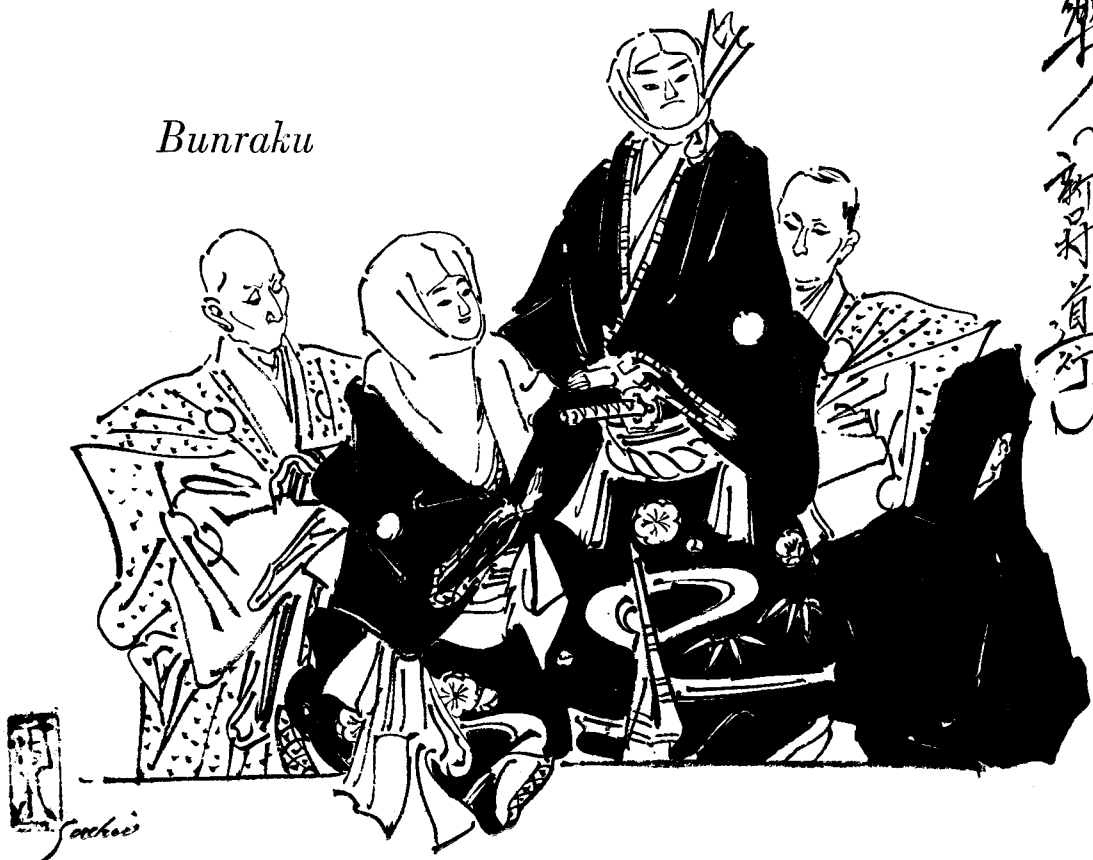
TRADITIONAL DANCES OF JAPAN



歌舞伎
(吉野山
道行)

Kabuki

Bunraku

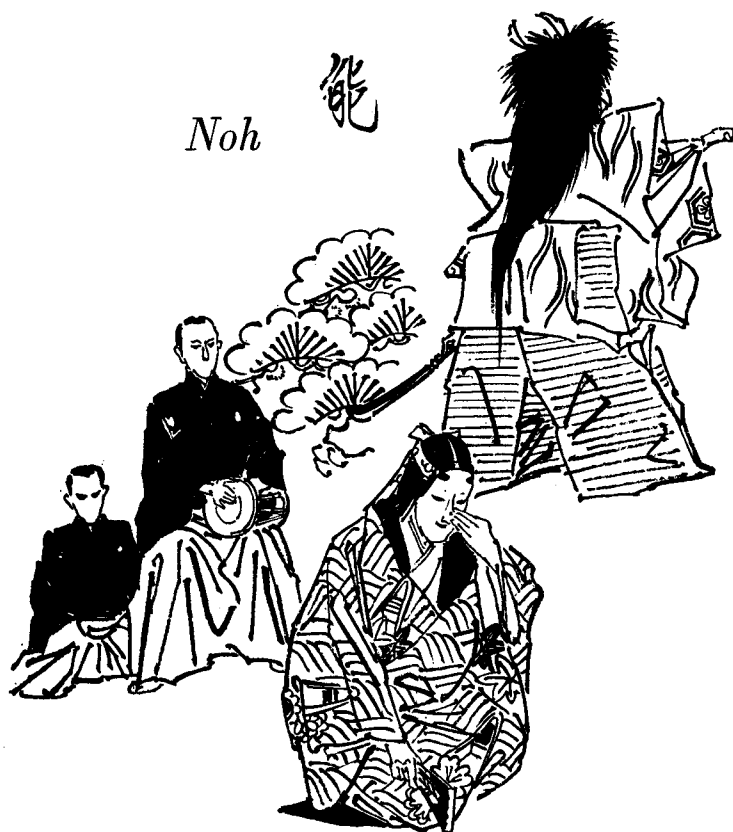


文楽
(新村道行)



舞楽

Bugaku



能

Noh



藝妓

Geisha

demon and a woman. As in *Kabuki*, women's parts are played by men. Many of the actors wear wooden masks, some of which are of great antiquity and value.

4

BESIDES *Noh*, the other major element of Japanese classical theater is the seventeenth-century puppet theater known as *Bunraku*. There is no country on earth that has not had a puppet theater, but the Japanese puppet drama is perhaps the most elaborate of all. Each doll, for instance, requires three men to operate it. Of them, the chief manipulator manages the head and the right hand of his puppet. His two assistants manage the left hand and the feet respectively. The three work together for years to ensure that the movements and the facial expression of the doll are unified and realistic. The dolls themselves, almost life-size and dressed in the gorgeous costumes of seventeenth-century Japan, are so convincing in their movements that most of the audience does not even notice the men standing in full view on stage, behind the puppets.

The small *Bunraku* Theater in Osaka is the last of its kind dedicated solely to the performance of puppet plays. There, in one of the early homes of this art, the tradition has flourished since 1685. Countless plays have been written for *Bunraku*, among them some of Japan's greatest classics, and many that were later borrowed for the *Kabuki* stage. The famous *Chushingura*, the great cycle of stories of the wars between the feudal clans of the Genji and the Heike, and many other perennials were all originally written or adapted for the puppet theater. Japan's most famous playwright, Monzaemon Chikamatsu (1653-1725) wrote mainly for this theater.

The burden of a *Bunraku* performance is divided among the manipulators of the dolls, the chanters who sit at the side of the stage in formal dress to intone the lines and sing the descriptive passages, and the musicians who accompany them on the three-stringed *samisen*. The most brilliant puppeteer today is the great, blind master, Bungoro, eighty-five years old and still the unrivalled interpreter of graceful courtesans, exalted court ladies, and loving, dutiful wives. Of even greater distinction is Yamashiro no Shoji, the singer, whose title of *Shoji* is so exalted that it can only be conferred by a member of the Imperial Family. His dramatic recitations and the beauty of his descriptive passages are considered the height of intellectuality and in the field of Japanese classical music he is unsurpassed. Of *samisen* players the most renowned is Seiroku whose tone is famous for its velvety power.

Bunraku as an entertainment enterprise is financially unrewarding, for only a small group of enthusiasts support it regularly. In the tax reforms

instituted last year the *Bunraku* Theater was classed as a "cultural treasure," and for the first time was relieved of admission taxes. It still, however, has to be heavily subsidized by the parent Shochiku Corporation. There is a curious disparity between the high pinnacle of art that *Bunraku* represents in Japanese theater history and the financial straits, in which it has found itself for some years. Any popular jazz singer, for instance, receives a great deal more money than any of the classic artists in spite of their position of extraordinary respect and honor. On one occasion after the war I asked Yamashiro no Shoji, already a member of the Academy of Arts, how much he earned. I was surprised and sad to find his salary even less than the amount I received at that time as a humble newspaper reporter.

The scene from *Bunraku* which has been sketched for us shows a conventional dance of two lovers. The cloths around their heads indicate that they are wearing disguise. The manipulator at the right wears a black veil over his face, a sign of lesser rank than the two other handlers whose distinction in the art entitles them to play barefaced. If the puppets look larger than the men it is because the manipulators move across the stage in a trench lower than the platform on which the dolls perform. Is not the visibility of the handlers terribly distracting, one may well ask? Perhaps for the first few minutes of the play, but the action of the dolls is so remarkably lifelike that very soon the audience is completely lost in their adventures and hardly notices the manipulators.

When outsiders come to our shores, they are often struck by the richness of our theatrical heritage. I think that no other country has so many different classical forms of theater still being played. But to a number of Japanese, these traditions and acting patterns seemed to be a yoke which prevented genuinely contemporary, national expression. By the time of the Meiji Restoration, towards the end of the nineteenth century, when Japan was opened up to the outside world and all kinds of influences from the West came in, a substantial number of intellectuals and practicing artists found it intolerable that the stage was still filled by historical events and antiquated plot situations.

In an effort to break away from traditional *Kabuki*, a drama form known as *Shimpa* (literally, new school) was originated at the end of the last century. The idea behind it was to reflect the life of the times, and as a result a somewhat curious theater form, halfway between *Kabuki* and the Western theater, was developed. While *onnagata* were not given up entirely, both men and women appear together on the stage in women's roles. The wigs and costumes of *Kabuki* have been replaced by those of a later fashion, and though the acting cannot quite be called "realistic" or

"naturalistic," most of the *Kabuki* exaggerations and stylizations are dispensed with.

Playwrights have been sufficiently interested in this new form to contribute some excellent plays to the *Shimpa* movement. Recently the repertory has been expanded to include a number of scripts adapted from modern novels. In spite of this effort to keep abreast of the times, *Shimpa* still provides the only direct link between the classical theater of the past and the increasingly active and popular *Shingeki*, the completely modern theater which is not influenced or restricted by the classical conventions.

This new theater, which owed its beginnings in part to the experimental spirit of a few *Kabuki* actors, brought Western naturalistic drama to Japan for the first time. This was a great departure from tradition and in effect a revolutionary event in Japanese theatrical history. It excited the intellectuals in the early years of this century and stimulated writers who aspired to producing plays outside the limits of *Kabuki* or *Shimpa*. Perhaps its greatest innovation was that the stage for the first time was open to people who neither inherited the profession of acting nor were trained in the demands and artificialities of the classical theater.

The first professional attempt to organize a genuinely modern theater group culminated in the establishment of the Tsukiji Little Theater in 1924. It introduced Western plays in translation to Japanese audiences and its productions were directed and produced by European-trained Japanese artists. Shakespeare, Ibsen, Chekhov and the classics of the West had their first professional hearings in the Tsukiji Little Theater.

Although it has been some years since the Tsukiji Little Theater closed down, its influence on the various flourishing *Shingeki* companies remains. In the last few years, for instance, some of the biggest successes among modern plays have been translations of Western drama. Tennessee Williams' *Streetcar Named Desire* was so great a hit two years

ago that overnight Williams became famous in Japan, and last summer, in response to popular request, the play was revived. Another great success was Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, which started as a small production by the Popular Art Theater and drew such large audiences that it had to move to one of Tokyo's most impressive theaters.

It seems strange for us to think that the struggling young actors and directors of the Tsukiji Little Theater of only yesterday are the distinguished senior artists of the modern stage today. While they have not as yet the official and general acclaim that members of the classical theater enjoy, they are rapidly on their way towards it. Together with them, new playwrights are emerging, and although it is only fair to say that so far more Western plays than Japanese plays are performed and are popularly successful, the time also seems near at hand for genuinely good Japanese writers of international standing to appear.

Perhaps the most promising of the young playwrights is Junji Kinoshita, whose *Yuzuru* or *Twilight Crane*, a modern adaptation of a folk tale, has had such phenomenal success that it has been played repeatedly in various theaters, on the radio, on television, and in the provinces. New actors, directors, and stage technicians are meeting the growing demands of the modern theater and of the steadily increasing audiences attracted to it.

When I look back over the hundreds of years of history that Japanese theater represents, I cannot help feeling pleased at the good fortune that has enabled us to preserve it safely over so long a period of time. In this country of earthquakes, fires, floods, tidal waves, and war devastation, it seems a little incongruous that our theater should have continued so steadily. But in each of the varied types of theater is a part, some portion or piece, of each of us Japanese. It is no doubt this which has made us one of the most "theater-going" people in the world.

Translated by Charles Terry

AN IMPERIAL TANKA

by His Majesty The Emperor of Japan

On the wild plateau
The mountain rhododendrons
Are blowing
In lovely gathered clusters
Where birds are fluttering.

Translated by Kenneth Yasuda

THE RELIGIONS OF JAPAN

Past Tradition and Present Tendencies

by IICHI OGUCHI

1

THERE are so many faiths in Japan that it has been aptly called a museum of religions. The main divisions — Shinto, Buddhism, and Christianity — have many subdivisions, and there are also syncretistic sects which combine elements of several religions, including Confucianism and Taoism. And, to top it all, many Japanese believe in several faiths at once. This does not indicate confusion or inner conflict. For Oriental religions are, as a rule, not mutually exclusive, as are Christianity and Mohammedanism; the average Japanese is a polytheist, or more exactly, a henotheist. He usually gives first allegiance to the local Buddhist temple or Shinto shrine, but he is aware of the protective power of other divine beings. Furthermore, it is the religion of the family rather than the personal creed which is considered primary in community life.

Thus, a newborn baby is usually taken to a Shinto shrine for a simple religious service, but should it die, the funeral would probably be Buddhist. In the majority of homes, a Buddhist altar and the *Kami-dana* (sacred shelf) of Shinto, may be found side by side. And on that shelf, initially dedicated to the tutelary deity, there may be a charm of Ise to honor the divine ancestor of the Imperial Family. A child entering school is taken to the local Shinto shrine dedicated to a famous scholar. When a couple is to be married, a priest is called from another shrine regarded as especially propitious for successful marriage. When sickness develops, the average Japanese, although he

calls a local doctor, will not fail to visit a nearby Buddhist temple or Shinto shrine noted for its efficacious charms, and on the way, visit a private priest who specializes in exorcism and healing by magical rites. On anniversaries of the deaths of relatives, he will set up a photograph surrounded by flowers, food offerings, and an incense pot, before which the family gathers while a Buddhist priest repeats passages from a sacred text. Funerals are held at the temples and a fee is paid to the temple for prayer and scripture-reading for the repose of the dead. These mixtures represent a differentiation of functions, not contradictions, and shrines and temples have almost always existed peacefully side by side.

The overlapping of religions is reflected in religious statistics. Here are the 1953 figures of the Ministry of Education: Shinto, 70,044,623; Buddhism, 43,637,000; Christianity, 415,081; others, 2,945,909; a total of over 117 million — 20 million more than Japan's total population! But this discrepancy is due not only to dual adherence and exaggerated claims; more important is the fact that there is no individual membership system for Buddhism or Shinto. Buddhist totals usually represent the number of households whose ancestral graves or tablets are in a temple's custody, multiplied by five. Shinto shrines generally base their reports on such factors as the number of charms and amulets sold. Neither represents anything approximating the Occidental notion of a religious congregation.

It is clear then that the religions of Japan are, both theologically and institutionally, quite different from those of the Western world. Let us examine the principal faiths.

Shinto is the indigenous or ethnic religion of

PROFESSOR IICHI OGUCHI, born in 1910, is on the Faculty of Tokyo University, of which he is a graduate. He has published a number of books on religion and is a staff-member of the Institute for the Study of Eastern Culture.

Japan. It has no definite founder or fixed doctrines. Various elements, native and foreign, have entered into its composition; but since scientific research on Shinto was, till recently, frowned upon and even punished, there is little certainty about its original form. It has always been closely connected with the Imperial Court on the one hand and with the folkways of every hamlet on the other.

In 1882, early in the Meiji Period, Shinto was arbitrarily divided by law into two categories: Shrine Shinto and Sect (or "Religious") Shinto, a schism more political than religious. The thirteen sects of Sect Shinto had little in common beyond legal recognition as independent religious organizations. Tenrikyo, last organized and currently strongest of the thirteen, holds itself aloof from other Shinto circles and seeks to be regarded as a separate religion. Shrine Shinto designates the cult of some 100,000 shrines reorganized after the Meiji Restoration and placed under Home Ministry administration in 1871. Its function was to enhance the glory of the state and foster worship of the Emperor; hence it was known in the Occident as "State Shinto."

Shinto shrines originated in spots where, in ancient times, *Kami*, or spirits, had demonstrated their supernatural character. On sites usually chosen by soothsayers, they were at first distinguished only by a stone or a tree. Later, sacred structures were erected in these divine precincts. The *Kami* were spirits of many kinds — ancestors (real or mythological) emperors of the past, cultural and national heroes, including soldiers killed in battle. Hence the connotation of the word *Kami* plainly differs greatly from the God-the-Creator concept of the English word "god" by which *Kami* is customarily translated.

Functionally, shrines are places where peasants seek divine help for bountiful crops, tradesmen pray for thriving business, and the family invokes blessings on the successive experiences of life from birth through old age. Worship of the spirits of nature develops particularly in farm communities where a close relationship is felt between man and the land. On mountains, shrines are dedicated to mythological deities believed to dwell in that mountain, or to the mountain itself conceived as a divine being. Since ancient times many who climb Mount Fuji do so as a religious observance and worship at its peak, even though the mountain itself may not always be believed to be divine.

But the most influential element in Shinto worship, since the days when the early Japanese ceased to be nomadic, has been ancestor worship. Thus was evolved the concept of the *Uji-Kami*, a clan *Kami*, perhaps the founder of a village, from whom kinship was derived and in whom territorial unity was centered. Technically, those residents who are not real descendants of the mythological ancestor protecting their present habitats, should

not be called *Uji-Ko*, "clan children," or expected to worship at the local shrine. But, in practice, there is a sense of regional unity, and the shrines treat all residents as if they were *Uji-Ko* and encourage their worship.

Besides shrines of primarily local significance, there are others, without *Uji-Ko*, which have *Sukei-sha*, or followers, all over the country. Such are the Sengen shrines dedicated to Mount Fuji, the Great Shrine of Izumo, worshiped as a deity of fertility and agriculture, and the Great Shrine of Inari, at first an agricultural deity. Most famous of all is the Great Shrine of Ise, sacred to the ancestors of the Imperial Family.

Shinto has nothing equivalent to the Christian Bible. Some ancient classics such as the *Kojiki* and *Nihonshoki* are regarded as more or less authoritative, but not as holy writ.

With the disestablishment of Shrine Shinto as a state cult in December, 1945 — one of the social reforms of the Allied Occupation — there was a serious new attempt to develop basic doctrines and ethical systems around the Shrine faith. There had been similar attempts in the Edo Period, but later the Meiji Government, in using the Shrine System as a cult of national loyalty, prohibited all teaching of doctrine, preaching, or even ethical instruction. Now Shrine Shinto is beginning the metamorphosis from a state cult of patriotism to a fully developed religion. After 1945, most of the shrines incorporated as religious bodies and some 86,000 of them formed an association. Besides the Shrine Association Headquarters (*Jinja Honcho*) in Tokyo, there are associations (*Jinja Cho*) at the prefectural and sometimes local level. Under their leadership, an effort is being made to develop doctrines and ethics, through a priesthood trained to preach to and teach parishioners. The shrine priests are also taking increasing interest in the social life of the people. Organizations for children, youths, and adults, nursery schools, kindergartens, playgrounds, and other social-welfare activities are being promoted. It is too early to judge how effective this new extension will be.

2

CONFUCIANISM is primarily an ethical system based on the teachings of the Chinese sage, Confucius, who lived in the sixth century B.C. Unlike the Chinese Taoists, who were concerned with nature and its laws, Confucius was a humanist and at the same time a devout observer of the ancestral faith. Confucian morality extols the "five relations": affection between father and son; respect and loyalty between lord and servant; harmony between husband and wife; precedence between elder and younger brother; fidelity between friends.

In the Edo Period, Confucianism was dominant and there were many institutions for the study of

the classics and the wisdom of the sages. Outside these centers of learning, however, the cult as such never gained wide observance. It has gradually disappeared, until today the Yushima Seido in Tokyo is the only surviving Confucian temple in Japan. But the fundamental Confucian ethics have had a widespread and continuing influence, particularly in respect to family relations.

Taoism, which came to Japan from China at about the same time as Confucianism, has also had great influence. Like Confucianism, Taoism was not institutionalized in Japan, but many of its ideas and techniques penetrated the country and became a part of folk religion. Taoism, as used here, includes the dualism of *Yang and Yin*, the ancient popular folk faith of the Chinese people, and also the more specific religious system based on a belief in the orderliness and harmony of the Way (*Tao*) of Nature.

The practice of magic is still prevalent, both in most Buddhist sects and at Shinto shrines. The charms for sale are regarded as having efficacy in the fields of medicine, accident prevention, safechildbirth, and business prosperity. Numbered sticks, costing ten yen, are pulled out of boxes, and reveal printed fortunes; almanacs list lucky and unlucky days. Possession by evil spirits (foxes, for example) is still feared in many parts of Japan, and magical rites are used to exorcise spirits.

3

BUDDHISM is the religion founded in India in the sixth century B.C. by Siddhartha Gautama, called the Buddha, or Enlightened One. He was primarily a moral teacher who appealed "to reason and to recognized human values" and urged his followers to cultivate "those tendencies and acts which produce and preserve the true values of life, and destroy life's evils." His followers, however, have created elaborate religious systems which seem far removed from their mendicant Master. Buddhism has all but disappeared in India, and for centuries has languished in China. But it is the faith of Ceylon, Burma, Thailand, Cambodia, and Laos, and one of the dominant faiths of Japan. The sacred scriptures of Buddhism are too numerous to mention, but the *Lotus Sutra* is probably the most influential.

Japanese Buddhism appears to give little importance to the historical Buddha, Gautama. The emphasis is on other Buddhas and Buddhas-to-be¹: Amida, Lord of the Pure Land; Kannon, the Merciful; Dainichi, the Cosmic Buddha; Yakushi, the Healing Buddha; and Jizo, the Protector of Travelers and Children.

Buddhism in Japan today has five major di-

¹ It was part of the first Buddha's belief that others in later generations would attain sufficient enlightenment to continue and extend his teaching.

visions: Tendai and Shingon, which came from China early in the ninth century; Zen, which took root at the end of the twelfth century; and three schools originating in Japan — Jodo (Pure Land), Jodo Shin (True Pure Land), and Nichiren.

Of these the sect which is of most interest to the West is Zen. Though all Buddhist sects praise meditation, the intuitive Zen sects alone make it the sole way to salvation through enlightenment. Simple living and strict self-discipline are prerequisites for the inner vision. The use of scriptures, symbols, and rites, as well as training in prescribed practices, are permissible and even often necessary; but they are never substitutes for meditation. Two common methods of Zen training are the use of enigmatic questions to test the novice's spiritual development, and brute force to startle him into a new comprehension of his problem.

Knowledge of the full texts of Buddhism is still largely limited to the priesthood. The more important ones have been translated into Japanese and there are numerous small "shorter" *Sutras* in a form handy for the layman. Perhaps the fact that Buddha preached for nearly fifty years and Jesus only three, partially explains why Buddhist scriptures are so bulky, in contrast to the Bible.

Prayer as communion with the deity is not characteristic of Japanese Buddhism. In the Pure Land sects, for example, prayer consists solely of praise and thanksgiving to Amida. The most common form of prayer is the repetition of sacred texts in temples by priests on behalf of the bereaved for the repose of the souls of beloved ones.

Buddhism in postwar Japan has had to face unprecedented difficulties, attributable to long years of government regimentation, the country's economic exhaustion, Occupation-sponsored reforms such as religious freedom, land reform, and social and spiritual unrest attendant upon defeat. Overburdened already by devastation of their temples, death or dispersion of their followers, and depreciation of their financial assets, Buddhist leaders were dismayed by what seemed an attempt to undermine and perhaps destroy Buddhism itself. For example, religious freedom made secession possible, so that hundreds of temples, previously held together by government pressure, became independent.

Furthermore, separation of church and state deprived many temples of their principal source of income: tenant farms and custodial forest lands. The resultant confusion and loss of prestige were baffling. In addition, the Japanese feared (mistakenly, as it turned out) an Occupation-sponsored expansion of Christianity; and they were deeply troubled — with good reason — by the mushrooming of many aggressive religious movements, including Tenrikyo. This last is a faith-healing sect founded in the mid-nineteenth century by Miki Nakayama, a well-to-do farm woman who through

revelation in middle life became convinced that she was the living shrine of Tenri-o-no-mikoto, the Parent God. A number of the several hundred new sects which have burgeoned recently existed within the system of established religions before the war, protected by more classic sects. With the end of the war they emerged rapidly and have flourished because of their unique appeal in guaranteeing prosperity and health and because people have grown indifferent to the older sects.

Modernity, natural disaster, war, and hard times have so seriously affected many Buddhist sects that they can no longer maintain their former elaborate establishments, with hundreds, and even thousands, of buildings in one center. But the monasteries still continue to train their monks and carry on educational and eleemosynary work. And most of the major sects have flourishing universities in Tokyo or Kyoto. Pilgrims throng the temples in the festival seasons, but are not ordinarily seen in large numbers in city streets. Mendicant monks or priests are also inconspicuous as they go about their routine duties; the garb is not striking, and many of them wear the clothes of ordinary laymen.

On the surface, local Buddhist temples appear to have recovered much of their prewar strength, but the lack of a positive program to hold the younger generation is causing the leaders concern. Some temples have established nursery schools, kindergartens, and various vocational and cultural activities, many of which are income-producing. Flower-arrangement and Tea Ceremony classes are not uncommon, especially in Zen temples. There is more preaching than heretofore, and printed propaganda is constantly appearing. Mostly, however, Buddhist priests must continue to depend on funerals and memorial services for their income. These are not always sufficient to support the temples and the priests, so many have had to engage in other work besides.

The Buddhist Federation, composed of representatives of most of the sects, molds thought and develops co-operative action among Buddhist leaders on matters of common interest. Notably it has helped promote the World Fellowship of Buddhists which held its first conference in Ceylon (1950), its second in Tokyo (1952), and its third in Rangoon (1954). Foreign Buddhist leaders have been frequently entertained here and a number of Japanese Buddhists have visited Southeast Asia and India for study and fellowship. In recent months this Federation has been absorbed into a Buddhist Association which has a wider range of membership; and under this new organization Buddhism promises to play an important role in the reconciliation and cementing of ties among many countries of Asia.

Christianity first reached Japan with the Portu-

guese "discovery" in 1542-43. It was well received for commercial reasons, and began really to penetrate with the arrival of St. Francis Xavier in 1549. After tumultuous years of alternating favor and persecution it was definitively suppressed in 1637 and did not return until after the reopening of Japan by Commodore Perry in 1853. Today, Christianity is represented in Japan by the Catholic Church (with 171,785 estimated followers), the United Church of Christ (167,407), the Episcopal Church (32,000), the Orthodox Church (32,889), and smaller Protestant denominations too numerous to mention. Practically all have from one to several hundred foreign missionaries associated in their work. A National Christian Council, acting as co-ordinating agency, represents four Protestant denominations and several related agencies comprising about eighty per cent of the total number of Protestants. An aggressive program of evangelism has been undertaken in the postwar period, but the total Christian membership is still less than one half of one per cent of the population. Their most noteworthy addition to the country's institutional life has been the International Christian University.

The nearest thing to a universal element in all Japanese religions is that deep-seated regard for ancestors commonly called ancestor worship, which transcends sectarian lines. In other than Christian circles, the dead are normally referred to as *Kami* or *Hotoke*, Shinto and Buddhist terms respectively which are used also to designate divine beings. According to traditional beliefs, the spirits of the departed can be called back to this world — usually by shamanistic rites similar to those widespread throughout Asia.

In modern Japan, services for the dead may vary in form from ordinary commemoration to naïve worship, thanksgiving for their lives and virtues, prayers for their repose and protection, and incantations for their appeasement. Memorial tablets to the dead are customarily set on a family altar, food is offered for their delectation, and their graves are visited at least once annually. The mid-summer *Obon*, or Feast of Lanterns, and the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, are the principal occasions for commemoration. Regardless of faith, social status, occupation, or geographical location, the sense of close relationship between the living and the dead is the outstanding characteristic of the Japanese religious consciousness.

Although interfaith activity is still very limited, it is greater than in prewar years. Just as America has been the melting pot of a complex of all races, creeds, and nations, so, we may hope, Japan will continue to be a testing ground for religious co-operation. For is there any nation where so many faiths meet and work together for the common good?

Translated by Shoko Watanake

TWO SAMURAI TALES

Romance and Realism in Old Japan

by SAIKAKU IBARA

AN UNBALANCED ACCOUNT ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

AS NEW YEAR'S drew near, noisier and noisier became the cries of the vendors of holiday delicacies: *kaya* nuts, dried chestnuts, pine branches to put in the kitchen for good luck, and all festive things. Next door resounded the pounding of the New Year's *mochi*-rice. But here in the *Ronin*'s house, not even the soot was yet swept away, not even his beard was shaved, though it was already the 28th of the month. And the dunning of the year-end bill collectors from the riceshops was such that he would swing his sword into position for action and shout: "When I say, 'Wait till New Year's!' I mean, 'Wait till New Year's!'" Such was our hero, a haughty but unemployed *Samurai* named Naisuke Harada, who always tried to go crosswise through a straight and narrow world. Unable to live any longer in all of wide Edo, he had, for some four or five years, made his residence down here in Shinagawa, near the Fuji teashops. He had hardly enough firewood to warm the rice of a morning, or oil to light the lamp of an evening.

But with New Year's fast approaching, his poverty was even less bearable than usual. So he wrote a request for a loan to his wife's elder brother, one Seian Nakarai, a doctor practicing near the Great Shrine of Kanda. Though it was not the first such request, the good doctor did not feel able to abandon his relative, so he wrapped up ten gold coins,

and on top wrote the directions: "Gold pills for that disease called poverty; good for all ills." And he sent it to his sister.

Naisuke was overjoyed, and invited those fellow *Ronin* who were his boon companions to a New Year's Eve drinking bout at his house.

It was, by chance, a fine snowy evening, and, opening wide his decrepit gate, Naisuke greeted each friend as he appeared. His guests numbered seven, each clad in garments of cheap imitation silk, with thin capes entirely unsuited to the wintry weather. Yet there was about each something that somehow recalled their former days of glory.

After they had all made their formal salutations, their host came to the fore, saying: "Gentlemen, I am happy to inform you that, having been blessed by good fortune, I will be able to pay my debts and spend New Year's Eve with you in just the way I might have wished."

To which they all shouted, "O lucky man!"

"First of all," he went on, "take a look at these masterly directions." And, bringing out the packet of ten gold coins, he passed it around. All agreed it to be a most amusing prescription. Then followed round after round of wine. At last they sang the song of parting; all said that it had been a wonderful party, and apologized for staying so late. The guests then set about putting aright the disorder of the table: they gathered together the wine utensils and appetizer dishes, urging further that the gold coins be put away in safety. But when the coins were gathered up, one of the ten was missing. Everyone jumped up, shaking out the folds of his garment, and searched in every nook and cranny of the room. But nowhere was the coin to be found, and they had to conclude that it was lost.

These two traditional tales are taken from the collection called Tales from The Provinces, written in 1685 by the poet and novelist SAIKAKU IBARA. The illustrations are reproduced from Ukiyo-e style wood-block prints and were originally drawn by the author himself.

But then Naisuke tactfully said, "Oh, I just remembered; I paid one of the coins for a long-standing debt." But the others rejoined, "No, there were ten coins here a little while ago. It is very strange. Each must vindicate himself." So, one by one, they rose and untied their sashes in order to be searched. But when the third man was reached, he made a wry face, and sat silent a moment. Then he drew himself up and said, "I am caught in an unfortunate situation. There is no need to search me: I do have one gold coin with me. I can only acquiesce in my fate; my life is yours." Thus did he resign himself.

But the others in unison protested, "It is not impossible that even the poorest of *Ronin* should possess a coin of gold!"

And he answered them, "As for the provenance of the coin, I obtained it yesterday for the sale of my fine and long-cherished Tokujo Goto poignard to the dealer Juzaemon for an ounce of gold. But, the situation being what it is, I accept my fate. Only this I request, from the friendship you have all borne me, that after I am gone you will search for the lost coin, and cleanse this humiliation from my body. I beseech you!" And without further ado, he put his hand to his sword. But just then someone shouted, "The money is here!" and pulled a coin forth from the shadow of an oil lamp.

All present breathed a sigh of relief, and were commenting on the need of acting with care in such matters, when from the kitchen their host's wife could be heard crying, "I've found the coin in here!" And indeed she then appeared with a lacquer tray, the gold coin stuck on it. The tray had contained wild potatoes boiled with soy sauce, and somehow the steam and heat had caused the coin to adhere to the lacquer. That was perfectly logical, but . . . there were now *eleven* gold coins. The guests then laughingly shouted that the steady

augmentation of their host's wealth was certainly an auspicious sign.

But Naisuke said, "The coins, which were but nine, I mistakenly thought were ten. But, while we were searching, they became eleven. Clearly one of you had a gold coin on him which he contributed to help clear up this very difficult situation. Now, I cannot keep this extra piece of gold; I must return it to its owner."

But not one of his guests stepped forward. A curious stillness fell over the party. And though the night was nearly over and the cocks beginning to crow, no one would rise to leave.

Finally Naisuke spoke: "There being no other solution, let me handle this in my own way." To this they all gave their consent. Whereupon Naisuke, placing the gold coin in a small wooden box, put the box on a large stone in his garden. Then, saying, "Whoever owns this coin, let him please take it with him," he had his guests rise and leave, one by one, shutting the door behind each. Seven times he did this, till all the guests departed. Then Naisuke took up a candle and went out to examine the box, and he found the coin gone.

Whether it was for Naisuke's adroit handling of the situation, or for his guests' apt response, we cannot but consider it a denouement worthy of the spirit of the *Samurai*.

A LOVE POEM WRITTEN ON A FOLDING FAN

UNDER the cherry blossoms of Ueno Park even the troublesome restraints imposed upon ladies of high rank by life in a *Daimyo*-lord's austere mansion could be forgotten, and these first flutterings of spring made their spirits light and gay. Secluded within an enclosure formed by hanging bright robes on ropes between the trees, the *Daimyo's* ladies, with elegant songs embroidered on their kimonos, might well be judged a sight more attractive even than the cherry blossoms themselves.

Toward sundown, a lady who appeared to be the *Daimyo's* consort set in motion first a vanguard bearing halberds and baggage, then a procession of highly decorated lacquer palanquins bearing the ladies. Among these could be seen, through an opening in the palanquin's curtains, one more beautiful than all the rest. She was perhaps twenty years of age, and the like of her was not to be found even among all the far-famed fair ladies of Japan.

A young man, circling about her palanquin, had been staring at her as though transfixed. He seemed to be a manservant of middle rank, and did not appear the type which usually attracts women. But now by some strange fate he had lost his heart to a maiden of such high birth that he could never have any hope of success. Yet such was the attraction that he followed after the procession and,



inquiring of one of the footmen, learned only that she was the exalted niece of a certain great *Daimyo*.

But he managed to find the mansion where she lived, and sought employment there. To his good fortune, he was given a position. Thus two years passed, he acting as her lackey wherever she went. And, fate being the strange thing it is, as he attended day by day the palanquin in which she rode, she came at last to be moved by his protestations of the love he bore her, and before long she had lost her heart to him.

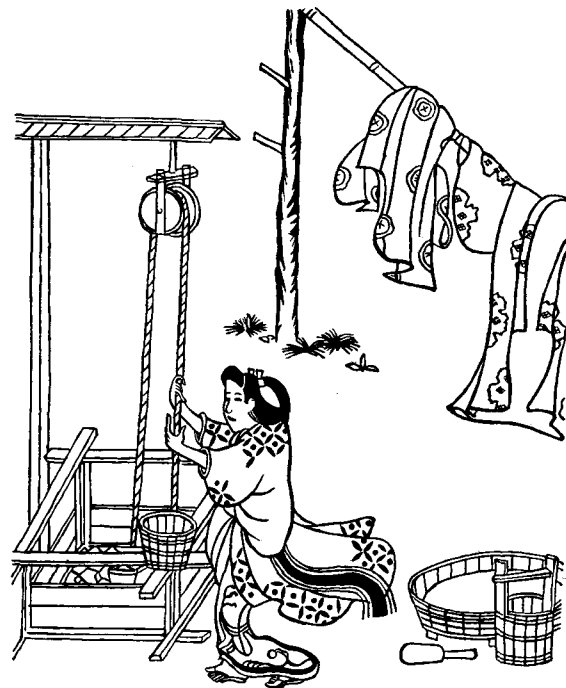
At last, unable to rid her mind of thoughts of him, she instructed one of her maidservants to throw a black lacquered fan into the room where he and the other menservants were quartered. The pages and footmen gathered round, teasing him about a supposed affair with the maidservant; but he stopped their mouths with gifts of wine. That evening, alone, he opened up the fan, and saw immediately handwriting which was not that of any maidservant. The poem on the fan was the maiden's admission of her love, and reading it over carefully several times, he saw that the meaning was: "If you really love me, this very night you must take me away with you. I will dress as a boy and go secretly to the garden gate. Treat this as you would your life." He was overwhelmed with gratitude, and determined that even though they should tear him to pieces . . .

Waiting for her as appointed, he saw her appear just as she had written, disguised as a page-boy. Together they slipped out the gate and went secretly to the house of a friend on Kawareke Street. And he sheltered them. Later they rented a secluded little house on a back street, and there, unknown to any, lived together as man and wife.

But they had made their flight without any preparation, and, finding no way to make a livelihood, they pawned the small sword which she had carried, and lived awhile on the proceeds therefrom. But soon there was no money left. So every night the man would go out selling medicines, but with little profit. At last, there being no other alternative, the girl began to take in laundry — work to which she was so little accustomed that it was pitiful to see. Indeed, the people in the neighborhood began to think that there was something strange about these two.

Meanwhile, fifty men were daily sent from the *Daimyo's* mansion to search out his niece's whereabouts. More than six months passed, but they finally found her. The two were surrounded by a large group of *Samurai*, and the man tied strongly with a rope.

That very night he was executed. The girl was shut up in a room. And she was let know that, as the child of a *Samurai*, the only path left her was self dispatch. But she showed no such intention.



Finally came word from the *Daimyo* himself, that there could be no more delay in her fate, however much, as a weak woman, she might fear death. And he sent a messenger to tell her: "It is the law. And although I sympathize with you, you have been unchaste and you must die."

But she answered him, saying: "I was born with the rights of a human being. That a woman should have but a single husband, that is only proper; that I should have loved a man of such low birth is but the inscrutable working of fate. Know you not the real meaning of unchastity? That a woman possessed of a husband should love another man, or that, having been separated by death, she should seek another husband — these are unchastity. But for a woman without a husband to spend her life with one man cannot be called unchastity. And for a person of lowly birth to be taken in marriage, there are many precedents. You have murdered a man who was without guilt." And she wept bitter tears.

Then, in order to devote her life to prayer for the soul of her mate, with her own hand she cut off her hair, and entered a nunnery.

Translated by Richard Lane

CONTEMPORARY JAPANESE ART

Some Examples of its Various Tendencies

by CHISABUROH F. YAMADA and JAMES LAUGHLIN

1

THE magnificent exhibition of classical Japanese painting and sculpture which toured the United States two years ago amazed the American museum public with its revelation of a tradition comparable in vigor if not in range to that of the more familiar European art heritage. But the most modern of these national treasures was dated only 1837 and the public was left with a tantalizing curiosity about the art of Japan today which has been only partially satisfied by occasional reproductions in magazines, the San Francisco show of 1952 and a few one-man displays at New York galleries.

Has Japanese art been able to maintain the technical virtuosity of its great past? Have its basic concepts remained entirely Oriental in character, or, as with music and technology, have importations from the West been so enthusiastically adopted as almost to obliterate the native strains? The reproductions which follow, chosen by the editors with the guidance of Dr. Chisaburoh F. Yamada, who has also most graciously supplied the background for these notes, may perhaps provide some tentative answers to such questions — tentative assuredly because Japan today, its social structure, its culture, the very character of its people, is in transition, moving with a rapidity for which there appears to

be no precedent in history toward new patterns of which we cannot yet discern the final form.

Before we look at this little collection of pictures, a word about the artistic climate which has produced them. It is really no very gross sentimentalization to say that almost every Japanese is in some degree an artist. Japanese girls are taught the art of flower arrangement by their mothers and even the poorest home will have its *tokonoma* niche where flowers are displayed beneath a cherished painting. Japanese gardens are perhaps the most beautiful in the world, an integral part of the architectural setting in which not profusion of bloom and color but subtle contrasts of green shades and carefully planned relationships of green shapes are the keynote. And nowhere has nature produced landscape more lovely, more poetic, than in Japan.

The calligraphy which Japanese children learn in school is in itself a discipline in line, its effect evident in the pleasing appearance of the simplest designation over a shop doorway. The austerity and functionalism of Japanese domestic architecture is a lesson in the use of space. And while the annual excursions to see the cherry blossoms may often be the occasion for some very cheerful *sake*-bibbing, the custom of moon viewing is still practiced with a deep sincerity of feeling.

To a visiting artist Japan must seem too good to be true. In what other country will he find that department stores compete for customers by mounting weekly exhibitions of the best art in handsome galleries, or that newspapers vie with each other to sponsor the most elaborate and comprehensive survey shows of contemporary painting? To be sure, the viewers who crowd these galleries all day, pausing earnestly before each picture as if the very fact that the artist had intended a work of art could

DR. CHISABUROH F. YAMADA, born in 1908, is Professor of History of Art at Kyoritsu Women's University and a member of the Executive Committee of the National Museum of Modern Art in Tokyo. He took his doctorate at the University of Berlin, and in 1935 published in German a book on The Chinese Influence on European Baroque and Rococo Art. He is now in New York preparing a study of contemporary American art. JAMES LAUGHLIN, Publisher of Perspectives and New Directions Books, visited Japan last spring to assemble material for this collection.

command their respect, come more to look than to buy. These are not the counterparts of the prosperous shoppers in New York's 57th Street but more the housewives or working people to be found in Macy's or Woolworth's. Yet their number, and their eagerness, must certainly give the Japanese painter a sense of public acceptance, of importance in the community, such as few American artists can ever enjoy. Probably no more Japanese artists than American win through to economic security, achieving the fame that brings big prices from rich collectors, but at least the hardships of a career in art are balanced by a general respect and appreciation.

2

OF THE paintings reproduced in our collection perhaps the one which most plainly shows the vitality of the classical tradition is the section of Kokei Kobayashi's scroll *The Tale of Dojoji* (Plate 1) which tells again the old legend of a young Buddhist novice who took refuge in the Dojoji monastery to escape a lady who had fallen in love with him. She changed herself into a dragon and the novice hid under a great bronze bell. The dragon-lady could not get him out but her passion was so burning that it melted the bell and with it the unfortunate novice. In the final scene of the scroll the artist has painted cherry trees blooming peacefully many years after the flames of passion have consumed themselves.

Japanese scroll paintings are done on long strips of paper, usually about twelve inches high, which are rolled from one spindle to another. The composition develops continuously from right to left, telling, as the scroll is unrolled, a story which moves through time and which may be seen from several points of view so that there is no fixed, inclusive use of space. Kobayashi, now a man in his seventies, goes back in this type of painting to the Yamato-e style which flourished from the Heian through the Kamakura Period (794 to 1333); he is also inspired by old Chinese masterpieces.

A second painting by Kobayashi, *Cranes* (Plate 4), illustrates another of the characteristic physical forms of traditional Japanese art — the *Kakemono*, an oblong silk hanging shaped to fit in the *tokonoma* niche of the living room. The present *Kakemono* form was brought to Japan from China about the 13th century and little is known about the original function of the two cloth strips which hang from the top of it, but they are still retained, their placement being a calculated part of the proportion of the whole mounting. Classic *Kakemono* paintings were usually vertical but here the artist has used the horizontal shape of a folding fan which has an auspicious meaning in Japan. Kobayashi did this picture for a friend's anniversary — the white cranes signify long life. The clouds are done in platinum dust sprinkled over a gold background.

The traditional technique for scroll and *Kakemono*

painting uses either Chinese ink or opaque water color applied on silk or paper with a deft, unerring brush stroke which cannot be painted over with another color, as can oil on canvas. The artist must *know* his form before his hand moves and hundreds of sketches may precede the final work. Paintings are classified as "Japanese style" or "Western style" by the kind of paint and surface employed rather than by stylistic treatment. Gyoshu Hayami's delicate rendering of cherry branches in flower, *Scent in the Dusk* (Plate 2), is not only "Japanese style" in technique but in its decorative stylization is characteristic of the classic treatment of forms in which the beauty of nature was represented through highly subjective vision. To the Occidental "subjective naturalism" may seem a contradiction in terms, but, as Dr. Yamada points out, it follows inevitably from the Japanese conception of man's relation to the outer world.

The venerable Taikan Yokoyama (whose portrait sketched by Sotaro Yasui we see in Plate 6) is one of the immortals of contemporary Japanese art. He has idealized the sacred mountain, Fujiyama, in scores of different moods and perspectives. With astonishing virtuosity he has combined water color and ink in a personal technique which permits him in one painting to please the many with a scene of romantic beauty and the few with an abstract patterning of space and volume. From Hayami's cherry flowers to Yokoyama's *Mt. Fuji After Rain* (Plate 3), we have moved from the minute to the monumental, yet both are examples of subjective naturalism. Dr. Yamada explains it thus: "Japanese art of the past was based on the typical Japanese attitude of perceiving the outer world not in opposition to the self, but regarding the self as part of the universe. The world was apprehended intuitively. This attitude did not foster empirical natural science in our history but created art of unique beauty — an art with no conflict between image and perception, an art of complete empathy and at the same time of abstraction." For the Japanese public today Yokoyama's work is a reassuring link with the past.

Another contemporary artist who has successfully linked the old and the new is Heihachiro Fukuda, a painter now in his early sixties. His *First Snowfall* (Plate 5) is a good example of what Dr. Yamada means by "the world apprehended intuitively." In this simple picture of steppingstones in a garden thinly covered with snow, Fukuda is trying to present the intrinsic beauty revealed in a small section of nature in an abstract form which is in itself beautiful and at the same time symbolic. By the most severe elimination of what is not essential — and we can imagine how many sketches must have preceded the final selection of shapes and placement of the stones in relation to each other — he has expressed a whole complex of emotion. In the same way a Japanese poet uses the austere, highly disciplined *Haiku* form of only 17 syllables to convey



1 KOKEI KOBAYASHI: Scene from *The Tale of Dojōji* Scroll
Collection of the Artist, Tokyo



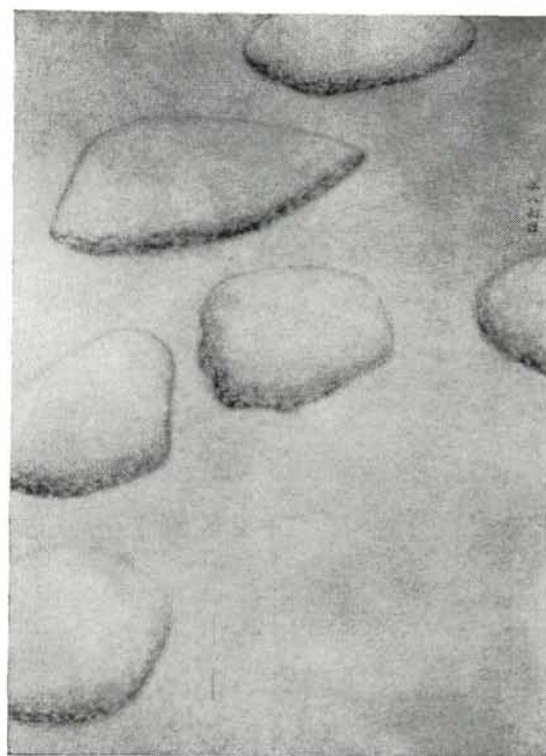
2 GYOSHU HAYAMI: *Scent in the Dusk*
Private Collection, Kyoto



3 TAIKAN YOKOYAMA: *Mt. Fuji after Rain*
Private Collection, Tokyo



4 KOKEI KOBAYASHI: *Cranes*
Collection Kohei Okamoto, Kamakura



5 HEIHACHIRO FUKUDA: *The First Snowfall*
Collection of the Artist, Kyoto



6 SOTARO YASUI: *Portrait of Taikan Yokoyama*



8 SEISON MAEDA: *Portrait of Yasuzaemon Matsunaga*
Collection Yasuzaemon Matsunaga, Odawara



7 KIYOKATA KABURAGI: *Grass of Summer*
Collection Shinkichi Miwa, Tokyo



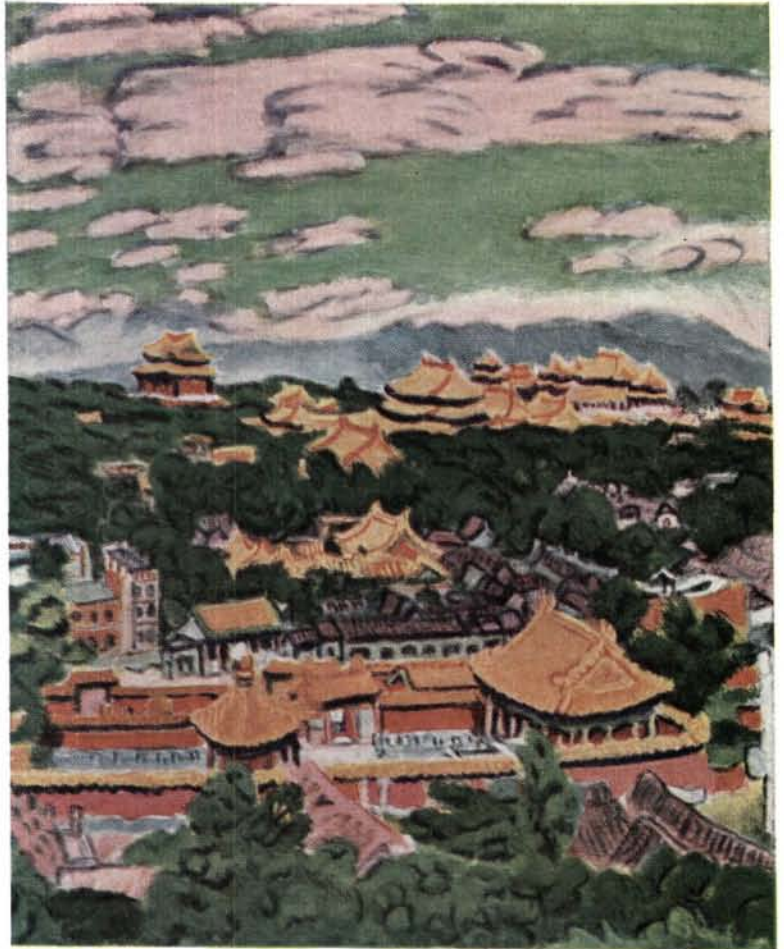
9 SEISON MAEDA: *Preliminary Study
for Portrait of Yasuzaemon Matsunaga*
Collection Risuke Saito, Kamakura



10 YUKIHIRO YASUDA: *The Eclipse*
Collection Bungoro Yamazaki, Ome



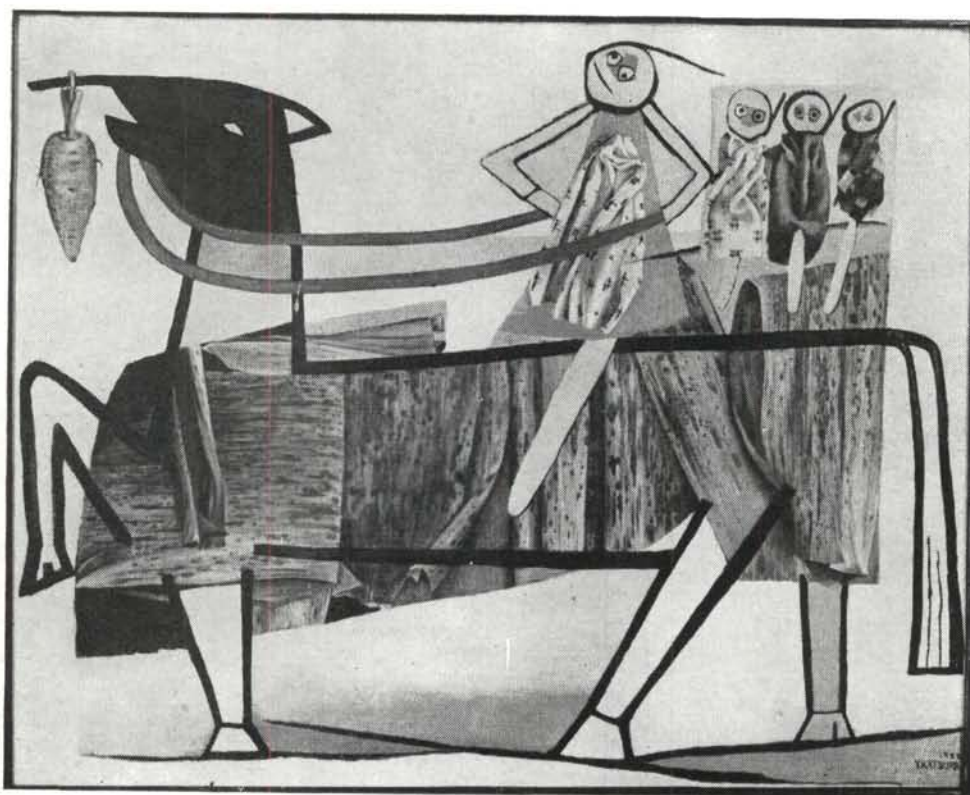
11 SEIHO TAKEUCHI: *Fighting Cocks*
Collection Kishichiro Okura, Tokyo



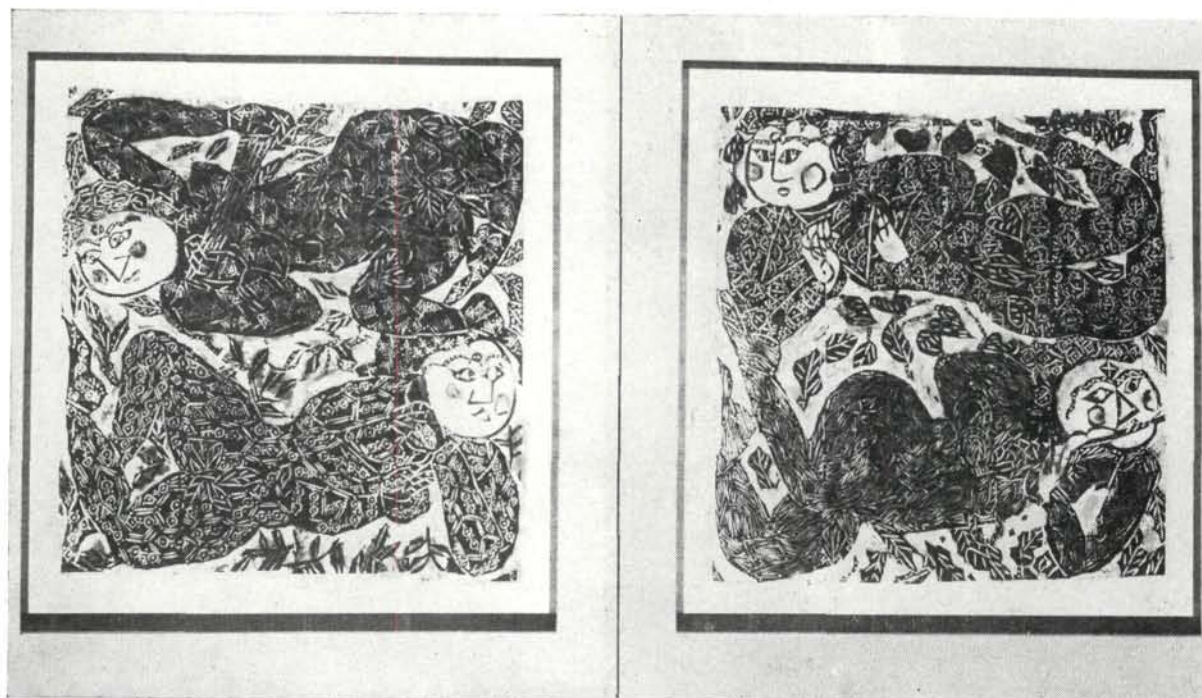
12 RYUZABURO UMEHARA: *The Palace in Peking*
Collection Moritatsu Hosokawa, Tokyo



13 SOTARO YASUI: *Landscape near Atami*
Collection Oki Electric Company, Tokyo



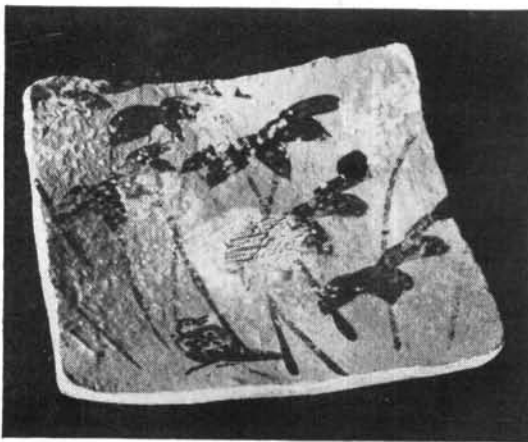
14 YUKIKO KATSURA: "Giddap!"
Collection of the Artist, Tokyo



15 SHIKO MUNAKATA: *Sky, Wind, Fire and Water*
Wood-block print



16 SHOJI HAMADA: Pottery Vase
Collection of the artist



17 ROSANJIN KITAOJI: Shino Ware Plate
Collection Fukudaya Hotel, Tokyo



18 SABRO HASEGAWA: *Symbols of the Tea Ceremony*
Lithograph



19 TZURUZO ISHII: *Dancing Girl*
Private collection, Tokyo



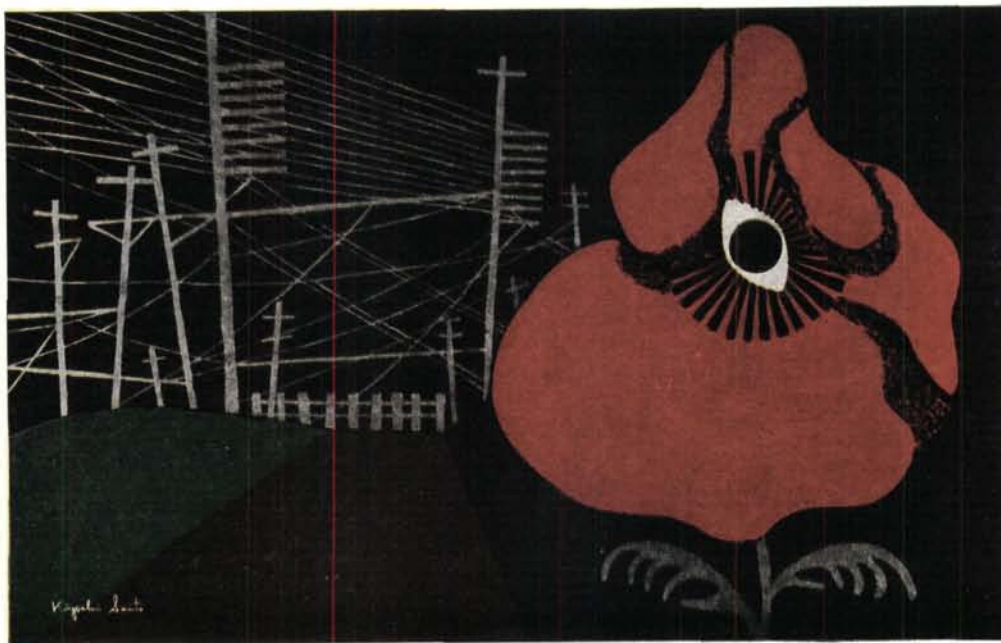
20 SUEO KASAGI: *Abstraction*
Private collection, Tokyo



21 UMETARO AZECHI: *Mountain Climber*
Wood-block print



22 KOSHIRO ONCHI: *Things Japanese*
Collection James Laughlin, New York



23 KIYOSHI SAITO: *Red Flower*
Wood-block print

themes rich in implications of profound meaning.

In describing the subjective vein in Oriental art, Professor F. S. C. Northrop speaks of "immediately apprehended aesthetic factors" which override the "three-dimensional, common-sense, external object." The painter must represent his own inner image of what to him is real. And he places it, so to speak, in a void. We see this concept fused with our familiar Western concept of a storytelling picture in one of the outstanding masterpieces of contemporary Japanese art, Yukihiro Yasuda's *Eclipse* (Plate 10). Painted in 1926, when the artist was 42, it re-creates the tragedy of a Chinese emperor whose death was foretold to his favorite mistress by a solar eclipse. The emperor is tending the girl, who has fainted from the shock. Notable in this painting, as in the Kobayashi *Dojoji* scroll and in Takeuchi's *Fighting Cocks* (Plate 11), is the classic Oriental treatment of space. A Chinese bedstead is faintly indicated but its background is obscure. An Italian painter of the Renaissance, retelling a comparable legend, would surely have filled in a detailed background of "deep space" landscape or architecture in the tradition of "frame painting" which presupposes a frame or border separating the spectator from the pictured world, a concrete space like a stage scene. But for the Oriental artist the subject is placed in an expanding space which has no sharp boundaries and with which even the time element is merged in the unfolding scroll. Dr. Yamada calls this "internally apprehended space."

In the Edo Period an element of realism was brought into Japanese painting by the 18th century Maruyama school, perhaps in response to the taste of the rich mercantile class which, as it rose to power, began to patronize the arts. The wonderfully colored *Fighting Cocks* (Plate 11) of Seiho Takeuchi (1864-1942) are in this tradition. And they are typical of the countless pictures of animals, birds, and fishes which one sees everywhere in Japan. The Japanese are deeply fascinated by such living forms. In bad art they become sentimentalized — one sees many "cute" little kittens done in a sugary, though always delicate, style — but at their best, as with Takeuchi, they are as strong as European still-life painting, with subtleties of composition which give them the power of abstraction.

The art of Japan which is perhaps best known to the West is the colored wood-block print which also developed in the Edo Period, under the patronage of a rising bourgeois class. Its two chief types were the *Ukiyo-e* pictures of human figures and, later, a new kind of landscape, best exemplified by Hiroshige (1797-1858).¹ Both were more objective, more realistic, than the "inner visions" of the older schools, but they remained, in a different

way, extremely stylized and so produced, in the landscapes at least, a new vein of visual poetry. *Ukiyo-e* is translated "pictures of this fleeting world," and took its motifs from the daily life of the middle and lower classes: scenes on the streets and in the amusement quarters, portraits of famous *Kabuki* actors and beauties of the demimonde, illustrations for stories such as Saikaku Ibara's sketches for his *Samurai Tales* in this collection.

As Nyozeikan Hasegawa tells us in his essay, *Ukiyo-e* prints and picture books were produced in enormous quantity, becoming an important medium of popular education. They were so cheap and plentiful that exporters used old ones to wrap products sent for sale in Europe. Thus they were discovered by 19th-century Impressionist painters in France who sent for more, starting a vogue which strongly influenced modern Western painting. As we shall see, the most interesting contemporary work in wood block has taken other directions, but the *Ukiyo-e* tradition survives vigorously today in the work of painters such as Kiyokata Kaburagi, who blends it with a touch of Western realism. His *Grass of Summer* (Plate 7) portrays a young girl dressed in dance costume: flowered summer kimono, an *obi* sash, flowers in a raised coiffure, and the fan used for gesturing in dance.

Japanese portraiture has a long and rich tradition which goes back to the art of China and Korea. One of the best "Japanese style" portrait painters today is Seison Maeda, born in 1885, who has also done some remarkable scroll paintings in the old Yamato-e style. His subject in the expressive character study we reproduce, Mr. Yasuzaemon Matsunaga, is a retired industrialist. Plate 8 shows the completed portrait and Plate 9 is the final preliminary sketch for it.

3

WE TURN now from pictures done in "Japanese style" with ink and water color to those in "Western style", or oils. In the wave of Western influence which swept Japan in the Meiji and Taisho Periods art forms were absorbed along with technology and it is safe to say that today two thirds of the professional painters in Japan are working in oil. Their various styles are similar to those found in Europe and the United States, ranging from naturalistic realism to non-objective abstraction. Among the most interesting are those who seek to use European technique in a Japanese way. Ryuzaburo Umehara's *Palace in Peking* (Plate 12) is such an attempt. Umehara, born in 1888, studied with Renoir in France and was later influenced by Matisse, before perfecting his own style.

Another of the elder Japanese oil painters who studied in France is Sotaro Yasui who was attracted to Cezanne's method of representing space and volume through color values. Yasui excels in

¹ The *Atlantic's* cover for January is reproduced from Hiroshige's print, *Miya, Station Number 41*, which depicts a palanquin station on the road between Tokyo and Kyoto.

landscape, using distortion and expressive line to capture the beauty of nature, as in *Landscape near Atami* (Plate 13), but he is also a gifted portraitist, as witness our Plate 6, his sketch of Yokoyama.

Among the younger painters, Miss Yukiko Katsura applies a surrealist approach to purely Japanese motifs in a cartoon-like style that is most effective for satire. In "*Giddap!*" (Plate 14), which uses bamboo leaf and textile motifs, her politicians might well be urging the Japanese donkey to pursue the carrot of the American dollar.

One of the most popular forms of Japanese art has always been 'the decorative folding screen. While few "Western style" artists find its shape congenial, Shiko Munakata has boldly composed in his *Sky, Wind, Fire and Water* (Plate 15) a two-fold screen with two very large wood-block prints tinted with color applied to the back of thin paper. He has given an almost whimsical modern treatment to the Four Elements of Chinese cosmology.

The early work of another print-maker, Kiyoshi Saito, born in 1907, suggests the influence of Vuillard, but his *Red Flower* (Plate 23) is typical of his more recent work which displays sure command of a highly individual idiom. Umetaro Azechi's *Mountain Climber* (Plate 21), one of a series on Alpine subjects, gives us further proof of the vitality of the wood-block technique today.

Koshiro Onchi, born in 1892, ingeniously combines actual materials from nature with wood blocks in his distinctive color prints. Inspired perhaps by European *collage* and *frottage*, or Chinese rubbings, he made his *Things Japanese* (Plate 22) by applying color to pieces of seaweed (a staple of the Japanese diet), two pond-lily leaves and a flowering branch from his garden and then pressing his paper against them.

We represent Sabro Hasegawa with a lithograph but he is also a leading painter of the younger generation, who, like Saito, has had shows in New York. Born in 1906, Hasegawa is prominent in the school which is adapting traditional Japanese callig-

raphy to modern abstract design. His *Symbols of the Tea Ceremony* (Plate 18) makes a formal pattern of the ideograms for Harmony, Respect, Cleanliness and Tranquillity — principles which are the very essence of the Tea Ceremony and all that it means in Japanese life.

Mr. Morita has more to tell us about the Tea Ceremony in his essay on architecture. For this ritual a Japanese always reserves his most precious ware. Usually the tea bowls will be heirlooms, but remarkably beautiful pottery is being produced today in the kilns of Japan for those who need new pieces. The work of village craftsmen has received fresh inspiration from Soetsu Yanagi, Director of Tokyo's Folk Art Museum, and artist-potters such as Kanjiro Kawai, Shoji Hamada and Rosanjin Kitaoji. Hamada's vase (Plate 16) and Kitaoji's Shino Ware plate (Plate 17) show how these men are blending in pottery traditional elements of calligraphy and decorative line with interesting glazes and a modern abstract sense of design.

Among the greatest glories of Japanese classical art are the carved figures of the early period when Buddhism first flourished in Japan. But today, perhaps because the religious inspiration is less strong, or perhaps because there is little market for it among collectors, sculpture lags far behind painting both in quality and quantity. Some good work is being done in the field, however, and Tsuruzo Ishii's wood carving of a *Dancing Girl* (Plate 19) is typical of the more traditional styles, while Sueo Kasagi's *Abstraction* (Plate 20) reflects the modern Western influence on the younger sculptors.

Contemporary Japanese art is in a transitional phase. Western styles and techniques are being assimilated, sometimes with too great a degree of imitation. But when the new forms have been mastered and digested, an art will surely emerge which will again be thoroughly Japanese in character. The public climate is propitious and an incomparable heritage inspires the artist in Japan to live up to the achievement of the past.

THE NEW ROAD OF KOIDE

by Sakutaro Hagiwara

The road that has newly been opened here
Goes, I suppose, straight to the city.
I stand at a crossway of the new road,
Uncertain of the lonely horizon.
Dark, melancholy day.

The sun is low over the roofs of the houses.
The unfelled trees in the wood stand sparsely.
How, how, to restore myself to what I was?
On this road I rebel against and will not travel,
The new trees have all been felled.

Translated by Donald Keene

IN PRAISE OF SHADOWS

A Prose Elegy

by JUNICHIRO TANIZAKI

An English Adaptation by Edward Seidensticker

JUNICHIRO TANIZAKI is praised by some Japanese as the greatest writer among them, damned by others as a sentimental reactionary. He is in any case extremely famous, and one can hope that some day he will be better known abroad than he is now.

In his youth he was fascinated with the West. Since his middle years, however, he has turned strongly back to the Japanese past, and more than one of his novels can be read as a lament for a tradition that is being killed by influences from the West. "In Praise of Shadows" (*In-ei Raisen*) is a long essay published in 1934, in which Tanizaki sums up what he feels Japan has lost in becoming modern. In brief, it is his view that the traditional Japanese arts thrived in the shade, and that the glaring light of the Twentieth Century is destroying them. Anyone who has winced at the violent cerises and magentas of the modern *Kabuki* can see what he means when he suggests at the end of the essay that we try turning down the lights.

The work begins with a survey of the difficulties awaiting him who would build an uncompromisingly Japanese house. He of course wants modern conveniences, Tanizaki grants, but he finds that the rococo gas heater and the snarling electric fan quite wreck the harmony of his scheme, and worse

yet he finds the most poetic of all spots in the Japanese house, the shady, moss-grown toilet, invaded by tiles and shiny new appliances. But it is hard to reject all these challenges to good taste.

"There are those," Tanizaki says, "who hold that as long as a house keeps out the cold and as long as food keeps off starvation, it matters little what they look like. And indeed for even the sternest ascetic the fact remains that a snowy day is cold, and there is no denying the impulse to accept the services of a heater if it happens to be there in front of one, no matter how cruelly its inelegance may shatter the spell of the day. But it is on occasions like this that I always think how different everything would be if we in the Orient had developed our own science. Suppose for instance that we had developed our own physics and chemistry: would not the techniques and industries based on them have taken a different form, would not our myriads of gadgets, our medicines, the products of our industrial arts — would they not have suited our national temper better than they do? . . .

"To take a trivial example near at hand: I wrote a magazine article recently comparing the writing brush with the fountain pen, and in the course of it I remarked that if the device had been invented by the ancient Chinese or Japanese it would surely have had a tufted end like our writing brush. The ink would not have been this bluish color but rather black, something like India ink, and it would have been made to seep down from the handle into the brush. And since we would then have found it inconvenient to write on Western paper, something near Japanese paper — even under mass production, if you will — would have been most in demand. Foreign ink and pen would not be as popular as they are, the talk of discarding our system of

JUNICHIRO TANIZAKI was born in Tokyo in 1886 but now lives in Kyoto. His early writing was somewhat influenced by French and British literature, but in recent years he has turned more for inspiration to the spirit of the Japanese classics. One of his finest novels, *Some Prefer Nettles*, will soon be published in translation in this country . . . This version of *In Praise of Shadows* first appeared in the October number of *Japan Quarterly*, a new English-language review published by the Asahi newspaper.

writing for Roman letters would be less noisy, people would still feel an affection for the old system. But more than that: our thought and our literature might not be imitating the West as they are, they might have pushed forward into new regions quite on their own. An insignificant little piece of writing equipment, when one thinks of it, may have had a vast, almost boundless influence on our culture.

"But I know as well as anyone that I am dreaming, and that having come this far we cannot turn back. I know that I am only grumbling to myself and demanding the impossible. If my complaints are taken for what they are, however, there can be no harm in considering how unlucky we have been, what losses we have suffered, in comparison with the Westerner. The Westerner has been able to move forward in ordered steps, while we have met a superior civilization and have had to surrender to it, and we have had to leave a road we have followed for thousands of years. The missteps and inconveniences this has caused have, I think, been many. If we had been left alone we might not be much farther now materially than we were five hundred years ago. Even now in the Indian and Chinese countryside life no doubt goes on much as it did when Buddha and Confucius were alive. But we would have gone only in a direction that suited us. We would have gone ahead very slowly, and yet it is not impossible that we would one day have discovered our own substitute for the trolley, the radio, the airplane of today. They would have been no borrowed mechanisms, but rather the tools of our own culture, suited to us . . .

"Western paper is to us no more than something to be used, but the texture of Chinese paper and Japanese paper gives us a certain feeling of warmth, of calm and repose. Even the same white could as well be one color for Western paper and another for our own. Western paper turns away the light, while ours seems to take it in, to envelop it gently, like the soft surface of a first snowfall. It makes no sound when it is crumpled or folded, it is quiet and pliant to the touch as the leaf of a tree.

"In general, we find it hard to be really at home with things that shine and glitter. The Westerner uses silver and steel and nickel tableware, and polishes it to a fine brilliance, but we object to the practice. While we do sometimes use silver for tea-kettles, decanters, or *sake* cups, we prefer not to polish it. On the contrary, we begin to enjoy it only when the luster has worn off, when it has begun to take on a dark, smoky patina. Almost every householder has had to scold an insensitive maid who has polished away the tarnish so patiently achieved . . .

"The Chinese love jade. That strange lump of stone with its faintly muddy light, like the crystallized air of the centuries, melting dimly, dully back, deeper and deeper — are not we Orientals

the only ones who know its charm? We cannot say ourselves what it is that we find in this stone. It quite lacks the brightness of a ruby or an emerald or the glitter of a diamond. But this much we can say: when we see that shadowy surface, we think how Chinese it is, we seem to find in its cloudiness the accumulated sediment of the long Chinese past, we think how appropriate it is that the Chinese should admire that surface and that shadow. It is the same with crystals. Crystals have recently been imported in large quantities from Chile, but Chilean crystals are too bright, too clear. We have long had crystals of our own, their clearness always moderated, made graver, by a certain cloudiness. . . . We do not dislike everything that shines, but we prefer a pensive shadow to a thin transparence."

It is this "pensive shadow" that the modern world seems bent on destroying. Half the terror of going to a dentist, Tanizaki says, is in being confronted with all the new equipment which the bright young doctor has brought back from America. The glitter only upsets the Japanese. He needs his shadows, and the things he has created are best set off by shadows. There is lacquer ware, for instance. In a bright light it looks gaudy. In the candlelight of an old Kyoto restaurant Tanizaki first knew its beauty: "Our lacquer ware . . . should be left in the dark, a part here and a part there picked up by a faint light. Its floridity recedes into the darkness, and one has an inexpressible feeling of depth and mystery, of but partly suggested overtones. The sheen of the lacquer, set out in the night, reflects the wavering candlelight, announcing the drafts that find their way from time to time into even this quiet room . . . and if the lacquer is taken away much of the spell disappears from the dream world built by that strange light of candle and torch, that wavering light beating the pulse of the night. Indeed the thin, impalpable, faltering light, picked up as though little rivers were running through the room, as though little pools had collected here and there, lacquers a pattern on the surface of the night itself."

2

IT is Tanizaki's theory that the deep, heavy roof of the Japanese house threw its shadow over traditional Japanese culture. In Western architecture, particularly Gothic, walls and buttresses are pushed up and up to support as high a pinnacle as possible. In Japan, on the other hand, the roof is laid out on pillars and the rest of the house is then built under it. Where the one style pushes up to let in the light, the other clamps on a lid to keep it out. "We first spread a parasol to throw a shadow on the earth, and in the shadow we put together a house. There are of course roofs on Western houses too, but they are less to keep off the sun than to keep off the wind and the dew. . . . If the roof of

a Japanese house is a parasol, the roof of a Western house is a cap with as small a visor as possible. . . . There are no doubt all sorts of reasons — climate, building materials — for the deep Japanese eaves. The fact that we did not use glass, concrete, and bricks, for instance, made a low roof necessary to keep off the driving wind and rain. A light room would no doubt have been more convenient for us, too, than a dark room. The quality that we call beauty, however, must always grow from the realities of life, and our ancestors, forced to live in dark rooms, presently came to discover beauty in shadows, ultimately to guide shadows toward beauty's ends. And so it has come to be that the beauty of a Japanese room depends on a variation of shadows, heavy shadows against light shadows — it has nothing else. . . . The light from the garden steals in but dimly through paper-paneled doors, and it is precisely this indirect light that makes for us the charm of a room. We do our walls in neutral colors so that the sad, fragile, dying rays can sink into absolute repose."

It is with clothes as with lacquer: a priest's robe which would be gaudy in the sunlight is poetic and restrained in the darkness of a temple, and the *Noh* robe which would be a blaze of gold and silver if it but knew the joys of the floodlight (apparently it did not when Tanizaki was writing) has a withdrawn richness under the heavy canopy of the *Noh* stage that sets off dramatically the dark ivory of the Japanese skin. The *Kabuki* on the other hand has become bright and modern, and has lost its power to convince. There are no longer actors on the *Kabuki* stage who are really feminine, it is complained. That is not the fault of the actors, Tanizaki answers, but of the glare in which they have to act. "If actors of old had had to appear on the bright stage of today, they would without doubt have stood out as actors do today with a certain masculine harshness . . . This senseless and extravagant use of lights, I have thought, has destroyed the beauty of the *Kabuki*."

3

THE discussion of the drama leads to a discussion of physical beauty, and here again Tanizaki thinks that the Japanese are ill-advised to let in too much light. The ancient Japanese could not have known that a whiter race existed, and could not therefore have felt apologetic for their own darkness. And yet they made whiteness their ideal, and they used shadows to filter away the slight cloudiness in even the whitest Japanese complexion. Women became pale phantoms in a perpetual twilight.

"One thinks of the practice of blackening the teeth. Might it not have been an attempt to push everything except the face itself back into the dark, an attempt that led even to drinking darkness into the mouth? Today this ideal of beauty has quite

disappeared from everyday life, and one must go to an ancient Kyoto tea-house to find traces of it. But when I think back to my own youth in the old downtown section of Tokyo, and I see my mother at work on her sewing in the dim light from the garden, I think I can imagine a little what the old Japanese woman was like. In those days — it was around 1890 — the Tokyo townsman still lived in a dusky house, and my mother, my aunts, my relatives, most women their age, still blackened their teeth. I do not remember what they wore ordinarily, but when they went out it was often in a gray kimono with a small, modest pattern. My mother was remarkably slight, under five feet I should say, and I do not think that she was unusual for her time. I can put the matter strongly: women in those days had almost no flesh. I remember my mother's face and hands, I can dimly remember her feet, but I can remember nothing about her body. . . . For a woman who lived in the dark it was enough if she had a faint, white face — a full body was unnecessary. I suppose it is hard for those who praise the fleshly beauty we see under today's bright lights to imagine the ghostly beauty of these older women. And there may be some who argue that if beauty has to hide its weak points in the dark it is not beauty at all. But we Orientals, as I have suggested before . . . find beauty not only in the thing itself but in the pattern of shadows, the light and the darkness, which that thing produces. A phosphorescent jewel gives off its glow and color in the dark and loses its beauty in the light of day. . . .

"Our ancestors cut off the brightness on the land from above and created a world of shadows, and far in the depths of it they placed woman, making her the whitest of beings . . . They instinctively used darkness to turn a yellow complexion white. I have spoken above of the practice of blackening the teeth, but was not the shaving of the eyebrows also a device to make the white face stand out? What fascinates me most of all, however, is that green, iridescent lipstick, so rarely used today even by Kyoto *geisha*. One can guess nothing of its power unless one imagines it in the low, unsteady light of a candle. The woman of old was made to hide the red of her mouth under green-black lipstick, to put shimmering ornaments in her hair; and so the last trace of color was taken from her rich skin. I know of nothing whiter than the face of a young girl in the wavering shadow of a lantern, her teeth now and then as she smiles shining a lacquered black through lips green like elfin fires. It is whiter than the whitest white woman I can imagine. The whiteness of the white woman is clear, tangible, familiar, it is not this otherworldly whiteness. Perhaps the latter does not even exist. Perhaps it is only a mischievous trick of light and shadow, a thing of a moment only. But even so it is enough. We can ask for nothing more.

"And while I am talking of this whiteness I want to talk also of the color of the darkness that enfolds it. I think of an unforgettable vision of darkness I once had when I took a friend from Tokyo to the old Sumiya tea-house in Kyoto. It was in a wide room, the 'Pine Gate' I think, since destroyed by fire, and the darkness, broken only by a few candles, was of a richness quite different from the darkness of a small room. As we came in the door an elderly waitress with shaven eyebrows and blackened teeth was kneeling by a candle behind which stood a large screen. On the far side of the screen, at the edge of the little circle of light, the darkness seemed to fall from the ceiling, lofty, intense, of a color, the fragile light of the candle unable to pierce its thickness, turned back as from a black wall. I wonder if my readers know the color of that 'darkness seen by candlelight.' It was different in quality from darkness on the road at night. It was a repletion, a fullness of tiny particles like fine ashes, each particle luminous as a rainbow. I blinked in spite of myself, as though to keep it out of my eyes. Smaller rooms are the fashion now, and even if one were to use candles in them one would not get the color of that darkness; but in the old palace and the old house of pleasure the ceilings were high, the skirting corridors were wide, the rooms themselves were usually tens of feet long and wide, and the darkness must always have pressed in like a fog. The elegant aristocrat of old was immersed in this suspension of darkly glowing particles, soaked in it. I have written about this somewhere else, but the man of today, long used to the electric light, has forgotten that such a darkness existed. It must have been simple for specters to appear in a 'visible darkness,' where always something seemed to be flickering and shimmering, a darkness that on occasion held greater terrors than darkness out of doors. This was the darkness in which ghosts and monsters were active, and indeed was not the woman who lived in it, behind thick curtains, behind layer after layer of screens and doors — was she not of a kind with them? The darkness wrapped her round tenfold, twentyfold, it filled the collar, the sleeves of her kimono, the folds of her skirt, wherever a hollow invited it. But further yet: might it not have been the reverse, might not the darkness have emerged from her mouth and those black teeth, from the black of her hair, like the thread from the great earth spider?"

But now Tokyo and Osaka are said to be better lighted than any European city. The Japanese, always glad to imitate the United States, waste electricity as happily as the Americans do, and the shadows have mostly been driven away. Even the moon, so long a delight to the Japanese, is being lost in the glare.

"This year I had great trouble making up my

mind where to go for the autumn moon viewing. Finally, after much perplexed head-scratching, I decided on the Ishiyama Temple. The day before the full moon, however, I read in the paper that there would be loud-speakers in the woods at Ishiyama to regale the moon-viewing guests with phonograph records of the 'Moonlight Sonata.' I canceled my plans immediately. Loud-speakers were bad enough, but if it could be assumed that they would set the tone, then there would surely be floodlights, too, strung all over the mountain. I remember another ruined moon viewing, the year we took a boat on the night of the harvest full moon and sailed out over the lake of the Suma Temple. We put together a party, we had our refreshments in lacquered boxes, we set bravely out. But the margin of the lake was decorated brilliantly with electric lights in five colors. There was indeed a moon if one strained one's eyes for it."

Tanizaki pauses here to praise Frank Lloyd Wright's Imperial Hotel in Tokyo for its quiet indirect lighting and to damn the Miyako Hotel, so generous with its lights that it becomes a furnace on a summer night. "Light is used not for reading or writing or sewing but for dispelling the shadows in the farthest corners, and this simply runs against the basic idea of the Japanese room. Something is salvaged when the homeowner turns off the lights to save money, but at inns and restaurants there is inevitably too much light in the halls, on the stairs, in the doorway, the gate, the garden. The rooms and the water and stones outside become flat and shallow. This has its advantages for keeping warm in the winter, I suppose, but in the summer, no matter to what isolated mountain resort one flees to escape the heat, one has a disappointment waiting if it is an inn or a hotel he is going to. I have found, myself, that the best way to keep cool is to stay at home, open the doors, and stretch out in the dark under a mosquito net. . . ."

"I am aware of and most grateful for the benefits of the age. No matter what complaints we may have, Japan has chosen to follow the West, and there is nothing for her to do but move bravely ahead and leave us old ones behind. But we must be resigned to the fact that as long as our skin is the color it is, the loss we have suffered cannot be remedied. I have written all this because I have thought there might still be somewhere, possibly in literature or the arts, something which could be saved. I would call back at least for literature this world of shadows we are losing. In the mansion called literature I would have the eaves deep and the walls dark, I would push back into the shadows the things that come forward too clearly, I would strip away the useless decoration. I do not ask that this be done everywhere, but perhaps we may be allowed at least one mansion where we can turn off the electric lights and see how it is without them."

OF WOMEN

A Story

by OSAMU DAZAI

I AM writing a tired story for young readers not because I want to be different or because I am unconcerned with young readers' tastes. I write it rather because I know it will please them. Young readers are tired and old themselves these days, and my story can bring them no discomfort and no surprises. It is a story for those who have lost hope.

In Tokyo on February 26th of this year, the young army officers revolted. On the same day I sat with a friend beside a charcoal brazier. We knew nothing of the revolt. We were talking of women — of women's nightgowns.

"I still don't see. Be concrete — like a realistic story. When you talk about women it has to be like a realistic story. Will she have on perhaps a long red silk one?"

Each of us was conjuring up a picture of the woman who would make it possible to go on living. He had finished his. She would be a mistress, a fragile mistress, twenty-eight years old. She would live in rented second-floor rooms up an alley just east of the river. She would have with her only her fatherless daughter, five years old. My friend would go to see her on the night of the midsummer river festival, and he would draw pictures for the child. A circle filled in with yellow crayon, "That's the full moon." The woman would have on a pale blue terry-cloth kimono, and her sash would be embroidered with wisteria.

OSAMU DAZAI, son of a prosperous landowner, was born in 1909 and took his own life in 1948. His novel, *No Longer Human*, made him a leader among the young Bohemian writers of Tokyo who transmitted the spirit of modern French fiction to the Japanese literary scene. He was also the author of a number of other novels and short stories. The time of his story *Of Women* is 1936.

And now, pushed on by his questions, I was describing mine.

"It won't be crepe. Crepe always looks dirty. For people like us it has to be something smart."

"How about pajamas?"

"Even worse. There's nothing less exciting than pajamas. And with only the tops on she'd look like something out of the funny papers."

"Then maybe you'll have a terry-cloth kimono too?"

"No, a man's kimono, a cotton one, just back from the laundry. With heavy stripes. A narrow belt of the same material. She ties it in front like a *judo* jacket. I know — a night kimono like the ones you get at a hotel. That's it. She makes you think a little of a boy."

"Well, now. You talk about how worn out you are, but you still have a lively eye. But then there's nothing livelier than a funeral, I suppose. How does she do her hair?"

"Any style but Japanese. Japanese style is oily and it gets in the way. And it comes in such ridiculous shapes."

"A nice, unaffected foreign hairdo, how would that be? I know — she's an actress. Like someone from the old Imperial Repertory."

"I don't like actresses. They worry about their damned reputations."

"Now you're being funny."

"I'm not being funny. Love is a dangerous thing. You can't be too careful about it."

"But we aren't getting very far. We'll be realistic. We'll take her on a trip. When you get women on the move you find out all sorts of things about them."

"She doesn't move much. She's a sleepy sort of woman."

"Aren't you reticent, though? I see I must be firm. After all, we have to get her into that hotel kimono, don't we?"

"Well, let's try starting out from Tokyo Central."

"Fine, fine. You've promised to meet at Tokyo Central."

"Last night I said we ought to go on a trip, and she nodded. I said I'd be waiting at Tokyo Central, and she nodded again. That's all the promise there was."

"Wait. She's a novelist."

"No, she's not a novelist. I don't have a good reputation with lady novelists. She's a painter. A tired painter. There must be rich lady painters somewhere."

"Is that so much different from a novelist?"

"Hmmm. Maybe we'll have to settle for a *geisha*. Anyway, she's the kind of woman you can't surprise any more."

"Have you been with her before this trip?"

"It seems as though I have, and it seems as though I haven't. If I have, the memory of it is no more than a dream. I see her no more than three times a year."

"Where do you plan to go?"

"Not over two or three hours from Tokyo. A hot spring in the mountains somewhere."

"Don't get excited. She isn't even at the station yet."

"We made no more of a promise than that, and I know she won't come. Still she might, just possibly. I go to the station not really hoping. She is not there. I think of going on alone. But I wait."

"Your baggage?"

"One suitcase. It is getting late, five to two. Then I look around."

"And there she is, smiling."

"Not smiling. She has a serious expression. 'I've kept you waiting,' she says in a low voice."

"She reaches for your suitcase."

"But I refuse to let her have it. I say I'll carry it myself."

"You have the tickets. Second class?"

"First class or third class. Third class."

"You're on the train."

"I go with her to the diner. White tablecloth, flowers, landscape going by outside — it's not unpleasant. I drink beer absent-mindedly."

"And you press her to have a glass."

"I do not. Something soft for her."

"It will be summer."

"Autumn."

"And you just sit there drinking beer absent-mindedly."

"'Thank you for coming,' I say. It sounds terribly gentle. I am pleased, and I find myself getting a little sentimental."

"Now you're at the hotel. It's evening?"

"And the important part begins. From there we go to the baths."

"You go separately of course."

"She absolutely refuses to go with me. So I go first. When I get back she has changed to a hotel kimono."

"Let me take it from there — I see fairly well how it's coming out. You can tell me if I'm wrong. You go out on the veranda and sit in the rattan chair. You light a cigarette. A Camel. You work away at it. The autumn leaves are bright red in the evening sun. After a while she comes back. She spreads her towel on the veranda railing. Then she stands quietly behind you, looking in the direction you are looking, submissively. You have found the hillside before you beautiful, and she takes it in as you have seen it. This does not last long, five minutes at most."

"One minute is plenty. Five minutes and you would never come out of it."

"Dinner is brought in. There is *sake* with it. Do you drink?"

"Wait. 'I've kept you waiting,' she said at the station, and she hasn't said anything since. Wouldn't it be a good idea to give her another line?"

"I don't think so. It would ruin everything if she said the wrong thing."

"So she comes in from the veranda and sits down to dinner without a word? Isn't that a little awkward?"

"But you are talking to the maid. Nothing awkward about it."

"I'm not, though. Softly and clearly she says, 'I can take care of it, thank you,' and the maid goes out. It happens quickly."

"I begin to see her a little better."

"She pours *sake* for me. She does it badly, like a small boy. She looks unconcerned. She holds the *sake* in her left hand still, and she leans on her right hand and reads the newspaper spread out on the mat beside her."

"'There's been a flood in Kyoto.'"

"No, something that tells more of the times. There's been a fire in the zoo. A hundred monkeys burned alive in their cages."

"Shocking. Let's just have her read tomorrow's horoscope."

"I finish the *sake*. 'Let's eat,' I say. We eat, only the two of us together. There is an omelet. I feel wretched. I stop eating as though I have remembered something. I turn to the desk. I take manuscript paper from my suitcase and begin writing feverishly."

"And why do you do that?"

"Because I am weak. I feel myself in a corner and I have to strike a pose. Something I was born with. Or more like something that was waiting for me from before I was born. Anyway, I am in a very bad mood."

"You're floundering, we might say."

"I have nothing to write. I write the alphabet over and over again. As I write, I tell her there's

something I have to finish in a hurry, before I forget. Why doesn't she go out and look at the town? I feel sure she will find it a nice, quiet town."

"So now you begin to smash things up. Well, there's no help for it. She nods. She leaves the room after she has dressed."

"I roll over as though someone had pushed me. I look around the room."

"You read the horoscope in the evening paper. 'Beware of travel.'"

"I smoke a Camel. Three sen apiece. A luxurious feeling. I am rather pleased with myself."

"The maid comes in and asks how she should lay the mattresses."

"I jump up. 'Separate,' I say jovially. I want a drink, but I control myself."

"It must be about time for the woman to come back."

"Not yet. I watch the maid leave, and I do something strange."

"You don't run away?"

"I count my money. Three ten-yen notes, two or three yen in change."

"When the woman comes back you begin writing again. 'Am I too soon?' she asks, a little timidly."

"I don't answer. 'Don't wait for me. Go on to bed,' I finally say. It is a little like an order. I write on, '. . . abcdefg.'"

"'If you'll excuse me then,' she says."

"'. . . hijkl . . . wxyz.' I tear up the paper."

"Going a little mad now."

"Can't help it."

"You aren't ready for bed yet?"

"I go for another bath."

"It's getting chilly and you need something to warm you up."

"Chilly? I don't notice. I feel twisted somehow. I soak like a moron for an hour or so, and when I get out I'm a real apparition. Boiling red. I get back to the room and she is in bed. The light is on by her pillow."

"Is she asleep?"

"Her eyes are open. Her face is pale. Her lips are drawn tight and she stares at the ceiling. I take some sleeping medicine and get into bed."

"With her?"

"No. After I have been in bed about five minutes I get up quietly . . . no, I get up briskly."

"You want to cry."

"I'm angry. I glance at her. She is tense. I feel better. I open my suitcase and take out a book. *Sneers* by Kafu or some such. I get back into bed. I turn my back to her and forget myself in the book."

"Isn't Kafu a little unfragrant?"

"Make it the Bible then."

"I see what you mean, but . . ."

"Maybe something in the nature of an illustrated romance?"

"What you read is very important. We shall have to give it some thought. Ghost stories? There must be something . . . Pascal would be too stiff. Some sentimental poems? Too near. There must be something."

"I know. My own book. My short stories."

"And so we enter the wilderness."

"I begin with the preface. I read on and on, but I have little idea what I am reading. 'Save me,' I am saying."

"She has a husband, I suppose."

"Behind me I heard a sound like the flowing of water. I shuddered. It was a very slight sound, but it touched me like a flame. She had turned over quietly in bed."

"And then?"

"'I'm going to die,' I said. She too . . ."

"Stop. You're not making this up."

He was right. The next day the woman and I tried suicide together. She was not a *geisha* and not a painter. She was a woman of poor family who worked in my house as a maid.

She turned over in bed, and because of it she died. I survived. It is seven years now, and I am still alive.

Translated by Edward Seidensticker

TWO POEMS

by Akiko Yosano

I saw a white bird once
On a wild coast
And fell in love
With this dream which obsesses me.

The nightingale has not come
To sing on this misty day.
I guess he is asleep somewhere,
His small claws doubled.

Translated by Kenneth Rexroth

POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS OF JAPAN

A Rapidly Changing Pattern

by KOJI OZAKI

1

OF THE five hundred films shown yearly in Japan, half are Japanese and the remainder mainly American, followed by French. Immediately after the war, Japanese audiences showed little interest in native products, but in 1953 the trend was reversed and box-office receipts from Japanese films now far exceed those from foreign ones. This change can be attributed to the growing skill of Japanese directors, the foreign awards which their films have received, and the reawakening of patriotic sentiment among the people.

This new trend began with the spectacular success abroad of *Rashomon*, directed by Akira Kurosawa, and virtually ignored in Japan until it won the film awards of Venice and of the American Academy. Based on a story by Ryunosuke Akutagawa, in which an outlaw violates a woman before her husband's eyes, the film posed the question: was the woman attracted by the savagery of the man, or did she yield to save her husband?

Another Venice prize winner, *Ugetsu*, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, tells of an ambitious potter, so eager for wealth that he leaves his wife in the ravaged countryside to sell his wares in the city. There, a beautiful woman orders him to her home. He succumbs to her beauty only to discover that she is a ghost, the last daughter of a ruined clan, and that association with her will be fatal. Awakening from the spell, he hastens home only to find that his wife has been killed. Both direction and photography reflect the story's blending of realism and fantasy, most notably in the subtle interweaving of time present and time past.

KOJI OZAKI was born in 1914 and is one of Japan's leading drama critics. He has published books on the German puppet theater and on the dancer Pavlova.

The Tale of Genji, based on the 11th century classic novel of Japanese court life, was directed by Kozaburo Yoshimura and won a Cannes award. A Venice award was given to *A Woman's Life*, also directed by Mizoguchi, and based on a novel by the 17th century author Saikaku Ibara.

Gate of Hell, superbly photographed in color and directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa, is placed in the feudal Heian Era. It is a tragic drama of unrequited passion and of a wife who sacrifices her life for her husband's honor. This film, too, won a prize at Cannes. Of all the Japanese films receiving foreign acclaim, only one, *The Place Where the Chimneys are Seen*, had a modern theme. Directed by Heinosuke Gosho, it won an award in Berlin.

Despite the many real advances made by Japanese films, there are recurrent themes and situations which reflect the old-fashioned and feudal elements still surviving in social custom. For example: once a woman is married she must never, for any reason, leave her husband's house and must comply with his will. If a family is extremely poor, they may sell their daughter, and the girl does not hesitate to sacrifice herself to provide for her parents. Such things do still take place, occasionally, in present-day Japan and there are films which exploit these ideas and include all the other trappings and symbols of old Japan — the master-retainer relationships (which always accompany sword fighting), clan feuds, and anachronistic dramatic situations. Certainly such themes do appeal to the Japanese. Tragedies, acted in a style half-classical and half-realistic, usually center on fatalistic sacrifices. The Japanese, who weep at these films, respond more to the emotions depicted than to the plot itself.

Along with these ancient themes is a fairly heavy emphasis on tragic love. We still do not

have the habit of kissing in public, but the films are breaking down this restriction. Before the war, kissing scenes in foreign films were generally deleted by order of the government. At first depicted with typical Japanese modesty—in the shade of a tree or behind a fan—the intense emotion of parting lovers has recently been shown a little more frankly, often by a kiss in the rain.

There is an effort among some of the younger directors to come to grips realistically with the misery of war and to portray the complicated ways in which modern people live—their struggles, their compromises, and their defeats. Such directors are incorporating new artistic elements into their work, and many now co-operate with authors in an attempt to criticize contemporary society.

Another interesting addition to film art has been provided by some of the older directors, and this is a re-creation of the emotion that one finds in such traditional arts as the *Noh* drama and *Kabuki*. They attempt, as far as possible, to stylize actuality, even in the dramatization of present-day events.

The making of Japanese films is primarily the responsibility of five major film companies, of which the largest, Shochiku, has a capital of the equivalent of five million dollars and employs eighteen directors. Compared with foreign production, Japanese companies work at enormous speed. Each produces, for example, at least four films a month, and a director needs only ten days for a feature film.

Until very recently these five companies held a complete monopoly of the Japanese film world, and protected themselves by permanently barring an actor from employment by any of the major companies if he made a film outside their auspices. In 1930, in an attempt to break this monopoly, several small independent producers made films designed to combine entertainment with a social message of some sort. This effort, however, was short-lived. The major companies as a rule steered clear both of politics and of social problems.

Recently, the Nikkatsu Company also tried to challenge the supremacy of the Big Five. As yet, it cannot boast of any stars or first-rate directors, but its influence in the film world has been considerable and has revived the interest in independent producing companies. In fact, many stars now attempt to maintain a free status, and insist that their contracts include a clause allowing them to perform occasionally for other companies.

This trend has been further spurred as a result of the Red purge carried out in the big companies. Many excellent technicians of Leftist politics have now begun to make films independently or with the help and co-operation of labor unions. One of Japan's more successful directors, Tadashi Imai, who used to work for one of the big companies, now devotes his time exclusively to independent productions. He created a sensation with his *School of Echoes*, which inquires into the problems of

education in elementary schools, and his *Tower of Lilies*, which was based on the true story of the annihilation of girl students who served as nurses during the fighting on Okinawa—a film meant to highlight the tragedies of the war and the recklessness of the Japanese military. Independent producers concentrate on the production of antiwar films, for the major companies have so far shown no interest in such subjects. The Leftists, of course, openly use such themes for propaganda.

2

TELEVISION in Japan is still on a fairly primitive level because neither of the two television networks, the government subsidized NHK, or the commercial NTV, has adequate facilities. A shortage of studios exists, and technical processes are still to be perfected. Yet, a foreigner visiting a Japanese studio would, I think, be surprised at the ingenuity of the sets. The various properties are handmade and, for economy's sake, the producers have resorted to the ancient techniques of Japanese-style painting in the making of scenery. For instance, the feeling of dark or light colors is conveyed by the use only of black, white and grays.

The spread of television has been slow. There are at present about 30,000 receivers in operation, and both networks broadcast only five hours a day. When television broadcasts began, certain critics cynically remarked that it was a typically bad habit of the Japanese to start something before they were fully prepared for it. However, the potential popularity of television is now clearly evident. In Tokyo crowds of people gather before the shop windows which display television sets.

By far the most popular television programs are news, baseball, Japanese wrestling, boxing, and of course "pro-wrestling" or Western-style wrestling. Television drama is still in an embryonic state, and only three or four authors are writing what may properly be called television dramas, the most popular of which are comedies. About the only other type of play on television is the "home drama" which is directed at the entire family, and stresses common domestic problems.

In order to promote television drama, the networks have recently been looking everywhere for plays of maximum appeal to the widest range of viewers. NHK, for example, commissioned the popular writer Kiichiro Yamate, equally well known for his stories of city life in former days and his thrillers, to write an original script for television.

There have been other less successful experiments with Guignol and marionette performances for children. But puppet plays on television do not seem to appeal here. Far more effective have been the shadow plays, which are both cheaper to produce and more flexible as a medium. In these shadow plays, the figures are made of cardboard

with translucent paper for the eyes and mouth. The buildings and other objects of the background are also made of cardboard. The figures are held up from below and the heads and feet are moved by wires, while a strong back light throws the shadows of both figures and scenery on a white cloth.

Even though original works written for television are still scarce and poor, the medium does serve to bring stage performances to a wider public. Telecasts of *Kabuki* performances, for instance, have been about the most popular dramatic shows to be put on. Stage performances of other kinds of theater have also enjoyed considerable success. Now that an agreement has been reached with the film companies allowing the use of films that are at least three years old, television's prospects seem brighter.

3

BEFORE the War, there were in Japan only two schools of dancing — the traditional Japanese dance, and the modern dance imported from Europe. Since the war, ballet has been introduced, and has had such an immediate and widespread success that advertisements for "ballet academies" are now seen not only in Tokyo, but in the suburbs. This is one of the most inexplicable entertainment phenomena, for nothing could be farther in mood or technique from the classical dance of Japan.

The Japanese style of dancing has been for some time now controlled by four major schools. In order to become a dancer, a pupil must enter one of these schools and study with an approved teacher. When that teacher decides that the young dancer is sufficiently accomplished, the head of the school gives his consent for the dancer to appear in public and to use the school's name. Without this cachet, a dancer cannot perform as an independent artist.

This may appear excessively old-fashioned, but it is precisely because of this system that the Japanese classic dances have been preserved intact. However, it must be added that while this conservative system protects the classics and refines techniques, it seriously hinders the production of new works on modern themes.

Apart from the young girls of good families who study dancing as a pretty, drawing-room accomplishment, the chief exponents of traditional dancing are the *geishas*. To the Japanese, the word "*geisha*" has many beautiful associations, even though they know that poverty may have obliged a girl to take up the profession. For a Japanese audience, the brilliant spectacle of *geisha* dancing on the stage is one of the most moving and glamorous entertainments. In Tokyo, for instance, the Azuma Dance, an annual all-*geisha* performance, is one of the season's brightest events, as are the Miyako Dance and the Kamo River Dance in Kyoto.

In 1917, the *geisha*, Shizue Fujikage, who was

at the time considered one of the foremost dancers, began to perform independently as an advocate of the "new" dance. She put together a repertory of dances based on modern themes, but performed with the traditional techniques. Most of the works of the traditional Japanese dance describe unhappy love affairs and Fujikage brought a welcome new note of gaiety, which has been carried on by her followers.

But recently, ballet has far surpassed in popularity the "new" dance, although there are, so far, only two full-size, professional ballet companies, and as yet no Japanese choreographer and no original Japanese ballets. The companies rely entirely on such perennial favorites as *Swan Lake*, *The Nutcracker Suite*, *Scheherazade*, and *Coppelia*.

Only one recent event has encouraged traditional Japanese dancers to feel that there is an active future for their art. This was the triumph of Tokuho Azuma in America. And although there were sharp protests because she styled herself "a *Kabuki* dancer," her success has given added confidence to classical dancers here in the face of trends that seem to draw more and more on the West.

Just as ballet has come into its own in Japan's world of dance, so in music, opera is now claiming the greatest attention. Before the war, virtually the only Western vocal music heard in Japan were the German *lieder*, because the teachers in Japanese music schools were almost all Germans. Since the Occupation, however, the American fondness for *Madame Butterfly*, *The Mikado*, and the like, has stimulated Japanese musicians to explore the opera form, using native material.

There are said to be over thirty thousand opera devotees in Tokyo alone. So far they have seen little besides the conventional productions of such operas as *Boris Godunov* or *Così Fan Tutte*, but lately, original Japanese works have appeared. Ikuma Dan's *Twilight Crane* is the operatic version of Junji Kinoshita's hit play based on the folk tale of a crane whose life is saved by a farmer; she turns into a woman and out of gratitude becomes his bride. The love story of Townsend Harris, America's first consul in Japan, and the *geisha* O-Kichi is the theme of Kosaku Yamada's *The Black Ships*. Osamu Shimizu has adapted to the opera form a *Kabuki* play about a maker of masks, called *Tale of Shuzen Temple*. And Yamada is in the process of completing yet another Japanese opera to be called *Princess Fragrance*.

In contrast to this tendency, the number of vocal and instrumental recitals has sharply dropped. As a result of visits by such artists as Traubel, Huesch, Cortot, Giesecking, Heifetz, and Backhaus, listeners have, for the time being, lost interest in recitals of Western music by Japanese artists. Tickets for the concerts of the famous foreigners sell for a minimum of 500 yen and a maximum of 3,000 — far too much for an average Japanese, who

earns about 20,000 yen (roughly \$55) a month. Yet, students often the most ardent followers of Western music, will carefully save up money in order to attend performances of these visiting artists, and such expressions as "my Cortot savings," or "my Heifetz savings," are often heard.

Traditional Japanese music, which has a history that goes back hundreds of years, and still retains, in the Imperial Court, such magnificent survivals as *Gagaku*, orchestral music dating from the 8th and 9th centuries and originally imported from the mainland of Asia, is a more or less private art. Apart from the great music that accompanies the puppet plays and *Kabuki*, there are few public performances of music alone. *Geisha* songs are of course accompanied on the *samisen*, and in upper class houses, the *koto* (an instrument that resembles the zither) is studied by the daughters as part of their education and refinement. It is believed that to learn the *koto* and flower arrangement before marriage gives depth to a girl's sentiments. However, the most famous *koto* players have been men, and one of the very few Japanese artists who can command a large audience for native music is Michio Miyagi, the greatest *koto* player and composer of new pieces on old themes and in old styles.

Among workers of the lower classes, *Naniwabushi*,

a musical storytelling which is a survival of an ancient form, is the most popular musical expression. These are usually sung in a strained and hoarse voice and tell of the heroic and desperate actions of warriors and their followers. The general effect of *Naniwabushi* is that of an American Western sung as a ballad. Several times a year, some ten famous singers of this type give a huge performance in Tokyo; the majority of their spell-bound audience consists of older people.

The most rapidly growing and the most hectic of the recent additions to Japan's popular entertainment is American and South American jazz. It is sweeping the country and finding its chief devotees among the young people between seventeen and twenty-five years of age. In special jazz cafés they whistle, stomp, and become intoxicated by the intense rhythms. The older people tend to frown on this new jazz craze, and wonder what has become of the old Japanese songs. But the jazz mania shows no sign of being halted, and may in the future acquire as great a hold on the Japanese as it now appears to have on Westerners.

Unlike the films, where native style is gaining ground, the predominant influence of the West on Japanese music seems likely to continue.

Translated by Donald Keene

POETRY GOING OUT

by Katue Kitasono

They were passing impetuously
and in a distant perspective
there was a landscape
so dark
with some scanty things littered

mustache of the wind
bone of petroleum
a night of a blue image
the neon on a tomb of wire

and a wing of bone

and a stripe of shadow
a shell of shadow

time ceases time dies
in a long perpetual night
a painting of the wind
where something is faintly dying away

and then again.

Translated by the poet

JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE

A Visit to Some Typical Buildings

by MOSUKE MORITA

1

INTEREST in Japanese architecture seems to be steadily rising in the United States. American architectural periodicals show an increasing impact of Japanese influence. The Japanese "Pine Breeze House" set up in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art in New York has fascinated tens of thousands. Recently I was asked by a GI, who had been sent to Japan just after his graduation from an architectural school, to show him some representative examples of our architecture. Perhaps you readers would enjoy a similar sight-seeing tour. Let us start with a modern building, the Hasshokan inn and restaurant in Nagoya.

Plates 1 and 2 in our picture section show one of the rooms of this restaurant, designed by the architect Sutemi Horiguchi. It represents traditional style brought up to date by air conditioning and certain radical innovations. Posts and beams of plain wood, rush mats, and sliding doors are traditional, while glazing in the doors, fluorescent lamps, and the color-patterning of walls and ceilings in a Mondrian-like style are modern. The novel lattice-work of plain cypress wood on the ceiling is backed with colored papers—vermilion, ultramarine, viridian—and conceals the lamps and the air conditioning.

As in every Japanese house, you leave your shoes behind in the entrance hall, put on a pair of guest slippers, and are now invited to crouch on silken cushions placed on rush mats. The Japanese do not use chairs or bedsteads, and all living takes place on the floor. You notice that it is wholly cov-

ered with these mats, twenty-four of them, each exactly three feet by six. Not only these measurements but those of the sliding doors and all other architectural components are fixed according to a traditional module, making them interchangeable.

While you are waiting for your dinner and looking about, you may express surprise at the room's bareness and the absence of pictures or other decoration. In this the restaurant is not unusual: such things as screens, tables, boxes, bureaus, and bedding are kept in storage except at the time of use; and as for pictures, it is believed universally in Japan that the effect of works of art is much greater if only one is seen at a time, and that one intently and at length, usually in a niche of honor, called the *tokonoma*, which had its origin in the alcove dedicated to Buddhist deities in warriors' homes. Even collectors who have hundreds of pictures keep all but a few stored.

Looking at the garden through an opening so wide that house and garden seem to be one, you become aware of that most fundamental Japanese architectural conception: between house and garden there must exist an organic unity. Observe how meticulous is the grooming of the trees and plants. Notice also that there are no large beds of flowers, as in European gardens, but only bits of color for accent, and that stones and path designs play an important part in the composition. Because we think of our gardens as works of art, they are more often designed to be viewed from the house and its verandas than to be sat in. Later we shall examine more elaborate gardens.

And now, as you are beginning to wonder how your Japanese host crouches so easily on his cushion, the waitresses bring the food. On the mat floor before each person is set a lacquer tray, with little

MOSUKE MORITA, a graduate of Tokyo University, was born in 1911, and is a professor of architecture at Hosei University. YOSHIRO TANIGUCHI is a leading architect and a professor at the Tokyo Institute of Technology.

legs. Or sometimes a very low table will be used instead. You are sure to be struck by the purely visual beauty of the multicolored and multishaped delicacies. Perhaps the rich variety of the ware will also surprise you. Your raw fish is on a flat oblong dish, with white and red pieces of meat arranged decoratively on the bed of snow-white radish sliced to the thinness of thread. Orange carrots have been cut to look like tiny flowers. Your vinegared green vegetables are in that deep dish. The gold-lacquered bowl with the tight-fitting lid contains your clear soup. The whole is a little work of art, and you will not be surprised to learn that some restaurants pride themselves on using dishes which are almost museum pieces. We say that Chinese food is best for taste, French for savor, and Japanese for looks. But do not fear that its decorativeness makes it any less delicious.

When the trays of colorful dishes are cleared away, the room again takes on its chaste appearance. This is not limited to this restaurant, but is a universal characteristic of Japanese architecture. Rooms are not specifically for dining or sleeping or receiving guests: all are interchangeable. This dining room could become a bedroom simply by spreading bedclothes on the floor. Our thick quilts are soft enough without mattresses because the floor matting is stuffed and springy. And a room is not permanent in its size: the screens separating one room from another can be removed, making possibly three closed rooms into one airy one, as is often done in summer.

2

LET us now go back into the past of Japan's architectural history and visit the Katsura Imperial Villa in Kyoto (Plates 3 and 4). This building was erected over three hundred years ago for Prince Tomohito, a grandson of the Emperor Ogimachi (reigned 1557-1586), and completed by Tomohito's son Tomotada. Its gardens cover almost sixteen acres. It is generally accepted as one of Japan's architectural masterpieces. The present building, though modest in size compared to Western palaces, represents a great expansion of the original structure. The first architect for Katsura may have been Enshu Kobori, but in those days there were no architects in the modern sense, and it is more likely that Prince Tomohito himself, famed for his poetic tastes, designed the palace and gardens with the assistance of carpenters and gardeners, guided probably by his Tea Master, for the Tea Masters were then *arbitri elegantiarum* concerning far more than the Tea Ceremony itself, and were connoisseurs of materials, their colors and textures.

Carpenters of that period also had higher skills; their pride in being able to assemble entire houses by the cut-joint method, without using a single nail, made them more like cabinetmakers on an

architectural scale; and, with their guilds, they were the repositories of classic architectural tradition. Even today, the perfect finish of their work justifies continuance of the Japanese practice of leaving all structural components of a building exposed.

The skeleton of posts and beams is surmounted by wooden-shingled roofs. The sides are of sliding doors of wood and translucent paper (glass was not yet in use), protected by outer sliding wooden shutters. Katsura Villa visibly lacks decorations: its architectural beauty lies rather in the pleasing proportion of the walled and open segments, and the mutual spatial relationships among the bamboo-floored moon-viewing balcony jutting from the front wing, the veranda under the eaves, and the sliding-door-enclosed rooms. Here the traditional Japanese mood is strikingly close to the aims

BEAUTY IN JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE

by YOSHIRO TANIGUCHI

Just as the color and scent of flowers are influenced by sunlight, water, and air, so the beauty of architecture also depends on its natural environment. This is particularly true of Japanese architecture. Because of Japan's geographic situation, her climate is under both Pacific and Continental influences. Moreover, although her area is small, Japan extends a great distance north and south, so that her seasons vary greatly.

Sweltering summer heat, bitter winter cold, heavy rainfall, high humidity, frequent earthquakes — all these go to make Japan, architecturally, a uniquely adverse place. But the challenging seasons have been a delight to the Japanese people: long ago they evolved houses well suited to this changeful climate. And, since their mountains abound in timber, it is with wood that they have evolved their superior technique of housebuilding.

Japanese houses possess remarkable beauty and purity of design. Like those Alpine plants which put forth the purest flowers despite bitter climate, or the weeds of waste lands that bring forth lovely flowers, they exhibit pure plastic lyricism. Moreover, their style has a long history behind it. Originated in the fifth century A.D., it underwent many stages of historical development, retaining always its essential beauty and simplicity. Japanese architecture successfully assimilated Buddhism and Asiatic culture in the sixth century, Christianity and bits of European culture in the sixteenth.

Simplicity, functionalism, straightforward expression of materials and construction, geometric composition devoid of superficial ornamentation, standardization of parts, unity of house and garden — these are the elements which make up Japanese architectural beauty.

It is not difficult to suppose, therefore, that Japanese traditional architecture offers to Western eyes accustomed to twentieth-century European expressionism, cubism, abstractionism, and surrealism, a new type of beauty.

of modern architectural design. The transom openings reaching the ceiling and the flush sliding board shutters, for example, surprise us pleasantly with their modernity.

Plate 4 shows this Villa's garden. It is a microcosmic landscape composed of natural elements: sky, sunlight, trees, grass, water, rocks. Bridge, stepping stones, and the lantern at the pebbled peninsula's tip tell that the garden is for human use. The pond, its water drawn from the nearby River Katsura, is, as always in Japanese gardens, an important feature. And the lantern has a good functional purpose: its reflection on the pond at night is beautiful. The rock formations here represent a style imported long ago from China, its underlying aesthetic principle being the naturalness of its beauty. Here again we note the affinity between Japanese love of natural forms and textures and the contemporary appreciation of abstract shapes and objects. All of Katsura's stonework, and especially the stepping stones, are among the most elaborate in Japan, and are regarded as fine abstract design.

3

Now let us visit a tea-house, that most characteristically Japanese phenomenon. Our example, in Plate 5, has the name of Jo-an. Built near Kyoto some four hundred years ago, it has been moved to its present location in Oiso near Tokyo. Its asymmetry was deliberate, for the Japanese believe that symmetry stunts the imagination.

A tea-room, generally entered by a "crawling-in door," to suggest leaving pride outside, is usually nine feet by nine, and sometimes even smaller. Three to four guests are usual. It is necessary, therefore, that one's movements be regulated by fixed rules so that the ceremony may proceed without awkwardness or embarrassing accidents. These rules determine where the host sits, where the water jar is placed, and where each guest, after bowing to the flower arrangement or picture in the *tokonoma*, takes his place. In this sense the tea-room is a diminutive laboratory of architectural functionalism. Its smallness is deliberate, with consideration not only for artistic effects but also for the psychological distance between host and guests. The tea-house is intentionally made of modest materials, to suggest impoverished refinement, but made with such workmanship as to be really very costly to build. Unlike the main house's open structure, the usual tea-house is mostly walls; its windows, paper-covered, afford no outdoor view: this prevents one's attention from being distracted. In the matted floor is cut out a square hearth, where, in winter, the kettle is heated on charcoal. The host sits beyond the hearth, his place set off by a central post, the *nakabashira*, which, symbolically, is gnarled or roughhewn.

The Tea Ceremony is a consciously aesthetic refashioning of daily routine into something beautiful removed from the everyday hustle and bustle. In one sense its pleasure is not so essentially different from children's "playing house." Yet it is a serious ceremony which has undergone centuries of refining. Its object is to concentrate one's mind on beauty: while sipping tea or taking a simple meal, to chat with one's friends and comment on the hanging scroll and the flowers arranged in a vase in the *tokonoma* niche, to appreciate the host's impeccable tea-ware and other artistic implements used in the ceremony, and above all to savor the exquisite quiet of the little house and garden. It is a sanctuary from daily vexations, and right in the midst of a dusty hurrying city, one rediscovers here serenity and the sense of beauty. The tea-room and its ceremony contain lessons which profoundly influence Japanese life.

Because of its openness and the use merely of paper in the sliding doors which form most of the walls, the traditional Japanese house is delightful in summer, but unquestionably cold in winter. To keep themselves warm in very cold weather the Japanese sit under a *kotatsu*, a wooden frame approximately two feet by two, which is fitted to the sunken hearth and covered with a quilt about six feet by six. In old Japan there was no heating system for the house itself. If this seems severe, we must remember two things: Japanese architectural functionalism resulted from a desire, chiefly ethical, to use minimum space to maximum advantage, with no thought of bodily comfort. And there existed also the ascetic influences of Buddhism, which taught liberation of the spirit through physical torment, and of *Bushido* ("The Way of the Warrior"), the moral code of chivalry of feudal times, which emphasized vigorous discipline and frugality, as well as loyalty and personal honor.

But if our heating systems are somewhat rudimentary, our arrangements for bathing are highly developed. Plate 6 shows a bath in Hasshokan, the Japanese-style inn designed by Suteimi Horiguchi. This bathtub is granite, but baths in ordinary houses are usually of water-resisting Japanese cypress wood. Wood is preferred because it retains heat and repels the grime which attaches easily to stone or tile baths at the water level where the temperature changes. Bathing is a much-cherished daily practice in Japan, especially in view of the summer's high humidity. The Japanese bathe by first washing and rinsing themselves outside the tub, standing on a drain board, then sitting in the tub for a relaxing soak in water heated to about 108° F.

Let us now look at some examples of nonresidential architecture. Plates 7 and 8 show the Itsukushima Shinto Shrine, the sole notable instance in Japan of an important building jutting

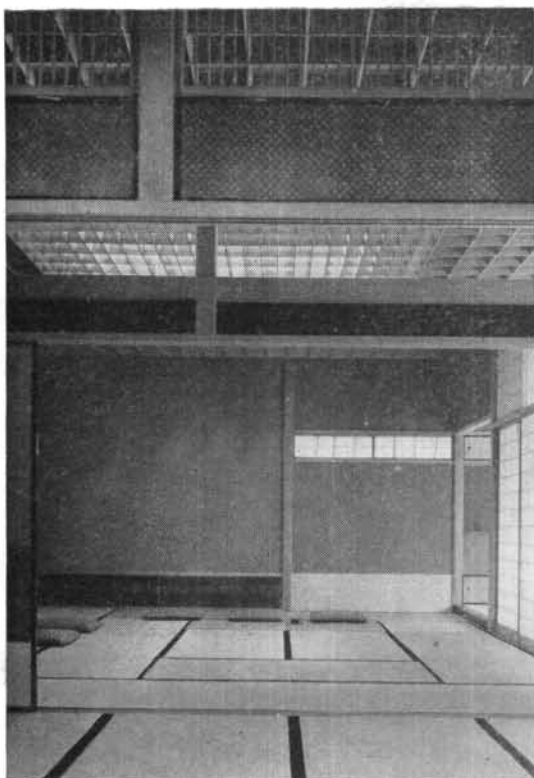


Photo: Y. Watanabe

1. A dining room in the restaurant of a modern Japanese inn, Hasshokan, in Nagoya
Architect: Sutemi Horiguchi

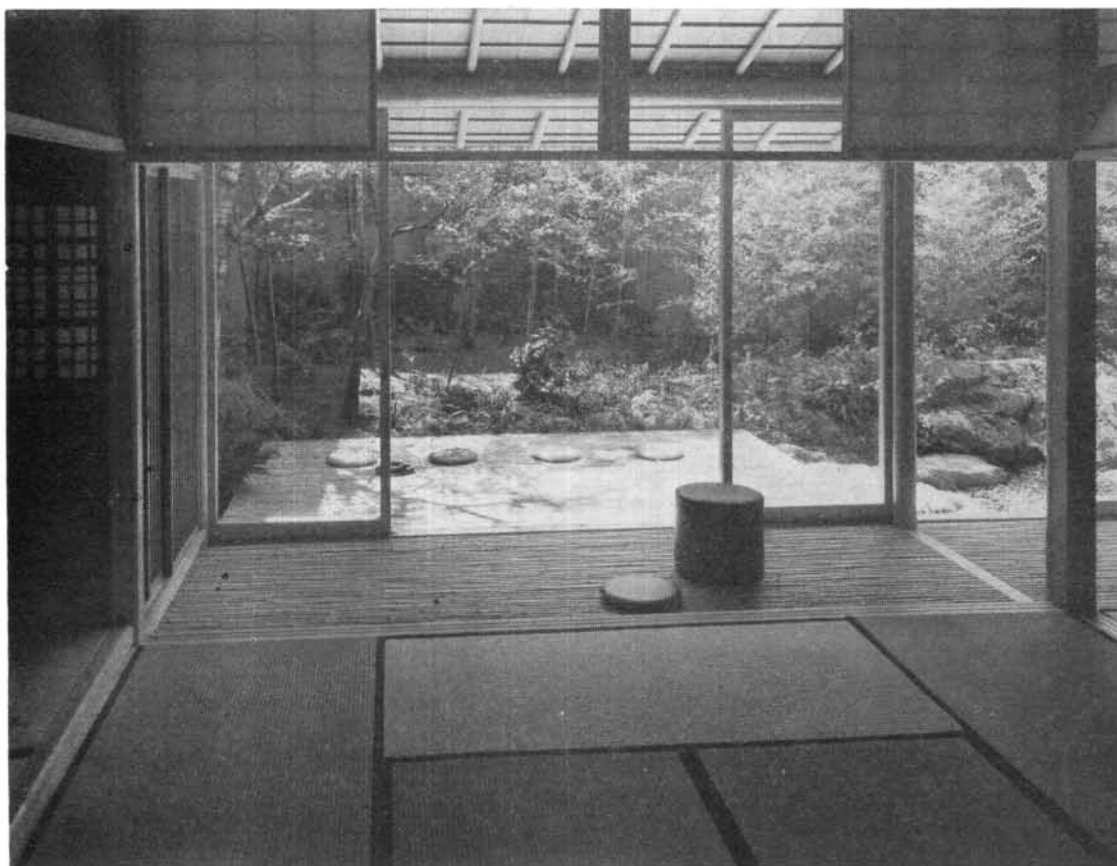


Photo: Y. Watanabe

2. View into the garden of the Hasshokan restaurant

Photo: T. Sato



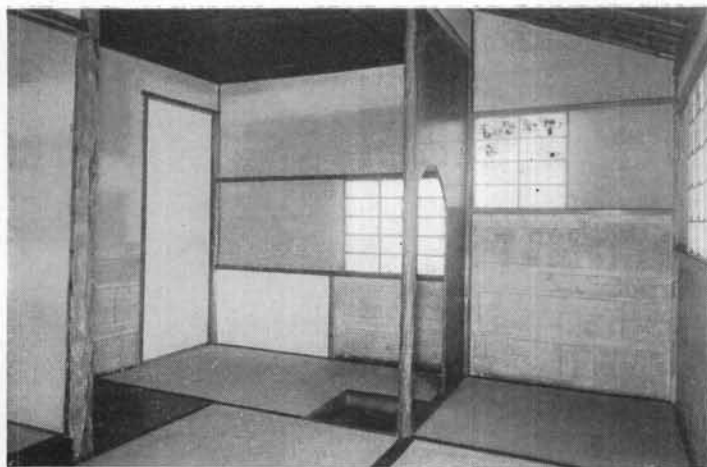
3. The Katsura Imperial Villa, near Kyoto; 17th century



Photo: T. Sato

4. The garden of the Katsura Imperial Villa

Photo: F. Murasawa



5. Jo-an, a tea-house near Tokyo;
16th century

6. A modern bathroom in
the Hasshokan Inn, Nagoya
Architect: Sutemi Horiguchi

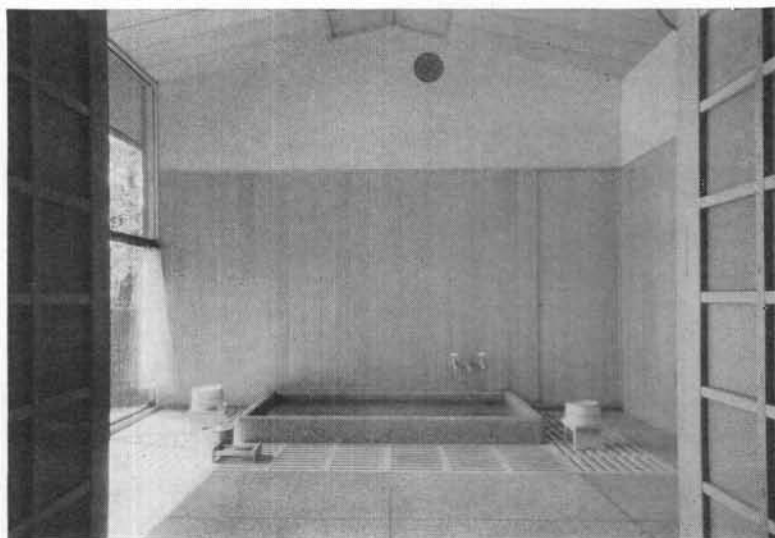


Photo: Y. Watanabe

Photo: F. Murasawa



7. The Itsukushima Shinto Shrine; 15th century reconstruction of an older style

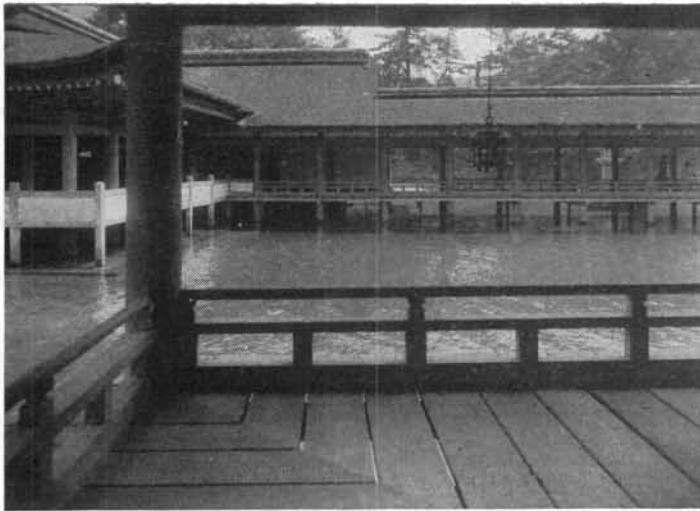


Photo: F. Murasawa

8. Another view of the Itsukushima Shrine

Photo: F. Murasawa



9. Himeji Castle; 17th century

Photo: Hirayama



10. The Gymnasium and Community Center in Matsuyama, Shikoku
Architect: Kenzo Tange

out over sea water — an inlet on an island in the Inland Sea. One is reminded of the prehistoric dwellings built over lakes in Switzerland. The Shrine may also be distantly related to South Sea Islanders' houses built out over the water. It was reconstructed about five hundred years ago according to a style dating much further back. We modern architects cannot but marvel at the daring originality of the design. The sepia-colored shingles, vermilion pillars, green doors, and white walls, all against a verdant landscape, make it a beautifully colorful sight. Architecturally, it well deserves its ranking as one of "The Three Sights of Japan."

Nowadays the Itsukushima Shrine is thought of more as a scenic spot than as a place of worship. For Shinto has no longer a great hold on the modern Japanese; and those sects of Shinto adhered to by the great military families, even less. On the stage of the shrine are held performances of *Bugaku*, a quaint and colorful sort of ceremonial dance introduced from China about a thousand years ago, which is pictured in Mr. Ando's essay on theater.

The Castle of Himeji (Plate 9) was begun in the fourteenth century and underwent later transformation. Like many other Japanese castles it was surrounded by a moat for protection. The photograph shows the donjon built upon a height. Its wooden fabric is covered with mud and plaster; its roofs are pantiled. Because of its white plaster, it is known also as "The White Heron Castle." Japanese castles, products of civil wars among feudal lords, are said to show traces of Spanish castle-building; if so, this makes castles unique among our architectural monuments, which are otherwise overwhelmingly Chinese in style and type. As in medieval Europe, they were the armed centers around which villages clustered for protection. They are the architectural expression of the *Daimyo's* and *Samurai's* way of life. Himeji merits study, partly because it does not stop at dry militarism but reveals also a certain feeling for the lyric that even the feudal warriors of *Bushido* times must have had, and partly because buildings of such impressively large size are rare in Japan.

The last building to which I take you, in Plate 10, constitutes a great leap in time, from feudalism to ferro-concrete shell modern: architect Kenzo Tange's 1953 gymnasium and Community Center in the provincial city of Matsuyama, Shikoku. But it is only an end product of Japan's greatest transition, which dates from the Meiji Restoration a hundred years ago when Japan changed from a feudal state to a constitutional monarchy, and left its seclusion to become a nation whose doors were opened to the world. At this time public buildings began to be made not of wood, but of brick. Once the policy of Westernization had been adopted, the inevitable path of progress was from brick to reinforced- or ferro-concrete construction.

The present Center is typical of Japan's Westernized postwar architecture. If you visit Japan today you will find hundreds of modern-style structures, and parts of the central districts of great cities such as Tokyo and Osaka have much the same appearance as Berlin or Madrid, though we have not as yet built skyscrapers of soaring height.

You have now seen, in a few but very choice examples, what makes the traditions of Japanese architecture. Skeleton construction in which the roof rests, not on walls, but on post and lintel; sparseness of ornamentation; openness of rooms; unity of interior and garden; standardization and interchangeability of rush mats, and of sliding doors — all these, though materials and methods differ, are in line with the aims of modern architecture produced by steel-frame and ferro-concrete construction. This is why Japanese architecture is being studied by modern architects all over the world, and I feel that some of its best points have already been integrated in the West, particularly by such architects as Frank Lloyd Wright, Le Corbusier, and Mies van der Rohe. In point of openness and unity of house and garden, some recent California houses in the Bay Region are relatively pure examples of "Japanese" architecture.

Japanese architecture has above all the qualities of elasticity and adaptability. It often transcends time. The Ise Shrine, for example, which is the supreme monument of Japan, conveys the architecture of two thousand years ago, before the first contact with Chinese culture; yet this wooden structure is razed and re-created in exact replica on a different site every twenty years.

The question arises whether the art of living as crystallized in the Tea Ceremony has not something to contribute to Western culture. I think so, and venture to suggest it as worthy of consideration. The current does not, however, run only one way. The Japanese are now being overwhelmed by the inrush of Western civilization. They themselves are at a loss to tell, in the present chaos, which new ways of living will be found good. Ever since Commodore Perry came in 1853 and Japan turned toward the Western world, her people have confronted the problem of how to harmonize and integrate the two conflicting ways of life. And since World War II, there has been the huge problem of reconstruction under conditions of overpopulation and economic poverty. However, Japan's situation is not unique. For, with the enormously increased contact and communication between peoples, cultures have never before influenced one another so deeply, and the particular problems of nations are becoming more and more dominated by one problem — the integration of the old and the new. It is a problem which must cast its reflection on architecture, too.

Translated by Masaki Kawaguchi

THE SURPLUS BRIDE

A Story

by KAN EGUCHI

1

HERE we go. Push. Harder. Like this. See?" Gihei threw himself against the handle of the press, his face turning scarlet from the effort. He looked around at the others as he heaved. "Sesame and farmers, they used to say. The harder you squeeze the more you get out of them. Here we go. Push, everybody. The harder you push, the more comes out."

Gihei was a farmer-landowner, well-to-do above the village average. He was not thinking particularly about the farmer, this time on the squeezing end of the machine, or about the sesame seed being squeezed. He only wanted to get the last drop of oil he could, and he was repeating what he had already said several times before. The rest of them, the young widow O-kayo too, pushed away at the press. No one paused to consider Gihei's words. O-kayo threw all her strength into her hips in one last determined push. Only two or three more drops fell down into the bowl, and the handle of the press refused to move farther.

"Push harder. Harder."

"It's no good. It won't go any farther, no matter how hard you push," Heiji, the younger son, flung out as he pulled back from the press. He peered down at the bowl, into which not a drop of oil was falling.

"I am worn out." His sister straightened up from the handle and began beating her fists against the hips of her blue serge trousers to drive away the fatigue.

KAN EGUCHI, who lives in a village north of Tokyo, is known for his social novels, particularly those dealing with rural life. Our story is from his book *A Bride and a Horse*. Born in 1887, Eguchi was very active in the "proletarian" literary movement of the twenties and early thirties.

"No more?" Gihei's wife O-tame called out, a tone of regret in her voice, from far back in the earth-floored workroom where she was tending the boiler. She came a little forward with kindling in her hand and looked out at the others.

Gihei too finally left the press. "That's it, I guess." His words were a signal that the pressing was over, and O-kayo too was free to stand up. This did not mean that she could take her ease like the others, however. She pressed her hands against her hips, flexed her legs, stretched her body two or three times to take a little of the stiffness from her back, and was off about the next job.

First she slipped out the two poles that were inserted at right angles across the top of the press to form four handles. She removed the screw and the lid, took out the oily hemp bag, and emptied the leavings into a basket. The light sesame, crushed and wrung of its oil, rustled like wet, brown sand.

"Is it ready yet?" Gihei asked.

O-tame took the lid off the boiler. Great clouds of steam rose from it and half concealed the far wall of the workroom.

"Hmm. About right, I'd say." O-tame's hand came out of the steam with a swollen hemp bag. O-kayo went to take it and poured the boiled sesame seed into the bag she had just emptied. The tips of her fingers smarted from the steam. She put the full bag into the press, screwed down the lid, and inserted the two poles again.

It was time for another pressing. Gihei, of course, and his wife and Heiji, and even the daughter, stood in the doorway watching until everything was ready. O-kayo was left to do the work.

"I guess they're right about light sesame. Look at that oil. Nothing like it from the dark." When the four were back in their places behind the poles

Gihei spoke again, looking down repeatedly at the press. From the body of the machine, constructed like two mortars piled one on the other, the yellow oil poured into a groove and fell shining through a mouthlike opening on one side into a lipped bowl below. "Over there they got only four quarts to the bushel from the dark."

"That's what you get from the dark." O-tame spoke again from back by the ovens.

"Bet we get at least six from the light. Think so?" Heiji asked his father.

"Five and a half, no better. That's why the stuff's so high. You use up wood boiling it, you get yourself into a sweat pressing it, and look what comes out. The government price is damned foolishness." Gihei pushed at the pole as though to set an example for the rest. He went on half to himself, "It's gotten so you hate to use it even when company comes. You can hardly have a priest in for prayers any more."

O-kayo looked around in spite of herself at the mention of prayers. Gihei was of course referring to the seventh-anniversary services, only four days off now, for O-kayo's dead husband. How she had waited, this last year, for that anniversary to come, that seventh anniversary of Seikichi's death in the war. There was the other son Heiji. He was seventeen, and he would in due course be head of the family. There seemed to be nothing in the way of it. "They can get along without me," O-kayo would say to herself. "They'd even be better off without me." She had asked long before to be allowed to go back to her family. But Gihei and his wife would have none of it. How could she think of leaving before the seventh-anniversary memorial services? It was very well to say that she had no children, but what would the neighbors think? And so O-kayo had been kept on against her will.

But once the services were over. . . . If O-kayo's mother came for them, O-kayo would have her ask Gihei again, very clearly this time. They would have to let her go. They surely would if her mother asked. Once back with her family O-kayo could start life over again. That was her great hope.

It was ten years before, at just this time of the year, that she married Seikichi. She was working as a maid in a little Tokyo restaurant when a telegram came summoning her home to her village, some four or five miles from this one. She arrived to find the marriage arranged with such finality that there was nothing she could do about it. There had been vague talk of herself and Seikichi before. Now he was going to war, and he had to get married before he left. It was quite necessary. And so O-kayo, unable to protest, was brought here as a bride. It was her clear duty to comfort a man who was going off to fight for his country.

A perfunctory ceremony, and five days later Seikichi left. The confusion of those five days. The bridal calls on neighbors and relatives. The

farewell dinner. The line walking the two miles to the station to see him off. The reporting at the station, and the speeches that went with it. Those five days were a dream for O-kayo.

Seikichi did not once write to O-kayo. The army post cards came for his parents and his brother and sister, and at the end of them he would say, "My best to O-kayo." North China, Central China, and the third year the last message, from South China.

The announcement of his death came about six months later. A hundred days after that the ashes arrived. O-kayo, dressed in mourning like the rest, went with the family to the station, but it was Heiji who carried the ashes home. O-kayo was not allowed to. It was the heir who carried the ashes, and his parents had decided in the course of time that Heiji and not O-kayo was Seikichi's heir.

O-kayo was not particularly conscious of the sorrow that goes with losing a husband, either when they went to the station for the ashes or when they buried them up on the hill behind the house. Seikichi when he left had said over and over again to O-kayo that she was to demonstrate her filial piety by working hard enough for the two of them, and she had indeed worked that hard in the years since. On that point she had nothing for which to reprove herself. It would not be a very serious breach of duty if she went back to her family now.

O-kayo, straining at the press, wiped the sweat from her face with the sleeve of her kimono, made over from a man's work kimono. She looked absently out through the workroom doors. The barley fields sloped off to the south and the rice paddies stretched on below them, backed by the hills in the next village. On the levee of a stream through the paddies three little girls were gathering greens. Everything seemed to waver in the bright sunlight — indeed shimmering waves were rising over the whole landscape. Thus had spring come hurrying even here, to this village half lost in a mountain wilderness. There was further evidence of spring in the hills, where a magnolia spread its blossoms wide against the cedars of a shrine grove.

As she looked at the magnolia, like strings of white jewels set off in shining dots against the darkness of the cedars, O-kayo thought of an old saying by which the farmers in these parts were guided: "When the magnolias bloom you start the sweet potatoes; when the cuckoos sing you set out the taro."

"That's right — I'd forgotten. Here the magnolias are in bloom and I hadn't even noticed. We had the tobacco out the middle of March, but we haven't even started on the sweet potatoes. I'll have to hurry up with them. I hear you can get a yen a sprout, maybe more. A bird flying away shouldn't leave any dirt behind it, they say — even if they do let me go home I'll take care of the sweet potatoes at least."

O-kayo felt strangely harried as she looked beyond the paddies at the magnolias, a natural calendar more reliable for the farmer than any formal one.

The work went on until evening.

2

O-KAYO had been working steadily since the day before. This morning she was up before day-break and she had not allowed herself a rest since. She was always a harder worker than any of the other young wives in the neighborhood, but today in particular it seemed that she would grind herself to a powder. The cooking for the memorial services had been left almost entirely to her. If this was indeed to be her last duty to Gihei and his family, she thought, she must force herself on, no matter how exhausted she might feel.

From the front room she could hear chanting voices. Some ten old women from the village, each in a formal black kimono and cloak and each with a priest's pouch strapped over her breast, were kneeling in front of the family altar, ringing bells in rhythm as they chanted the same prayer over and over. This was part of the seventh-anniversary services for Seikichi.

The priest had already finished his prayers. When the old women finished theirs, the whole party would go to pay their respects at the cemetery up on the hilltop, and back here afterwards the trays of food would be brought out, first for the priest and the old women, next for the neighbors, then for the relatives, last for the immediate family.

There would be more than forty trays in all. O-kayo too would have to go off to the cemetery, and she would have to have everything ready, all the trays laid out, before she left. They were piled one on another there in the back room, each tray with its stand to keep it from crushing the food on the one below. O-kayo would heat *sake* when she came back from the cemetery and rush to serve the guests.

There were of course a few women from the neighborhood to help her, but O-kayo, as the young wife of the family, had to outwork them all. The sleepy sound of the chanting and the sleepier sound of the bells made her feel still more pressed as she thought of what must be done.

She worked on feverishly, and the trays were for the most part ready by the time the chanting stopped. She had to hurry then to change her kimono. When she ran from the house, still knotting the cord on her cloak, the others were climbing in a line up the steep little path to the cemetery.

O-kayo began to look for her mother, Rie, who had come to the services to represent O-kayo's family. O-kayo had only had time to greet her, and had not yet been able really to talk to her. Somehow on the way to or from the ceremony

O-kayo had to draw her mother aside and beg her to talk to Gihei. As she climbed up toward the others along the red earth of the path, O-kayo's eyes came to rest on her mother's back.

Rie was getting along in years, and fortunately for O-kayo she soon began falling behind the others. Presently she was at the end of the line. O-kayo overtook her by the time they reached the top of the slope.

A grove of oaks stretched before them across the mountain's flat top. The naked trees had begun to awaken with the warmth of the last few days, and every branch and every twig as far as the eye could see was touched with the silver of new buds. The grove was flooded with an almost dazzling light as it reflected the slanting rays of the sun. O-kayo felt warm from the climb. She was tempted to take off her cloak. Carrying her large, full body as though it were almost too much for her, she looked sidelong at her mother.

"Listen, mother. . . ." The words she had used since she was a child came automatically from her lips. "It's been a long time. Won't you stay tonight?"

"I could, I guess."

"Stay, then. There's something I want you to talk to him about."

"What's that?" Rie, bent over a stick during the climb, pulled herself straight and looked up at her daughter.

"You know — what I told you before." O-kayo laughed a little shyly. "I told you to talk him into letting me go home, once this is over."

"Oh, that." There was immediate sympathy in her mother's voice. "When you think about it, you've lead the life of a widow for ten years. Ten years is long enough at your age."

"It certainly is. Mother . . . you have to get him to let me go this time."

At the words "ten years" O-kayo saw herself as an intensely pathetic figure. Five days of married life, and ten years alone. She had worked on among people who were nothing to her, quite without regard for herself, only to make a home for a husband away at war. Now she must win back her freedom, get away from this monotonous, this wretched existence. She must. Her innermost heart insisted on it.

And yet somehow she felt apologetic to the dead Seikichi. What would he be thinking if he could see her now, coming to his grave with thoughts like these hidden inside her? But that was senseless. When the ashes came back Seikichi's father, puzzled at how light they were, had opened the box and found inside only a handful of sand. Seikichi was not here. Still O-kayo's feet dragged.

This mountain-top plateau, grown over now with oak, was until 1928 or so a field where Gihei and his family had grown barley and sweet potatoes. With the farm depression and the precipitous fall

in prices, however, Gihei announced in disgust that he could no longer make enough from it to pay taxes, and planted it in oak. Taxes on forest land were much lower. That was twenty years ago, and in the course of time this grove had grown up. "Have to cut it one of these days," Gihei liked to say, but the rising price of kindling and charcoal seemed so promising that he let it grow on year after year.

"A fine growth if ever I saw one," he would say proudly each winter when he and O-kayo came to gather dead leaves for fertilizer. Mixed with his pride in the trees was satisfaction at the rice he got, one bushel per acre of leaves, for letting the tenants take what was left when he and O-kayo had finished. O-kayo knew all about that.

At the very back of the grove were the family graves, a jumble of them, large and small, in a raised plot of ground hedged with cedars, some fifteen yards square. Off in a corner was Seikichi's grave, its raw wooden marker appropriate for one who died in the war.

The incense in front of the marker sent up purple smoke. Bright flowers had been set out here and there over the grave in new bamboo containers. Everyone in turn offered incense, Gihei first and O-kayo after the other relatives. When the last had finished Heiji made the proper speech of thanks as the appointed heir.

Heiji seemed older today — was it because he had on the woolen officer's uniform Gihei had managed to get for next to nothing in the confusion at the end of the war? His shoulders were strong and square, his figure was tall, and the black down now clear on his upper lip gave him still more the look of a young man.

O-kayo could see as though he were there before her the Heiji, still almost an infant, who saw Seikichi off to war. Little Heiji who had barely started to school. Heiji with his new student's cap settling around his ears. Heiji as he stood there on the platform happily waving a little paper rising sun. That child already seventeen, already smoking, talking like this, quite the grownup? As clearly as if she had measured afresh with a ruler, O-kayo knew how long they had been, those ten years of months and days that had gone by so swiftly.

"Ah, and I'm already twenty-eight." Her regret was a little sharper even than usual for what she had wasted, thrown away, what she had seen flow off down the current of those years, her youth that would not come back.

3

THE ovens along the back wall faced out on a wooden platform some two yards wide and four yards long, slightly higher than the earth floor of the workroom and lower than the back room with its open fireplace. It was well past eight when

O-kayo finished eating there with the women who had come to help.

"Well, we did it somehow." The thought gave O-kayo a sense of security, of having come through a crisis. She had too a happy feeling that the labor of these last few days, wasted though it was on but this fleeting occasion, was seeing its reward.

And yet a strange restlessness persisted. Her mother had been in the front room ever since the trays were passed out, and had not once shown her face here in the kitchen. That could only mean that the negotiations with Gihei were not going smoothly. O-kayo's quiet manner concealed a tense impatience.

Presently the work began again. It was while the dishes were being washed that Gihei's wife O-tame came out to call O-kayo. "O-kayo. Father says come in. He wants to talk to you."

O-kayo started at the words. More uneasy than ever, she quickly wiped her hands on her apron and started in behind O-tame.

Only Gihei and O-kayo's mother were in the front room. None of the other guests had stayed past nine. O-kayo immediately sensed something she did not like about the atmosphere of the room, even with but the two of them sitting quietly there.

Appropriately for the day, the *tokonoma* was decorated with a painting of the Bodhisattva of Mercy. In front of it Gihei sat at his ease, his legs crossed grandly. His face was a flaming red from the *sake*, his eyes were glassy. He seemed to have drunk more than his share in his duties as a host. Rie, on the opposite side of the porcelain brazier, looked smaller than usual, perhaps because she sat hunched over with her eyes on the floor.

"Well, O-kayo." O-kayo sat close to her mother. Gihei's eyes, traveling slowly over her face, were red-rimmed from the trachoma that had long bothered him. "Matter of fact. . . . This evening I had something I was going to ask, see? Then your mother here comes and says you want to go back home. But what I have to ask is a good bit better." He turned to his wife. "Call Heiji while you're up. This is so good it can't wait. Not even till tomorrow."

Gihei sat smiling to himself while O-tame was off looking for Heiji. His eyes, turned up in a leer, moved over O-kayo's body. That leering gaze was nothing new. Indeed it was turned on her whenever an opportunity arose. She knew perfectly well what it meant. She knew too, however, that she was not the only one so honored. Whenever Gihei met a plump, fair-complexioned woman of about thirty, whoever she might be, he caressed her quite openly with his eyes. O-kayo always felt itchy and uncomfortable when the process began, first in the parts of her body on which his eyes rested, then more generally until she was conscious of perspiration rising under her arms and breasts, and in the end she would find herself trembling.

Tonight Gihei's eyes were persistent and intimate as they had never been before. O-kayo trembled so violently that she thought the others must sense it. The air of the room became more and more oppressive with the silence that fell when O-tame left. O-kayo felt an almost painful smarting all over her body. She waited tensely for O-tame, whose return would bring relief from this feeling of uncleanness.

O-tame came back surprisingly soon, and with her Heiji, still in the woolen uniform he had worn during the day. He had recently learned the pleasures of wandering out at night, but he seemed to have nowhere to go this evening.

"Well, O-kayo." With his wife and son seated beside him, Gihei brought his caressing gaze to a halt and turned again to the matter at hand. "Couldn't find a wife as good as you anywhere in town. I've always said it. It'd be a waste, wouldn't it, to let you go back home and get married off to someone else. I've been thinking about it this way: you can marry Heiji here. Isn't that a fine idea? How about it, O-tame?"

A suggestion of a smile passed over Gihei's face as he looked from O-tame to Heiji. O-tame bowed slightly, indicating of course that she approved. But Heiji glanced searchingly at O-kayo before him, then turned quickly to one side.

"You're joking. You think I could do a thing like that?" The scarlet rose from his neck in its high-collared khaki and up over his jaws. O-kayo, quite against her will, burst into a laugh. She found it impossible to treat Gihei's words as more than a drunken joke. She only laughed louder as Heiji's face grew redder. How funny it was, the confusion on that childish face!

But neither Rie nor O-tame laughed, and Gihei continued with a seriousness he had not had before.

"There aren't many like her in the whole country, Heiji. Look. They told us we had to grow more during the war, and she opened up twelve or thirteen acres in the hills all by herself. Look at the barley and rice we're getting from it now. And the tobacco. She does it almost all herself, doesn't she? From the seeding all the way through to the drying. She takes care of the horses, she can cook and sew.

Look, now: you marry O-kayo and see what a help she is. Why she's as good as a horse, easy. Try buying a horse. You can't get the skinniest nag for under ten thousand." He broke into raucous laughter.

It was hard to tell whether his last words were serious or joking. He scratched some dandruff from his graying hair, then began again. "Look, Heiji. The services are over and her mother's here and everything. Couldn't be better. Let's go ahead and say the words right here."

"Marry her, my own sister? I won't. I can't."

"What are you talking about. There's nothing wrong with it. Just say the words and you're married right here tonight."

"I say I don't want to. That's all. My own brother's wife. I'm against it, whatever you say."

"What's wrong with it? Wife, you call her? What if she was. Why, it was all over with her in five days, nothing before, nothing since. What was it they called it in the war? — a skin wound. Nothing to worry about. It's ten years now, and she's healed over as good as new. Not even a scar."

"But I don't want to. That's all there is to it." The flush and the embarrassment had disappeared, and in their place an expression of something like annoyance passed over Heiji's dark, pimply face. His lips were puckered into a pout.

"You know of something better? What sort of wife are you going to find yourself?"

"Me?" Heiji was silent for a moment. He cocked his head to one side and smiled shyly. The embarrassment came back and a faint blush spread over his cheeks again. "I want . . . someone like the Ginza, all lit up with bright lights." He jumped up, the wrinkles around his nose showing his confusion, whipped aside the door and disappeared into the next room.

Gihei rocked with laughter. O-kayo laughed too. And O-tame. Even Rie, who had been silent throughout the interview, broke into a high laugh in spite of herself. For a time the room fairly shook with laughter.

But O-kayo was thinking to herself: What do I do now?

Translated by Edward Seidensticker

TWO POEMS

by Soseki Natsume

Inquire of the wind
Which of you must first depart,
You leaves about to fall.

How coolly refreshing
To become emperor of an island
With no subjects to vex me.

Translated by Earl Roy Miner

MODERN JAPANESE LITERATURE

Two Views of the Novel

by KENZO NAKAJIMA and EDWARD SEIDENSTICKER

1

THE MAIN STREAM

by Kenzo Nakajima

ALTHOUGH Tokyo is, naturally, the literary center of Japan, one of the Meccas of modern Japanese literature is a small town called Magome, in a mountain valley some hundred and fifty miles west of the capital. It was there that the novelist Toson Shimazaki was born. At all times of the year, literary pilgrims come to Magome: groups of school children led by their teachers, or scholars who plan studies of Shimazaki.

Toson Shimazaki was born in 1872 and died in 1943. He went to Tokyo as a youth and joined the movement for a new literature inspired by increasing contact with the West. Influenced by Wordsworth's poetry, he wrote romantic lyrics in his youth, but presently came under the spell of naturalism and became a prolific novelist. A monumental historical novel called *Before the Dawn* (*Yoake Mae*), which treats of Japanese society before the Meiji Restoration of 1867, is perhaps his masterpiece.

Why is Toson Shimazaki so admired in Japan? I think that the source of his appeal lies in one recurrent theme in his novels: the struggle against the family system that so tightly controlled our old Japanese society. For nearly a hundred years now,

Japanese youth has been trying to liberate itself, and this drive for freedom became a principal theme in Japanese literature before the First World War. Shimazaki wrote more openly and honestly than any other author of his suffering under the family system, of his struggle to free himself from it, and his near defeat by it. As a result of these conflicts he felt a need to travel and left Japan twice to visit Europe and South America.

The Meiji Restoration brought an end to domination by the feudal *Daimyos* and introduced a period of rapid modernization. A great many authors were active between the Restoration and the First World War. Besides Shimazaki, those among them who are still widely read are Soseki Natsume, Doppo Kunikida, and Ogai Mori. All of them received thorough educations in the Chinese and Japanese classics, and all explored European literature. In size of audience, no other author can compare with Soseki Natsume. His most popular novel, and possibly the most widely read of modern Japanese novels, is *Botchan*, a humorous account of a young man who leaves Tokyo to teach in an isolated provincial city, and who has to do battle with unruly students and strait-laced teachers. The influence of Meredith and Dickens is to be recognized in Natsume's work, but in his later years he penetrated more and more deeply into psychological analyses of ethics and love, and he has left behind a number of works which express most effectively the outlook of the Japanese intellectual before the First World War.

The Meiji Period ended with the death of the Emperor Meiji in 1912. Writers of the time from the end of the Meiji Period on into the years after the First World War, who are now dead, but whose books are still popular, include Takeo Arishima and

KENZO NAKAJIMA, a free-lance journalist and author of several books on French literature, was born in 1903. Since the war he has been a leader in a number of causes involving authors' rights and freedom of expression. He is a director of the Writers' Association in Tokyo. EDWARD SEIDENSTICKER is a Foreign Study and Research Fellow of The Ford Foundation living in Tokyo. His special field of study is contemporary Japanese literature. EARL ROY MINER teaches English at Williams College in Massachusetts.

Ryunosuke Akutagawa. Arishima divided his inherited farm land among his tenants, because he was sympathetic toward Communism, but as a member of the upper classes he found it impossible to devote himself to the movement. Akutagawa, on one of whose stories the film *Rashomon* is based, portrayed characters from the civil wars of our Middle Ages in a modern style.

The period between the two wars was a brilliant one, with talented authors and critics from an earlier day still productive and with most of today's authors beginning their careers. It is difficult, however, to single out the main characteristics of the period. In the first place, it was an age of conflict and dissension. International modernism reflecting Western influences was tempered both by a growing nationalism and a Marxist literary movement. Most authors went through sharp personal crises and oscillations. They were liberals in the sense that they loved individual freedom, but many were led astray by the nationalism and militarism at home, or by the Fascism and Communism that were gaining strength abroad.

The few Communists were not the only ones who found themselves virtually outside the law. Liberals, too, were accused of dangerous thoughts, and sound, sensible professors were forced to resign and on occasion even prosecuted for "thought crimes." Authors and critics who did not choose to surrender to the system had a choice of being arrested or remaining silent, or perhaps, in their despair, of turning to nihilism and decadence. A few thinkers and writers feigned intimacy with the nationalists and yet continued to urge a new humanism and a new morality. Positive resistance to the militarism of the day was impossible. The memory of this experience remains strong in the mind of every mature writer — an important factor to remember if one is to understand the undercurrent of uneasiness in contemporary Japanese letters. Writers have been afraid less of war itself than of the political repression which it brings. Though the political picture has now changed, this fear is quite as prevalent today among our intellectuals as it ever has been.

2

SINCE the surrender in 1945 our literature has been in a state of confusion, partly because readers no longer knew what older authors were thinking or what new authors stood for. Everything had to begin again, as it were, from scratch. Of the naturalist movement so strong at the turn of the century only Hakucho Masamune remained. Toson Shimazaki was dead, and so was Kan Kikuchi, who wrote artistic short stories in his youth and later became the author of a large number of popular novels and the publisher of a mass-circulation magazine. Kafu Nagai, who began his career in opposition to the nationalists, was still producing,

as was Junichiro Tanizaki, who discarded a youthful sensualism to write a series of works uniquely successful in bringing a traditional sensibility to bear on modern life. There are a number of others whose achievements merit mention, but in a short summary I can only do justice to a few who are typical of some of the tendencies which interest me most.

In the fall of 1951 there appeared a novel, *Loneli-*

FORMS OF JAPANESE POETRY

by EARL ROY MINER

COMPRESSION is one pole of Japanese poetry; the other is richness of imagery and language. Because the imagery is traditional, the poet need only suggest in brief strokes. Because the poems are short, the maximum in imaginative response is expected from the reader. And because the themes are familiar, much may be left unsaid. Japanese poetry is at once curiously personal and public, traditional and yet fresh.

Its nature is reflected in the compact forms which tradition has made conventional. The oldest of these which is still widely employed today is the Tanka, regularly composed of 5 lines of 5, 7, 5, 7, and 7 syllables. Japanese prosody came to be based upon syllable-count because the language has no stress accent, as in English, or quantity, as in Latin. And rhyme has never been featured because it would have little force in an unstressed language where every word ends in one of a few simple vowel sounds and there are few consonant clusters. Traditionally, the Tanka has been used for occasional poems and to express a personal lyric response. In our collection, the poem by His Majesty the Emperor is an example of the Tanka.

The Haiku, which was developed in the 17th century, is composed of 17 syllables. Haiku is a poetry of nature in the Buddho-Taoist conception which includes man as an integral part within nature. It is based largely on natural images with religious overtones, and each Haiku is traditionally required to have one "season-word" or expression which implies a time of year. Natsume's poems are examples of Haiku.

Modernism entered Japanese poetry with the wave of Western influence which began late in the 19th century, first in the translation of European poets and then in a general broadening of poetic subject matter. But the poets of this Shintaishi movement retained the old rhythms of 5- and 7-syllable lines even when expressing new attitudes in poems of some length. Today their successors are breaking even more radically with the old conventions of content. At the same time, "free verse" poets have sought a wider range of subjects and have utilized lines of varying numbers of syllables. Katue Kitasono's surrealist Poetry Going Out is an example of this tendency.

Poetry is extremely popular in Japan today. To be able to write a graceful poem for any occasion is part of the social training of an educated Japanese. Readers are plentiful for a large number of magazines devoted to the work of different poetic schools.

ness in the Plaza (*Hiroba no Kodoku*), which captured the interest of the younger generation. The author, Yoshie Hotta, was born in 1918 and had something of a reputation, before the war, as a poet. The hero of his novel is a newspaper reporter. The Korean War has begun, and the busy reporter moves among swarms of peculiar individuals, some of whom seem to be Communists. The hero and his fellow reporters have opinions of their own, but they are careful not to be too open about them. They are haunted by a feeling that they are being spied upon. The front is near, and Japan may shortly be under fire again. The hero's nerves are increasingly on edge, and he begins to long for a country free of political unrest. At this juncture an extremely suspect foreigner appears and offers him the money to go abroad. The reporter is afraid that if he accepts he will be watched and used the rest of his life, and in the end he burns the money. Japan is caught between two great forces, he feels, and is powerless to fight its way against the stream of international affairs. Overcome with loneliness, he walks in the night to the Palace Plaza in Tokyo and muses on these ideas.

The response aroused by Hotta's novel was probably due less to its literary value than to the fact that it hit upon a spiritual problem which was troubling the younger generation. Postwar youth felt an unrest and a confusion quite different in nature from that which followed the First World War; Hotta's work illustrates this uneasiness.

One of Hotta's most interesting contemporaries, Osamu Dazai, born in 1909, is represented by a fine and characteristic story in this collection. Dazai, whose life has already become something of a literary myth — he might even be called a "Japanese Rimbaud" — was a spokesman for the extreme pessimism which the tragedy of war produced in many Japanese. He published several novels denouncing hypocrisy, but finally was unable to stand up against the assaults of the age, and in 1948 committed suicide. His nihilism found a sympathetic audience among the young, and his death caused a great stir. Dazai's nihilism grew out of despair over the sordidness of modern politics and society, and yet he attempted to express something of the beauty in humanity. Even those who do not share his view of life admit that it was a product of the age and not a purely personal negativism.

Around 1930 a young man named Shohei O-oka, fascinated with the French novelist Stendhal, translated his work into Japanese, and tried writing novels himself — without much success. He published one unfinished novel and presently was forgotten. When the Second World War began he was drafted and sent as a private to Mindoro in the Philippines. O-oka was taken prisoner, though he saw no active fighting, and at the end of the war he returned to Japan, unemployed. He had been simply one more foot soldier, but the war experience

made the seeds that had been planted in his youth suddenly sprout. He wrote a novel called *Journal of a War Prisoner* (*Furyoki*), and, at a stroke, established a reputation.

Novelists younger than Hotta, O-oka, and Dazai, writers who may clearly be placed in the postwar generation, have without exception been influenced by the defeat. Their books are often dark, gloomy affairs. If they write of army life they find a sympathetic audience in those who have had similar experiences. Some, on the other hand — the novelist Yukio Mishima, for instance — have turned away from this darker world and sought instead to concentrate their powers of expression on the world of love.

Another interesting newcomer, Fumio Niwa, has adopted the device of turning the spotlight on a small phase of society in each of his works, without attempting to show postwar Japan in panorama. To take an example: esoteric cults have had a vogue in postwar Japan, and masses of new religions have sprung up, some of them, indeed, less religions than business enterprises. Niwa has produced a masterpiece of its kind, *The Serpent and the Dove* (*Hebi to Hato*), which studies the rise of one such sect. He has also written a novel called *Carving Knife* (*Hochō*), which describes the workings of a cooks' guild since the war. These works are splendid treatments of certain corners of society, but society after all is more than new religions and cooks' guilds.

There are a dozen other young writers whom I would like to single out for praise, but nothing is more tantalizing, I fear, than to list the names of authors whose books are not available in translation. So, instead, I can only try to suggest the "climate" in which they are working.

Tokyo was reduced to rubble in the air raids. Now, ten years later, it gives the appearance of having recovered. Scattered about the city are the steel skeletons of new buildings. Except where a special attempt has been made to beautify it, however, the city is but a front that must seem rough indeed when compared with an old city like Kyoto. Tokyo has disappeared as an old city, and as a new city it suggests in its crudeness a town that has sprung up on an open waste during a gold rush. But Tokyo is a city with dreams of the future.

This transitional chaos is reflected in contemporary Japanese literature. Authors find themselves troubled by a restlessness and confusion like the incoherent jumble that is the architecture of the rebuilt cities. They are trying to find their way out; or, more accurately, they are trying to portray in literature the psychology of the contemporary Japanese who must live in this confusion.

It may not be a project of which authors would approve, but it would be of great interest to select appropriate parts of postwar novels, plays, and poems for a great anthology of a sort that has not

yet been tried — an anthology that could probably tell almost all that there is to tell about life in Japan since the great upheaval of the war.

THE CONSERVATIVE TRADITION

by Edward Seidensticker

IT CAN only be with great reticence that a foreigner sets down his views on modern Japanese literature when an eminent Japanese critic has just covered the field. He knows that his own reading is not as wide as that critic's, and he knows that he is not and cannot be so sensitive to matters of style, allusion, and connotation as one who grew up with the Japanese language. The foreigner's justification for his rash venture must be something like this: the modern Japanese intellectual, however perceptive a critic he is, tends to be so dissatisfied with what is old-fashioned in his culture that he seems less interested in his literature as such than in attempts to change it, less interested in good authors than in good rebels.

So it is that he gives his first attention to the "naturalists," those literary reformers who at the turn of the century thought they were bringing French naturalism to Japan. What they actually were bringing, it soon became clear, was a somewhat affected personal romanticism that expressed itself in autobiographic fiction. In any case, they stood at the head of what is called "the main stream" of modern Japanese literature. With a warning that it is an over-simplification, we may say that the main stream includes those writers of autobiographic and, later, of social fiction who wanted to westernize Japanese literature as soon as possible and who saw literature as a means of reforming society.

There is no doubt that the "naturalists" and their successors performed useful services. They made the Japanese writer of fiction look at the individual, a subject he had rather forgotten for some centuries. They helped revolutionize Japanese style, so that a writer like Naoya Shiga, who did his principal work during and after the First World War, was able to write his diary-like "short stories" in clear, brittle sentences that were quite new to Japanese literature.

The foreigner is likely to find that the Japanese novelists who interest him most are the novelists who have resisted the main stream. Soseki Natsume, one of the great figures in modern Japanese literature, may be put in the "old-fashioned" group, though he tends to defy classification. His novels are sometimes autobiographical, like those of the "naturalists," and like them he frequently writes of the shackles imposed by the Japanese family system. He was, moreover, strongly influenced by the West, particularly by English literature. Indeed in his calm detachment from his novels he came

nearer the traditional attitude of the European realist than did any of the eager "naturalists"; but it is precisely this fact (such is the confusion to which over-simplification must lead) that puts him outside the main stream. He knew that literature is not life, and he was artist enough to stand back from his work. In his last novels, pitiless analyses of human selfishness, he came through to something like Buddhist resignation and negation of the self.

Natsume died in 1916. At least three eminent living writers belong even more clearly in the conservative tradition: Kafu Nagai and Junichiro Tanizaki, who came into prominence in the decade before the First World War; and Yasunari Kawabata, a generation younger.

Kafu Nagai returned from America and Europe at about the time of the Russo-Japanese War, strongly under the influence of French literature. Nevertheless he rebelled against the "naturalism" that was sweeping the country, and soon turned back to explore the culture of the Edo Period, the two and a half centuries of peace which preceded the opening of Japan to the West. Finding his ties with the past in what survived of the old Tokyo merchant culture, he became the great novelist of Tokyo and, as the years passed, of its demimonde in particular. One senses in the dancing girls, the prostitutes, and the other dwellers on the edge of society with which he peoples his novels a projection of his own loneliness, a loneliness that has grown more intense with age. Today, a highly revered figure in Japanese letters, he lives alone and refuses to see other writers.

Like Natsume, Nagai is in some ways nearer French naturalism than are the "naturalists" whose influence he sought to reject. His sketches of Tokyo's darker quarters have a stark authenticity that is quite lacking in the posings of the autobiographers. And yet a coating of gentle melancholy covers his novels, a nostalgia for the day when Tokyo thought itself the world. His attachment to the city is perhaps too close. The reader who does not know it as he does may find him parochial.

Junichiro Tanizaki was Nagai's discovery. It was praise by Nagai, a few years his senior, that first won Tanizaki a name in the literary world. Both authors rebelled against the "naturalism" of the day, and both presently came, each in his own way, to rebel against the Occident. Tanizaki, a native of Tokyo, moved to the Kansai (the Kyoto-Osaka-Kobe district) when the earthquake of 1923 destroyed Tokyo. In that more conservative section of the country he discovered the Japanese past, and his work since has been an attempt to preserve something of it in literature and to warn his countrymen against too thoughtless a rejection of it. His most recent long novel, *Sasame Yuki* (an almost untranslatable expression that refers to snow falling

in very fine flakes), is a slow and loving re-creation of the Osaka merchant culture in its last days. It was written during the war, which destroyed the last remains of the old city, and in its careful detachment from the problems of the day it makes one think of a calm Japanese garden just before a typhoon descends on it.

Soseki Natsume is deeply Oriental in his intellectual attitudes. Tanizaki is perhaps even more deeply Oriental, or more peculiarly Japanese, in his rejection of the intellect. He is interested in delicate surfaces and in rituals that establish communion with the past. He seldom allows an idea to trouble his novels. When one of his characters is overcome with grief or anger or rebellion, Tanizaki describes how that character comports himself, and is rather chary of suggesting what may lie beyond. He is like those classical Japanese artists who, while absorbing its line and color, were indifferent to the intellectualism of Chinese painting.

Yasunari Kawabata, unlike the others, was never intoxicated with the West. A lonely childhood and an early fondness for the Japanese classics formed what the Japanese, recognizing its uniqueness, call "Kawabata literature." His traditionalism resisted not so much the "naturalists" but the "proletarians" who threatened to take over Japanese literature after the First World War. Kawabata's story *The Izu Dancer*, in this collection, may suggest something of the lyrical vein that runs through his major work.

Kawabata is at his best when he is writing of women. Like Tanizaki, he is indifferent to the problems of the day. Tanizaki's characters, however, move in a society which, while it may be dead or dying, at least accords them a sense of identity. Kawabata's characters, on the other hand, are alone: dying women, discarded women, guilt-ridden women (the Izu dancer, a near outcast, is one of the more fortunate ones). They live on the edge of hopelessness, and yet in Kawabata's hands they take on a fragile beauty that seems to give them a reason for being. Tanizaki's world is the world of the classic painter's scroll, its bright surfaces tempered somewhat by the author's knowledge that he is perhaps the last Japanese with the ability and desire to write of that world. But Kawabata tells us what has happened to the world of the classic poet's epigrammatic *Haiku*: he gives

us quick glimpses of beauty and with them a chilling suggestion that emptiness lies beyond.

Japanese literature since the surrender of 1945 has seemed to be in a state of confusion. It is hard to say whether the reader is responsible for it or the writer. Should we blame the shock of a lost war or simply the inevitable distortions that come from being too near a great social upheaval? Perhaps one generalization — with a warning that it may be based on insufficient knowledge — will suggest something of the general nature of the postwar novel: the authors who seem to me to show the most promise are those who have not forgotten what a novel really is. There has been far too strong a tendency since the war to confound the novel with the political pamphlet on the one hand and the critical essay on the other. An unfortunate distinction between the "individual" and the "social" seems to have led to the view that the "social" (and most young Japanese are determined to be "social" as that word stands in opposition to "nonsocial" or "antisocial") must preclude the private, so that a social novel is trivial and flippancy when it deals with the personal and the private. The result is that the novel becomes a political tract. Or, in the hands of a nonpolitical author who makes the same error and forgets that a novel is about people, it becomes an elaborate exposition of the thesis that Japanese should write like Stendhal.

Perhaps the two postwar authors who show the most promise are Taijun Takeda and Yukio Mishima. Takeda, now in his forties, is a student of Chinese literature who only recently took to writing novels. He has a wonderful talent for characterization and has possibly come nearer than any other novelist to capturing something of the clutter and ferment of postwar Japanese intellectual life. Unfortunately he has little sense of form; his works tend to wander, leaving loose threads behind them. Mishima, in his late twenties, has so far written mostly of homosexuality, which seems to be for him a symbol of a more general cultural malady. If anyone in the postwar generation belongs to what I call the "conservative resistance," it is Mishima. The Japanese classics have influenced his style, and like his seniors from Natsume on he has not forgotten that it is dangerous to make the novel a call to action, political or literary.

JAPAN'S "CULTURAL DEMOCRACY"

A Challenging Interpretation of History

by NYOZEKAN HASEGAWA

1

THE progress of history has so accelerated that a century now witnesses the profound changes that once took several centuries. This is especially true of the Orient, which until recently stood apart from the central movements of world culture. Japan is the most remote of the Oriental nations and was the last to be washed by the tide of Western culture. But the changes that occurred throughout the Orient after its meeting with the West took place more swiftly in Japan than in any of her neighbors. Japan had to rush along the road which the West had followed at a more leisurely pace since the Renaissance, and in that cultural race Japan proved herself swift-footed. I refer, of course, to Japan since the Meiji Restoration of 1868.

It might be said, with perhaps a little exaggeration, that a Japanese who is still living and who was born in the early years of the Meiji Period (1868–1912) has in his own lifetime covered a span which stretched over two or three centuries in Europe. I am, I think, one such Japanese.

The modern Japanese is sometimes criticized for forgetting history. The Japanese of the early Meiji Period, when I was born, was moving forward with the vigor necessary to jump from the old feudal state to the modern state, but at the same time past history was with him, not simply as a memory, but as a concrete part of his life. The "child of Meiji," as he is called in Japan, therefore had in himself, as his period had in itself, a progressive

side and a conservative side. In that I think he was a little like the modern Englishman. Actually, this conflict has been true of every period in Japanese history.

The Japanese nature contains many varied elements. Native Shinto is the racial religion, and yet long ago Buddhism was accepted from the continent and peacefully amalgamated with Shinto. The two faiths, native and imported, have lived side by side. St. Francis Xavier, who came to Japan in the 16th century, reported in his letters that in the same family parents and children or brothers and sisters might belong to different sects.

This is true not only of religion but of culture in general. The Japanese, individually and socially, has a malleability which makes it possible for him to incorporate these varied elements. The persecution of Christians toward the end of the Middle Ages is a blot quite without parallel in earlier Japanese history, but it is rather different from the intolerance of medieval Europe. The Dutch, who were in a position of particular intimacy with the Japanese, passed on information on the record of aggression by European powers in the Far East, and it was the fear that Christian missionaries were the spearhead of colonialism that led to the persecution.

After that, Japan sealed herself from the world except for some commercial relations with the Dutch from whom the Japanese learned something of contemporary Europe. Inside Japan a flowering called by historians the "Japanese Renaissance" took place in the 17th century. This awakening, fostered by the stable government of our Edo Period, may be compared to the European stage of development from warring feudal states to free guild cities. I would like to suggest that our Renaissance was possible because certain "modern"

NYOZEKAN HASEGAWA, born in Tokyo in 1875, has had a distinguished career as a journalist and novelist, admired both for his fine style and his liberal outlook. In 1946 he received the Bunkasho Culture Medal, one of the highest literary honors in Japan.

characteristics were already to be found in Japan at the dawn of history.

In a sense, Japan has always been a "national" state. With no interruption it has been a nation of one people through more than two thousand years. Not one among the empires of Europe and Asia escaped internal territorial and racial conflicts, but Japan did. As anthropologists point out, the Japanese nation is compounded of various strains, but even as early as the "period of the gods," a single Yamato people had developed a belief in a common ancestry. Earlier there had been two dominant peoples, the Yamato and the Izumo, who set up rival states, but the Yamato absorbed the Izumo, and the legendary ancestors of both were united in the great shrines of Ise and Izumo, where they are still worshiped today.

Only one other tribe, the Ainu, who had not yet abandoned a primitive totemism, continued to hold out in the northeast, but most of them were assimilated into the Yamato, and the few who were not had been forcibly removed as a group to the northernmost island of Hokkaido by the end of the Middle Ages. There they formed scattered little villages, but their powers of resistance proved even less than those of the American Indian, and their villages are almost gone. As late as the early Middle Ages the Japanese in the northeast were descendants of the Ainus and skilled in the arts of war. They were conscripted and stationed in the south to ward off attacks from the continent.

The Japanese, held together by belief in a common ancestry, were never conquered by another people. And Japan lost her sphere of influence in Korea in ancient times, so that "imperialism" had no chance to show itself until our day, either as imposed from abroad or as launched by the Japanese themselves. Japan resembled, politically and socially, an advanced development of the primitive clan-state.

Immigrants from abroad comprised no small part of the population in prehistoric and early historic times, but without exception they were swiftly assimilated, and though legally they were registered as "foreign clans," they were, except for distinguishing physical characteristics, no different from the Yamato people. This great power of assimilation is to be explained by the fact that, as the population is made up of many elements, so also are cultural forms multiple, and it may be said that a "human" or active element prevails over a "racial" or passive element in the Japanese. And this, too, is one of the characteristics of the modern national state.

As a result of unification, Japan already had in the 8th century a national language such as reached maturity in Europe only with the modern age. A people's literature had arisen by the 10th century, and in the 11th large numbers of novels and essays were written, including our greatest masterpiece the *Tale of Genji*.

The court early encouraged the spread of the Yamato language, and, to stimulate their composition, systematically collected poems and folk songs throughout the country, had them set to music, and included them in anthologies. The *Manyoshu*, a collection of some five thousand poems compiled over a long period by a number of editors, reflects the poetic concepts of the age, expressed in the Yamato language, from emperors, nobility, and warriors, down to the common people. Contemporary critics still give the *Manyoshu* the highest critical rating as poetry, not only because the language is so beautiful but also because the poetic emotions expressed have affinities with modern realism and romanticism — further evidence that the Japanese in ancient times had modern characteristics.

2

THIS modernism of the ancient Japanese was inherent in our culture in the period covered by the legends of the gods. One of the prime scriptures of our Shinto religion, the *Kojiki* ("Records of Ancient Matters"), compiled in 712, represents Japanese literature in its most primitive form. The first half of the *Kojiki* deals with the gods, but these gods do not have the heroic qualities of those in the legends of other countries. They are described as thoroughly human. They participate only in the production of the things of nature, and even here they have not the power to make rivers and mountains, but only to create the staples of an agrarian society — and these almost as if by accident, one product rising quite by chance from another.

The legends of our gods are in the naturalist-realist vein that has characterized so much of Japanese literature. The one heroic god in the pantheon, Susanoo-no-mikoto, was purged for his violence. Japan, we are told, was founded by the Sun Goddess — a survival of sun worship — but she was feminine in nature, and she fled from Susanoo's violence into a cave, leaving the world in darkness, subsequently to be lured out again by an amusing dance performed by another goddess. It is notable that our legends frequently recount similar victories of the weak over the strong.

The latter half of the *Kojiki* treats of the earliest historical period, and, as the scholar Norinaga has pointed out, it is a matter-of-fact history in no way distorted by ideology. Its rationale is not far from that of modern historiography — and this already in the 8th century.

And even in those days, thanks to the unified Yamato language, there was a form of education such that literature and history spread through the land like folklore. Villagers in the remotest countryside sang Yamato songs. History was transmitted through *kataribe*, "reciters," and as Japan had no native system of writing, Chinese characters were used phonetically by the upper classes to take down

the history thus recited. This verbal tradition was preserved particularly well in aristocratic houses and provided material for the *Kojiki* and the *Nihonshoki*, another collection of legends.

Scholars of the classics call the *Kojiki* "realistic" because the recitations of the *kataribe* were written down in phonetic adaptation of Chinese characters precisely as they were spoken. The *Nihonshoki*, on the other hand, was written in imitation of Chinese histories. In it examples of conscious distortion are numerous; in particular, matters pertaining to the Imperial House are idealized. The scholar Norinaga holds that the pure, undistorted history of the *Kojiki* reveals the proper Japanese attitude toward history, and that the *Nihonshoki*, pseudo-history which allows fact to be distorted by moral precepts, is nearer the Chinese attitude. To this I would add that the type of historiography represented by the *Kojiki* is also closer to the modern historical methods of the West.

The Japanese character reveals itself most clearly in literature. In my opinion the history of Japanese literature shows less evolution in tendency than that of Europe, which moved from classicism through romanticism to realism and naturalism, while in our literature, from the 10th century onward, the realistic and naturalistic strains have been dominant over the classical and the romantic. I attribute this largely to the fact that Chinese characters were not long retained as our chief written language, giving way to a simple phonetic system which adequately represents the fifty syllables of our spoken language. The first condition for the rise of realistic literature is a system of writing which reproduces colloquial speech.

From the 10th century on Japanese could be noted down with rigid formality in the fifty phonetic signs. These were later reduced to forty-eight, and, like the alphabet, the series was named for its first letters (in this case, the three sounds *i*, *ro*, *ha*). Anyone who knew these forty-eight symbols could read all the literature of the day. Until the end of the Edo Period (1600–1867), works completely in the phonetic syllabary were common, and the highest literary achievement thus reached down to the lowest strata of society.

In the Middle Ages it became the custom for even pure Japanese to be translated into Chinese, and this affected speech, so that the Japanese sentence became a mixture of pure Japanese (in the phonetic script) and Chinese. Few, however, except the nobility, the warrior class, and scholars, had an opportunity to study Chinese and in due course the Chinese characters used in writing also came to be transcribed after their sounds into the phonetic script so that they could be read by the populace at large. As a result the demand for historical and literary works increased, and to satisfy it — there was no printing in those days and hand-copied texts were costly — the art of reciting grew rapidly from

around the 14th century. Blind priests made their living by singing historical narratives in the streets to the simple accompaniment of a sort of mandolin. The classic *Noh* drama which survives today is a product of the same epoch. Its content was influenced by a sort of Buddhist romanticism, for by the 14th century Buddhism had spread from the upper classes to the masses. Yet this romanticism in *Noh* was balanced by the realism of *Kyogen*, the comic interludes which were interspersed with the serious plays. The vein of *Kyogen* resembles the realism of Molière, though *Kyogen* predated Molière by three centuries.

3

IN THE Edo Period, literature and the arts flourished in Edo (the present Tokyo) and Osaka as never before in Japanese history. Unlike the West, however, where the old was usually discarded for the new, in Japan the historical and the contemporary existed side by side. All periods in Japanese history were piled one on another to give form to the Edo Period.

On top, so to speak, of the old *Noh* drama the *Bunraku* puppet theater and the *Kabuki* theater developed. *Noh* continued to be performed, in theory only for the *Samurai* — it was forbidden to the commoner — but actually it was widely appreciated, the prohibition being little more than a form. In prose, the fantasies of the Muromachi Period gave way to more modern romances and novels. Critics have noted that Edo literature was rather similar to English literature during and after the Renaissance. The playwright Chikamatsu is often compared to Shakespeare, the romancer Bakin to Scott, and Edo humor to that of Dickens and Thackeray.

The art of wood-block printing saw marked advances in the Edo Period, and a wide variety of literature was transcribed into the phonetic syllabary and published with *Ukiyo-e*-style illustrations as *ezoshi*, "picture books," a popular form that reached to every level of society. Romances were imported from China and translated in large numbers. Even in an age that did not know movable type, books printed from wood blocks were published in very large editions. By the Edo Period the illiteracy rate was extremely low, and even the illiterate could become familiar with the contents of literary and historical works by hearing them read or recited. Thus the finest works of literature became accessible to the lowest levels of society. Japan was politically a most undemocratic country, but culturally it was from its beginnings one of the most democratic societies. I like to call this Japan's "cultural democracy."

When I was asked once by an American professor what I meant by my term "cultural democracy," I cited the Katsura Imperial Villa near Kyoto, which

is illustrated in this collection. I pointed out that it is an extremely small and simple wooden building, somewhat different in its form from the house of a commoner but no different in its basic principles. It does not suggest wealth and power as do European palaces. It has none of their decorations and elaborations; it is simplicity itself. Smaller in scale than even the houses of the wealthy and noble, it is a symbol of the way in which the Imperial Family held itself aloof from politics, rather as in a modern democracy. Like the English monarch today, our Emperor reigned but did not rule.

To be sure, the Emperor was deified, but, he was a most human god, a model of humanism, quite divorced from military power, which was in the hands of the *Shoguns* and, in our time, of the generals and their clique. The shrines where the Imperial ancestors are worshiped are termed "great" shrines, but they are actually even smaller than the Villa, and Ise, the greatest shrine of all, is a simple little building not as large as the house of a small landowner. Anyone familiar with the grandeur of St. Peter's in Rome is no doubt surprised when he sees the modesty of the building in which is enshrined the ancestor of the Japanese race. This I consider a typical manifestation of Japanese "cultural democracy."

The finest art and literature of the Edo Period was popular. The *Ukiyo-e* print, now recognized throughout the world as the highest product of wood-block art, was provided in every household for the education of children, and in middle-class families prints were collected year by year for generations, so that the family collection was larger than that of the specialized collector today. A wood-block portrait by Sharaku that would now sell for tens of thousands of yen, was one of my childhood companions, along with my picture book. As a child I enjoyed too the series of *Ukiyo-e* prints called the "Genji-e," a widely read modernized version of the *Tale of Genji*. A further example of the democratic vein in our literature is Saikaku Ibara's tale in this collection, the story of the niece of a proud feudal *Daimyo* who dared to accept the love of a commoner.

As with literature, so with the theater, where art of the highest order was appreciated by the lower levels of society. Square, straw-matted stalls were provided at the *Kabuki-Za* so that the whole family could see the play together, and I can remember how as children we went with our parents to the theater. The most demanding critics of the *Kabuki* were from the Tokyo artisan and working class. It was the custom to shout words of criticism or approval at the stage, and the most enthusiastic always came from the highest and cheapest balconies. The man in the street was skilled at mimicking the speeches and motions of the great actors such as Danjuro and Kikugoro. When I was in London some fifty years ago, I asked if workers

could imitate Tree and Irving, the great English actors of the day. I was told that such a thing would be impossible in Europe or America. But it was possible in Japan as late as my childhood. That is what I mean by Japan's "cultural democracy."

The characteristics of Japanese culture which I have stressed persisted into the late 19th century, but from the beginning of the Taisho Period (1912 to 1926) far-reaching social and cultural changes began to set in. European influence took hold and the highest culture soon became the property of the intelligentsia and the economically privileged classes. The masses were left at a distance from it, with a lower-level literature and art of their own. Not only were the best things the most expensive and thus beyond the reach of the masses, but their Westernized content was beyond popular comprehension. This sudden intrusion of alien forces led to a distorted sort of culture in which a form reached high quality only when it was divorced from the masses. "Cultural democracy" declined.

What was the nature of the Western tide that swept over Japan? In the early Meiji Period Japan had pursued Anglo-Saxon culture, attracted by its liberal spirit. But from the mid-Meiji Period, leaders in the bureaucracy, the armed forces, and the academic world began to feel that Japan's position in the Far East was not unlike that of Germany in Europe. They therefore proceeded to replace their Anglo-American model with a German one. Misguided by the currents of the time, they tried to make their debut on the stage of 20th-century history in German costume and make-up, adopting a transcendentalism and idealism diametrically opposed to our traditional realism and naturalism. Japanese civilization became highly Germanized, and the country was finally led to the same fate as the German Empire.

Since her defeat Japan has been forced to devote her whole effort toward reorganizing the nation in the direction of modern history. The most fortunate factor in this situation is the tradition of "cultural democracy" which Japan possessed from its origins down to the Meiji Period. I find our oldest traditions are in accord with the most advanced steps forward.

Nevertheless I am disturbed by doubts as to whether most Japanese, not yet free from the influence of the un-Japanese elements of education in the Taisho Period and after, are yet properly conscious of their own true national character. The ruling class in particular seems to lack this consciousness. Yet it is hard to believe that the traditional traits in a national history of over two thousand years can be destroyed by the distortions of less than half a century. Provided the Japanese do not give up the desire to return to their own fundamental nature, the day when they will do so cannot be far away.

Translated by William Candlewood

A CHRONOLOGY OF JAPANESE HISTORY

Legends and archaeological remains suggest that disparate races were fused in prehistoric times. The first emperor, Jimmu, came to the throne about 660 B.C.

c.400: Introduction of Chinese learning to Japan.

552: Buddhism imported from Korea. Clan warfare.

645: Overthrow of the Soga clan by the first of the Fujiwara, a family which virtually ruled Japan for centuries by controlling the hereditary line of emperors.

710-784: The Nara Period. First permanent capital at Nara. Compilation of legendary histories such as the *Kojiki* and *Nihonshoki*. Flowering of literature, including the *Manyoshu* poetry collection. Buddhist sculpture and rise of painting.

794-1185: The Heian Period. Capital moved to Kyoto. Art and literature flourished. The *Tale of Genji* written by Lady Murasaki about 1000. Struggles among feudal clans, later immortalized in *Noh* and *Kabuki* plays.

1185-1333: The Kamakura Period. Continuing struggles for power among rival feudal lords and their knights. Emperors dominated by these *Shoguns* (generalissimos). Invading Mongol Armada, sent by Kubla Khan, destroyed by typhoon in 1281.

1333-1568: The Muromachi Period. Ashikaga family *Shoguns* in power at Kyoto and great art patrons. Monochrome ink-wash in painting. *Noh* dramas. Constant civil wars. Trade with the West opened by Portuguese in 1542. St. Francis Xavier brought Christianity in 1549.

1582-1600: The Momoyama Period. Hideyoshi unified Japan then tried to annex Korea. Kyoto destroyed in civil wars and rebuilt. A new, florid style in art.

1600-1867: The Edo Period. Tokugawa family *Shoguns* with capital at Edo (now Tokyo). Outlying regions ruled by feudal *Daimyo* lords. *Samurai* warriors became a fixed aristocracy. Commerce with Western traders until all but Dutch expelled in 1640. Rising merchant class held down politically. Christianity suppressed; Confucianism encouraged. Another great age of literature and art. *Kabuki* drama flourishing. *Ukiyo-e* wood-block print books. Hiroshige and Hokusai, great artists.

1853: Commodore Perry's visit; reopening of trade.

1868-1912: The Meiji Period. Emperors take back control from *Shoguns* and power from *Daimyos* and undertake modernization of Japan along Western lines. Emphasis on education. Extensive social reforms culminating in Meiji Constitution and first Diet in 1890. Sino-Japanese War in 1894-95. Russo-Japanese War in 1904-05. Korea annexed in 1910. Building up of navy.

1912-26: The Taisho Period. A liberal era with party governments in power. "Proletarian movement" in literature. Despite strong German influence in Meiji Period, Japan sided with the Allies in First World War. Earthquake destroyed Tokyo in 1923.

1926-40: Liberal elements outmaneuvered by those favoring imperialist expansion into Asia. Japan moved into Manchuria in 1931 and war with China began in 1937. Orderly party government gave way to virtual military dictatorships. Japanese troops entered Indo-China and alliance with Germany and Italy in 1940.

1941-45: World War II. Japanese overran most of Southeast Asia, but were finally defeated.

1945-52: Allied Occupation of Japan. Attempt to "democratize" Japan largely successful. Restoration of party government and suppression of militarism. Economic recovery. Korean War began in 1950.

A GLOSSARY OF JAPANESE WORDS

Most of the italicized foreign words in the text are defined in one of the articles where they appear, but the following terms may require some explanation:

Bodhisattva: in Buddhism, a divinity, or one on the path of enlightenment who may later be reincarnated as a Buddha.

Daimyo: the great lords of the feudal principalities who were powerful in Japan from the Middle Ages to the Meiji Restoration in 1867. Hereditary landowners of the *Samurai* warrior class, they often had their own armies and resisted control by the *Shoguns* and the emperor.

geisha: the skilled female professional entertainers of Japan, highly trained in music, dance and the art of conversation.

Ginza: the district around Tokyo's main shopping street.

Ronin: a masterless *Samurai*, or one who had lost his feudal position; the *Chushingura*, or *Forty-Seven Ronin*, is one of the classics of Japanese historical romance and drama.

sake: the most popular alcoholic beverage of Japan, fermented from rice. It is usually warmed for drinking.

Samurai: feudal retainers and members of the warrior class.

Shogun: title of a military leader; from the Middle Ages to the Meiji Restoration the *Shoguns* dominated the emperors and were the virtual rulers of Japan. Rival factions fought each other to obtain and hold this power.

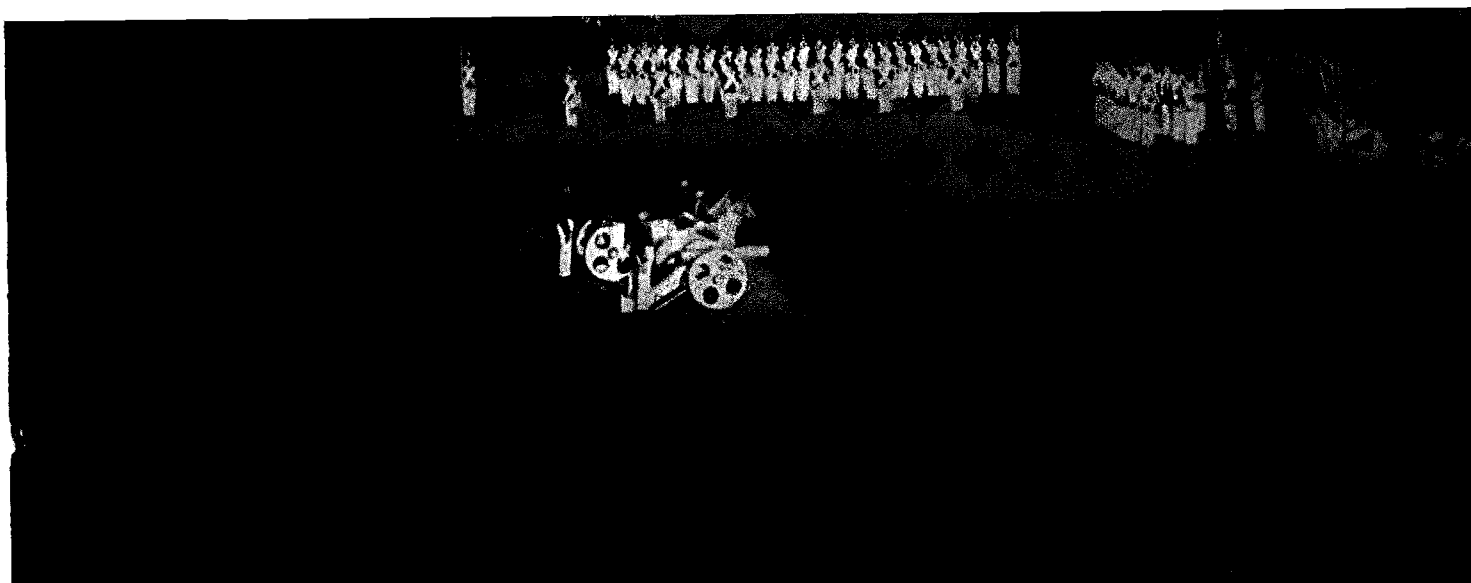
yen: the unit of Japanese currency; 100 *sen* make one *yen*; at current exchange there are 360 *yen* to the U.S. dollar.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Publisher wishes to thank all of those whose kind assistance made possible the gathering of material for this collection. In addition to the editors, authors and translators listed in the preceding pages, the original Japanese publishers of some of the contents, and the owners who gave permission to reproduce artworks, he would mention especially: William R. B. Acker, The Asia Foundation, Sidney Cardozo, The East Asiatic Library (Columbia University), Mrs. Frances Gauntlett, Mrs. Eloise Grilli, Ryuchi Hamaguchi, Kinichi Ishikawa, The Japan P.E.N. Club, The Japan Society, Shinzo Kaji, Donald Keene, Nobutane Kiuchi, Horyu Komiya, Eugene Langston, Sherry Mangan, Miss Yoko Matsuoka, Makato Nakao, Tetsuo Okumura, Douglas Overton, David Penn, Bruce Rogers, Miss Shio Sakanishi, Glenn W. Shaw, Tatsume Shimada, The Shochiku Company, Mosaburo Suzuki, Toshio Takahashi, Seizo Tanouchi, Charles E. Tuttle, Meredith Weatherby, William P. Woodard, Yukio Yashiro and Kenichi Yoshida. Edward Seidensticker's adaptation of Tanizaki's "In Praise of Shadows" first appeared in *The Japan Quarterly* and his translation of Dazai's "Of Women" in *Encounter*.

BOOKS ON JAPAN

A selective list of the best books in English on various aspects of Japanese culture is available without charge to our readers. To obtain it, please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Intercultural Publications Inc., 477 Madison Avenue, New York 22.



This Searchlight Tattoo, with precision drill and massed pipers, highlights the Edinburgh Festival.

GUIDE TO BRITISH FESTIVALS

Whatever your special interest—music, drama, ballet, sport, folk traditions, flowers—Britain offers you Festivals and festive days that no other country can surpass.

IF YOU ARE planning a vacation in Europe, you cannot do better than start with a week at one of the great Festivals which have made Britain the cultural and sporting mecca of the modern world.

Probably the most famous is the Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama in August and September. Here, in Scotland's romantic capital, you will see and hear the world's finest performers. Your days will be a heady round of concerts, plays, opera, ballet and sight-seeing. At night, the Military Tattoo on the Castle Esplanade will thrill you from start to finish.

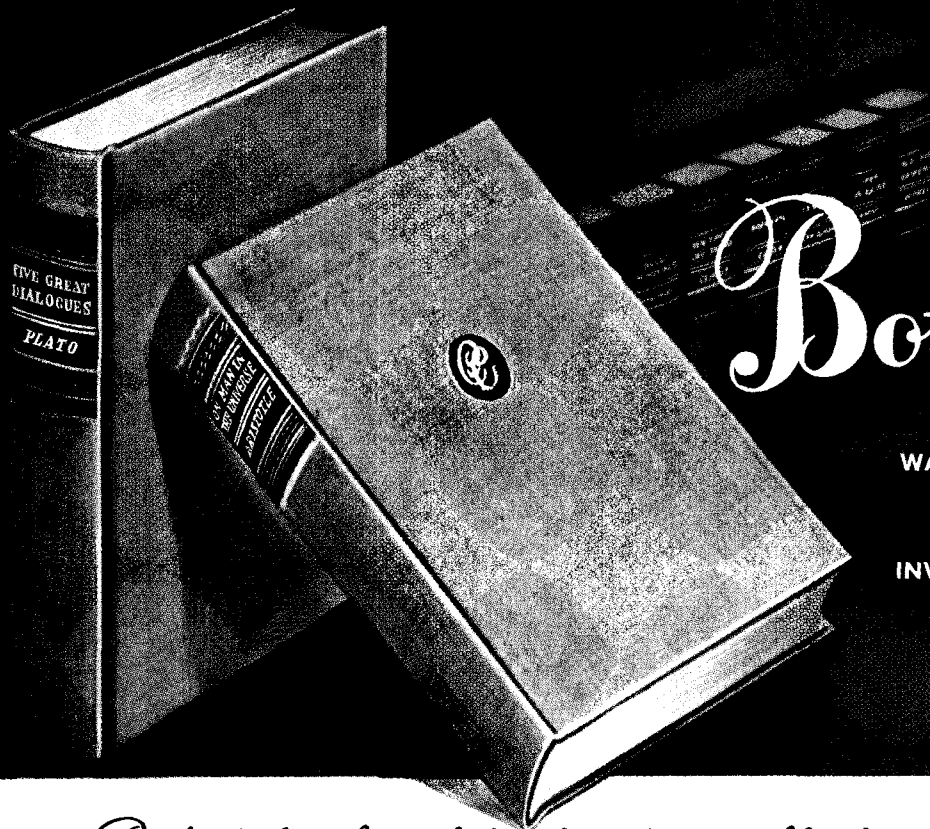
Then there is the Shakespeare Season on the banks of the Avon at Stratford. Performances every weekday from April to November: tickets from 35¢! In September, musical Europe flocks to the Three Choirs Festival, held in rotation at the Cathedrals of Gloucester, Worcester and Hereford

(the last named in 1955). A marvelous program of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mendelssohn, plus important new music by contemporary composers.

The list of Festivals is almost endless. Folk dancing in London's Albert Hall in January. The Bath Assembly in May. Glyndebourne Opera, opening in June, and the Canterbury Festival, starting in July. The Welsh Royal National Eisteddfod in August.

Great shows and sports events stud Britain's calendar. Horse racing at Aintree, Epsom, Ascot, Newmarket, Goodwood. Sailing at Cowes. Rowing at Henley. Tennis at Wimbledon. And always Flower Shows, *everywhere*.

One word of advice. Don't leave your reservations until the last minute. Get in touch with your Travel Agent, now. And write for free illustrated literature to British Travel Association, Box 163, 336 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



Both Free

TO NEW MEMBERS

WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT
OF THE CLASSICS CLUB,
INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE

Both of these beautifully bound, superbly decorated editions of

PLATO AND ARISTOTLE

FIVE GREAT DIALOGUES

ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE

NOTHING short of amazing is the way these classics—written two thousand years ago—hit so many nails squarely on the head today! Here, in the clearest reasoning in all literature, two of the greatest scholars of all time tell us how to live intelligently happy lives, whether we possess worldly wealth or only the riches in our hearts and minds. Little escaped the discussions of Plato and Aristotle, and their ideas are astonishingly timely now.

PLATO is presented in the famous Jowett translation, and contains the five great dialogues—*Apology*, *Crito*, *Phaedo*, *Symposium*, and the *Republic*. ARISTOTLE includes the five celebrated essays—*Metaphysics*, *Parts of Animals*, *Nicomachean Ethics*, *Politics*, and *Poetics*. These De Luxe editions have been brilliantly edited by Louise R. Loomis, Professor Emeritus of Wells College. And both are yours *free*, as membership gifts from The Classics Club!

Walter J. Black, President
THE CLASSICS CLUB
Roslyn, L. I., New York

QW

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE, the beautiful 2-volume De Luxe Classics Club Editions of PLATO and ARISTOTLE, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also, I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you \$2.89 plus a few cents mailing charges. (Books shipped in U. S. A. only.)

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss }
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No.
(if any) ... State.....

Why The Classics Club Offers You These Two Books Free

WILL YOU ADD these two volumes to your library—as membership gifts from The Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have become "classics"? First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: readability, interest, simplicity.

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes (used in many colleges and universities) are bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for \$5 and \$10 bindings. They have tinted page tops, are richly stamped in genuine gold—De Luxe editions that you and your children will read and cherish for many years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books—only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. This low price—and your FREE beautifully bound copies of PLATO and ARISTOTLE—cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, Roslyn, L. I., New York.